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by Edward Crankshaw

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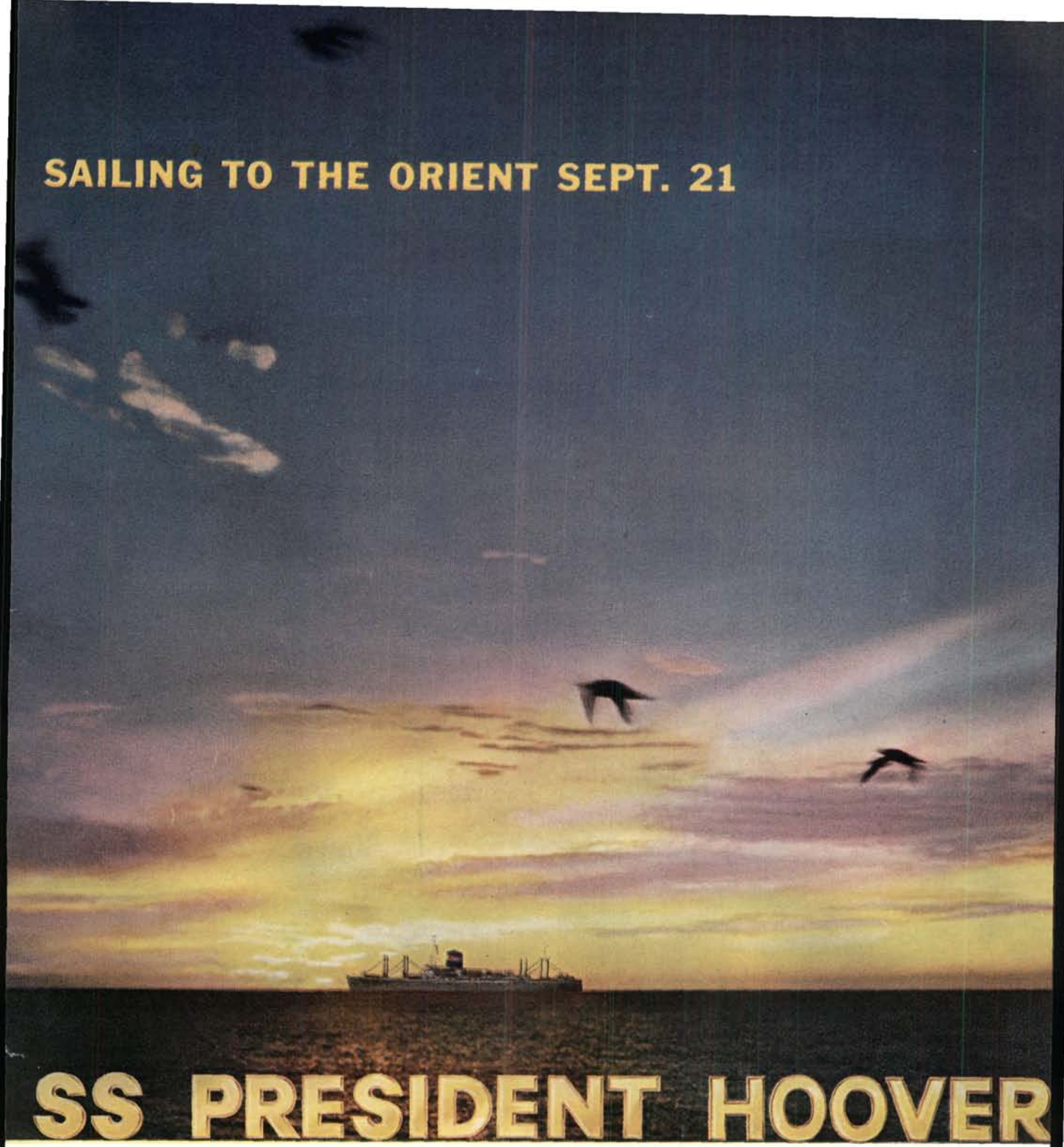

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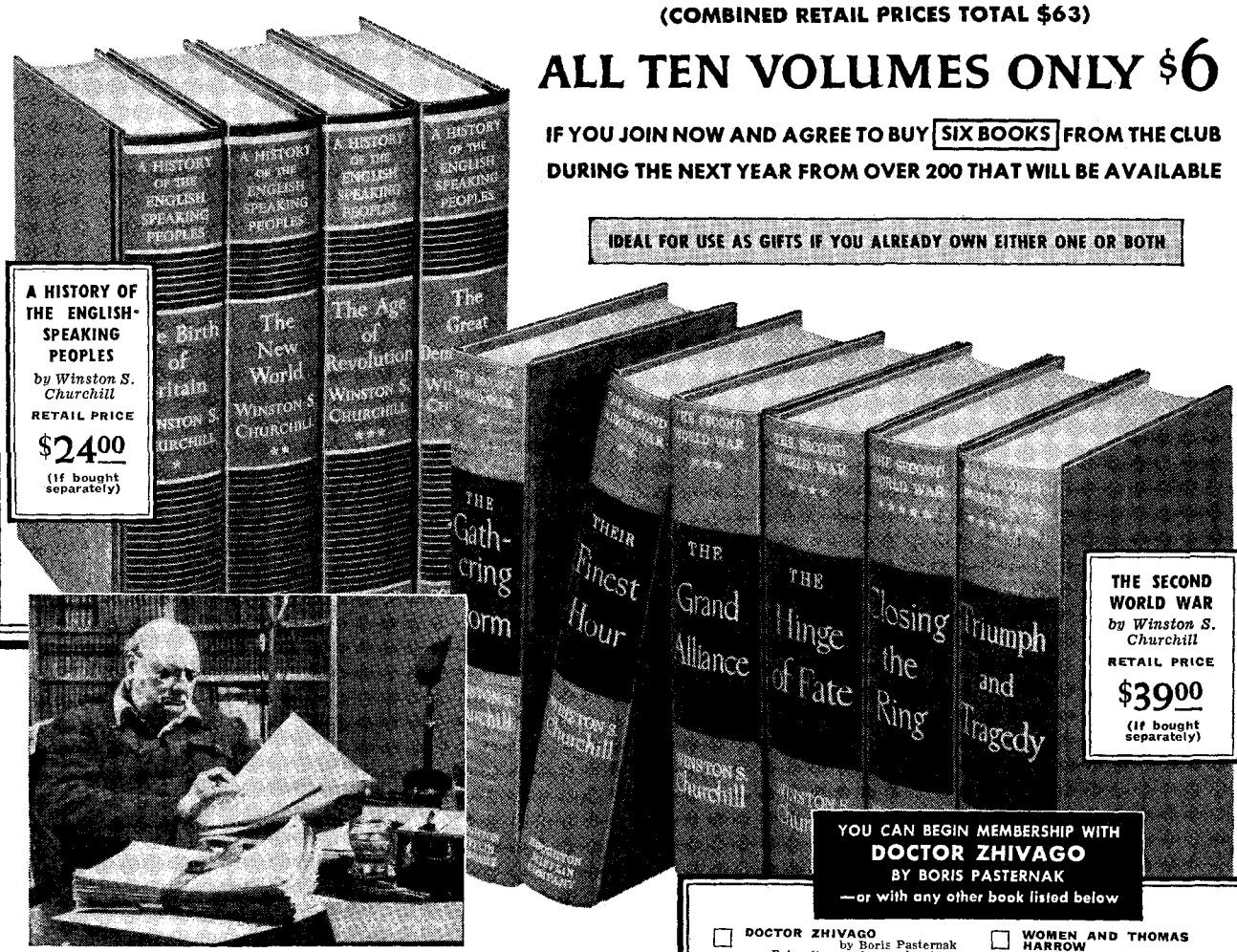

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THE MIDDLE EAST

THE real contest within the Arab world today is over Syria. Ever since the Iraqi revolution a year ago (July 14) the United Arab Republic has been threatened. At first, in the early days of the Kassem regime, it seemed to be threatened by the normal attraction of trade and traffic between Syria and Iraq, which had been arrested during the period of Iraq's pro-Western rule. But as Kassem moved further left, it became plain that the U.A.R. structure, which had been devised in the first place to save Syria from Communism, was again threatened from the left.

As Kassem himself appeared more and more entangled with the Communists and more dependent upon them for his build-up as a leader, his apparently moderate attitude toward the U.A.R. shifted to opposition. By last fall, attacks on Nasser himself had become a test of loyalty to the Iraqi government.

The influences which brought about this bitter cleavage among Arab nationalists are Communist. Once it was apparent that the army coup in Iraq had opened up a political vacuum, two forces came into collision there attempting to fill it. One was Ba'ath Socialist; the other Communist. Both were led originally by Syrians.

Unfortunately for the Ba'ath movement, Iraqi leadership was at once appropriated by the unstable Colonel Aref, Kassem's partner in the Iraqi revolution. Without full understanding or support from Cairo, Aref attempted to improve on the coup by heading a movement for immediate union with the U.A.R. In this effort he violated all the rules of successful strategy; frightened Iraq's minorities, who oppose being swallowed in the U.A.R.; antagonized Kassem and the moderates, who hoped to achieve nationalism in one country; and challenged the Communists. Inevitably he went to jail, where he remains under death sentence for treason.

By this time Khaled Bakdash, Syrian leader of all Levant Communists, had moved to Baghdad, along with General Afif el Bizri, the former Communist Syrian commander of the U.A.R. first army. Fellow-traveling agents from Jordan also converged on Baghdad, where Kassem had meanwhile welcomed such returning Communists as the exiled Kurdish general, Mustafa Barzani. The arrival of so much brass naturally emboldened the forces of Iraqi Communism. Not too surprisingly these cadres were emerging from their long imprisonment under Nuri es Said well drilled in party doctrine and subversion. Party leadership, however, was assumed by the Syrians.

The Communist program for the future was outlined by Bakdash at the 21st Party Congress in Moscow last February. First he described the Ba'ath nationalists as "adventurers, reminiscent of the right-wing socialists in Europe, who . . . attempt to . . . stifle democratic freedoms and to open the doors to imperialist capital from Western Germany, Italy, and Japan or to the International Bank, in which American capital predominates." He then proposed a thirteen-point program for the U.A.R., providing for democratic liberties and parliaments to be created by popular elections. This program, he suggested, would provide a way out of the "enormous difficulties" of Syria's present position.

Nasser turns against the Communists

What has finally shaken Nasser to the point of opening up his propaganda fire on Moscow has been Moscow's support of Iraqi Communists. Up to this point, Nasser tried to have it both ways, continuing trade and aid from Russia while suppressing the U.A.R. Communist movement. But

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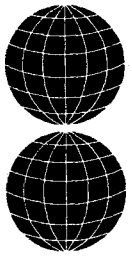

with the sharpening of personal attacks on him from Iraq, and reminders from Khrushchev of Nasser's dependence on Moscow, he has had to face the possibility of a break with Russia.

Suppression of Communists and fellow travelers within the U.A.R. has lately become more drastic. Some four hundred additional suspects were suddenly rounded up early in the spring and are still under arrest. Among them were journalists who had parroted the previously fashionable pro-Russian line too faithfully. Egyptians have suddenly been enlightened about Hungary. For the first time a booklet of atrocity pictures about the Soviet role in the revolt is on sale on the streets in Cairo, for two piasters. Another publication reveals Red Chinese atrocities in Tibet.

Nasser now reports that Russian assistance at the time of Suez was negligible. The study of Russian is no longer required in the schools. And oblique social overtures to Western civilians living in Cairo indicate that the official ban on fraternizing with them is being relaxed.

There is thus no doubt of President Nasser's anger at Soviet meddling in Iraq and Syria. His response to the challenge has been characteristically quick and violent. But in his shift back to a more negative neutralism between East and West he finds the galleries outside the U.A.R. strangely empty. Moreover, he is being confronted with some of his own propaganda tactics. Thus the pro-Communist *An Nida* of Lebanon suggests that the Arab peoples themselves will liberate their countries and maintain Arab-Soviet friendship. Nasser is classed with Nuri es Said and Charles Malik as just another ruler trying to make a policy out of anti-Communism.

Nasser's counterattacks have not brought him any enthusiastic support from neighboring Arab states. Lebanon and Saudi Arabia, for example, have been openly anti-Communist for some time. But they have not hastened to join the latest Nasser crusade while it is focused on Iraq.

Their reluctance can be partly explained by the parochial character of Arab politics. None of the Arab states wants to see an Iraqi Soviet republic. They realize that it would be a real threat and that Syria might be drawn into such a republic if it materializes. They see fellow travelers like Khaled Azm working in Syria for a Soviet victory. Yet they are not willing to accept the Nasser doctrine that salvation can come only from Cairo.

The Arabs resist Nasser's pressure

Local vested interests always play a role in such decisions. In spite of some progress toward mutual cooperation within the Arab League, the members still remain almost as divided and as vulnerable as they were during the Palestine struggle. President Nasser has attempted with some success to catalyze the forces for unity and progress within the Arab world. His dramatic gestures in defying the West, getting Russian arms, and taking over the Suez Canal have made a deep impression. But he has tried to move too rapidly. Nasser has a record of impatient intrigue against the governments of Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, and Jordan. There are bitter memories in each of these countries of his attempts to subvert their governments. This helps to explain why they are now playing the role of alert but determined neutrals while Nasser sounds the alarm over Iraq.

Saudi Arabia has been notably quiet ever since the Iraqi coup, refusing to make any open moves. But it is known that channels of communication between Riyadh and Baghdad remain open, and exchanges still go on between them on matters of common interest, notably oil.

Nasser's greatest asset within Iraq is the continuing liaison between U.A.R. and Iraqi army officers. If any reporting from Iraq can be relied on, the army is still fundamentally conservative and would choose to oppose Communist rule. U.A.R. arms are still moving into northern Iraq from Syria, and many Iraqi resisters turn up in Damascus these days. But beyond this the possible effectiveness of further army resistance to a takeover is doubtful. The purge of Iraqi officers has been so thorough that true nationalist leadership among them must be demoralized.

Nasser's second powerful weapon is propaganda. Here he is in a favorable situation to exploit the wide following that Cairo Radio has throughout the Arab world. He has turned the full torrid blast formerly directed at the West on the anarchic and fantastic performances of the Baghdad people's court. Free Iraqi movements and secret radio stations are at work.

Stability in Egypt

Within Egypt there are evidences of stability and social progress. The International Bank's reappraisal of Egypt's ability to carry out its ambitious Nasser Plan to double the capacity

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UPS AND DOWNS

Sisyphus, king of ancient Corinth, was subjected to one of the most frustrating tortures in all mythology. He was condemned by the gods to spend eternity rolling a huge stone up a hill—only to have it roll down again each time he reached the top. For sheer futility, the plight of Sisyphus seems hard to beat.

But there are people who do to themselves for no reason at all what Sisyphus had done to him as punishment for his crimes. Such people scrimp and save in order to invest in common stocks that show promise of growth. They see their holdings begin to increase in value, and then they relax in the belief that their stocks will go up forever and their fortunes will be made. That can happen, of course, but there's no guarantee. Some stocks, like the stone of Sisyphus, go up only to roll down again. That's why an investor should keep a watchful eye on his holdings. It's fine if you can sell at the high, but that's more easily said than done, largely because there is no sure way of knowing in time how high is high.

We have one suggestion that may be helpful. If you own stocks that have risen so high in price that you would not buy them now, you should at least consider the possibility of selling them.

Sisyphus had no choice but to watch his stone roll down to the bottom of the hill after each climb, but *you* can exchange your holdings whenever your judgment tells you the time is ripe.

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of the Suez Canal is encouraging. Success in securing a loan for this project would greatly strengthen the elements within the government which favor moderation and a businesslike *rapprochement* with the West.

At the same time, German and Italian economic and technical assistance is increasing. A new trade pact with Italy will help channel cotton to Italy in exchange for machinery. This pact is particularly significant in that it makes possible direct sales to Italy at a competitive price. Soviet dumping of Egyptian cotton can thus be overcome.

Relations with Britain have foundered again on the Iraqi issue. Suspicions on both sides remain deep. Egypt's delays in aiding the desequestration of British properties have only increased the difficulties about resumption of diplomatic relations. With British arms continuing to move to Iraq, in a gamble that they may help prevent complete dependence on Moscow, Nasser is fortified in his suspicion that this aid is directed at Arab unity. Since his own arms are moving toward the Iraqi opposition, further explosions seem inevitable.

Anarchy in Iraq

Meanwhile within Iraq it is difficult to see how order of any kind can take the place of present anarchy, fear, and violence. The enigmatic Kassem makes occasional gestures to indicate his supposed neutrality, asking for British arms and accepting American scholarships for Iraqi students, for example. But regardless of his intentions, his capabilities of carrying them out rest on support by the Communists. Barring a successful counterrevolt, the decision on Iraq clearly will come now not in Baghdad but in Moscow.

For the West and for remaining independent Middle East states, Iraq provides one more lesson about revolution. The principal failure comes from the absence of a strong center with a sense of direction. Without this element, and with its army demoralized, even a rich country like Iraq is an easy target.

The lesson seems particularly apt for study by Iraq's neighbor, Iran. There the same tight rule from the top precludes the rise of a middle group. The angry young men returning from Western universities find themselves disenfranchised in Teheran, as they were in Baghdad. Laws are passed, but little change occurs. The same corruption and the same clinging to prerogatives frustrate even the most obvious reforms instituted by the Shah.

For a poor country like Jordan the only chance is dependence on outside support. Even so, the American decision to come to the rescue and make a showpiece of Western aid in Jordan cannot save Jordan from more revolutionary efforts. There is just a chance, however, that an evolutionary process may save Jordan. New faces in the Cabinet there, and a return to moderate counsels in Cairo, may yet make it possible for Jordan to end its present isolation and take a place in some form of association with the U.A.R.

The legacy of Palestine

Finally, the legacy of the Palestine struggle remains to plague every Middle East decision. Principally the problem revolves about the refugees and unsolved border questions. Any attempt to alter the status quo, either by abolishing the United Nations Relief and Works Agency, as has been proposed at the UN, or by persuading the Arab states to assume responsibility, is doomed in the present uneasy political climate. The Hammarskjöld recommendation that UNRWA be continued was inevitable. The best hope for constructive efforts within its framework lies in the fact that UNRWA is being encouraged to expand its technical education program.

Two concerns seem to be behind this attitude. One is that the several hundred thousand Arab teen-agers among the refugees must be kept busy, the other that technical education will help to relieve the shortage of skilled hands for Arab industrialization. It is possible to see a way out for these young people, acceptable to all sides. It is the first hopeful sign on the Palestine horizon in ten years.

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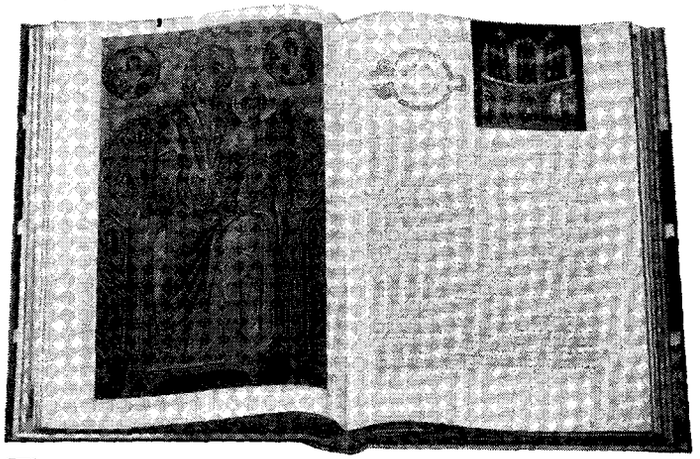

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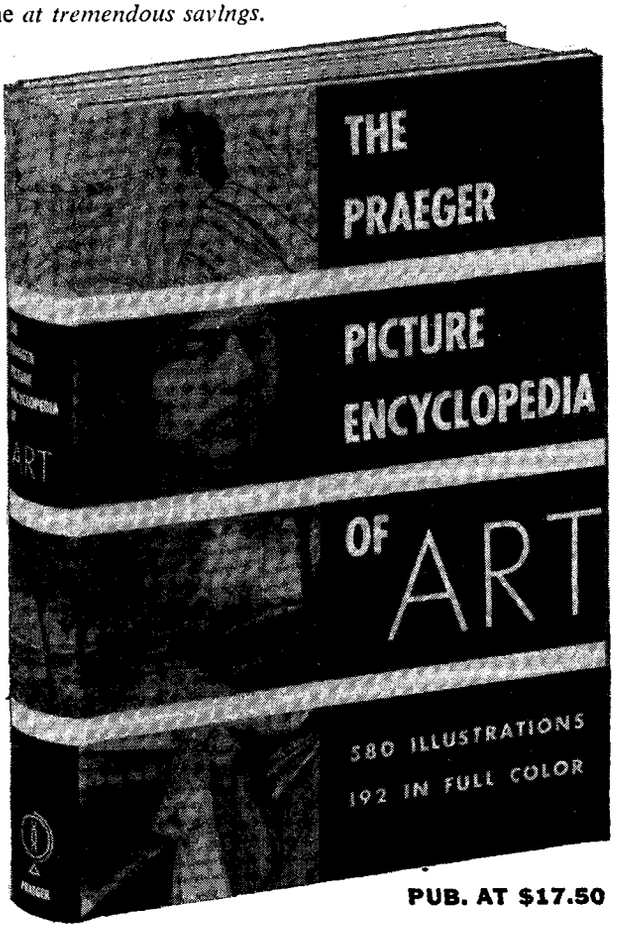

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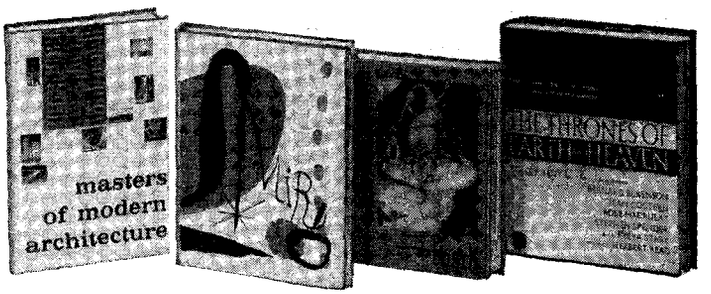

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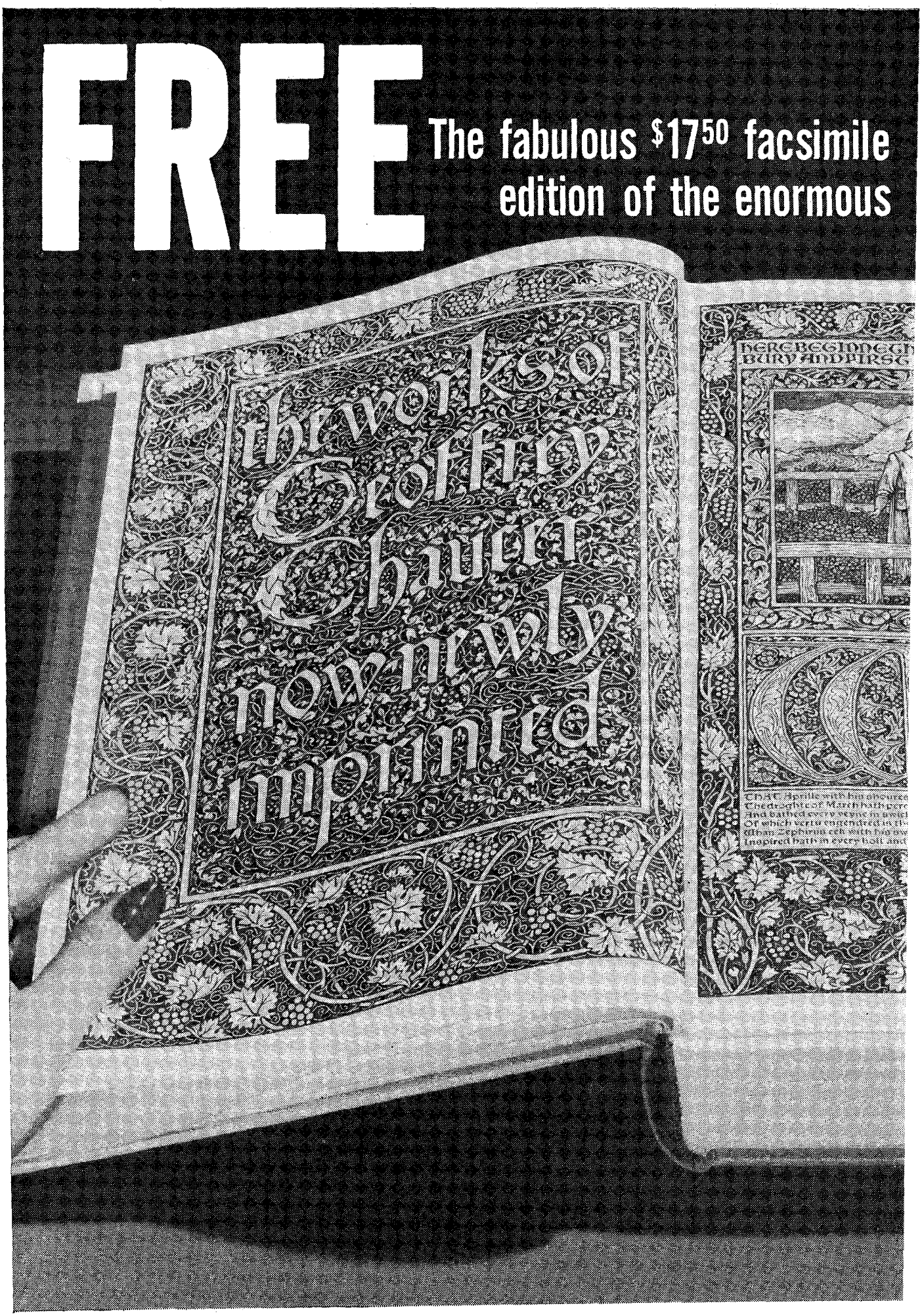

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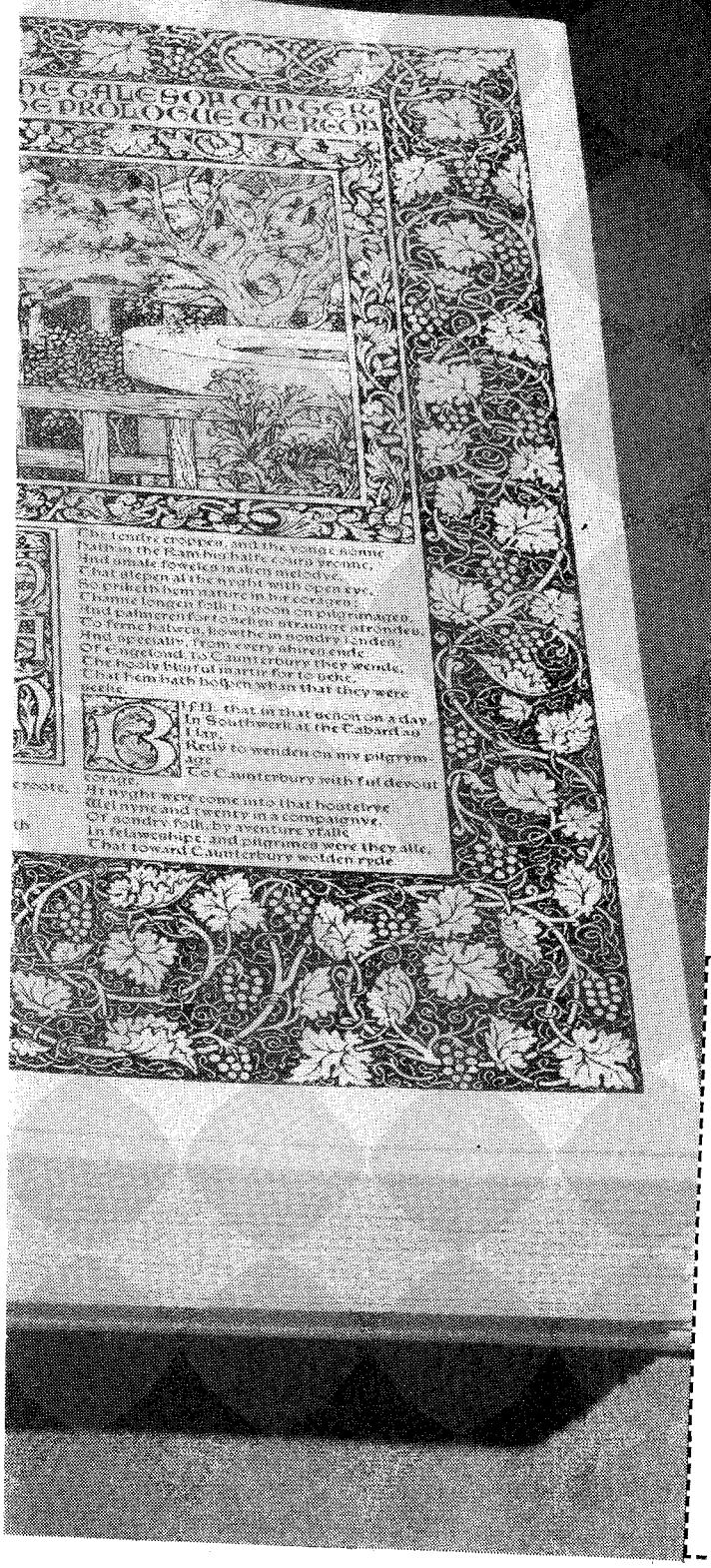

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ENGINEERS planning vehicles for excursions into space are inevitably attracted to the greatest source of energy we know — the sun. Solar energy is ever renewing. Clouds are no problem outside our atmosphere; "nights" are merely the brief periods a satellite is in the shadow of the earth or a planet. As a source of auxiliary power or energy for propulsion, the sun offers advantages.

Solar energy is already being utilized for auxiliary power. Vanguard I has been reporting from space with a 1/200-watt radio transmitter powered by six solar batteries that use selenium cells to convert sunlight into electrical energy. This operation will be carried much further in the "paddle-wheel" satellite now planned as a prototype of a probe to be sent eventually for a look at Venus. This satellite will have four fins, resembling huge paddles, which will be packed with solar batteries. The design provides a maximum surface to expose the cells to sunlight and makes certain that at least one fin will always be turned toward the sun.

Yet even this ambitious project is only a primitive beginning. Designers are thinking in terms of satellites that will need as much as 4 kilowatts of auxiliary power, or 800,000 times the Vanguard's supply. Two scientists at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Langley Research Center, Albert E. von Doenhoff and Joseph M. Hallissy, Jr., have explored a number of alternative methods for using solar energy to produce this power.

Sunlight would be collected by an extremely lightweight reflector resembling an enormous plastic umbrella. Such unwieldy structures are quite feasible in space, where there is no aerodynamic drag. The heat gathered at the focal point of this huge mirror would be used to vaporize a liquid to drive an engine. If the liquid used were mercury, the engine would operate much like a steam engine, and the whole system, including the collector and the necessary generator, would weigh 855 pounds. An alternate system would use liquid sodium to introduce heat into and remove it from a heat engine. This would result in savings in the size and weight of the heat collector, the storage system, and the boiler; the whole unit would weigh only about 580 pounds.

Solar energy for propulsion

Other engineers are looking ahead to power not for auxiliary needs but to propel vehicles through space. Experts at Los Alamos and a Columbia physicist have separately proposed propulsion systems that would make use of the pressure of sunlight in much the same way that a sailing ship makes use of wind pressure. The pressure of light is small, amounting only to about 1/100 of a pound per acre of the earth's surface. Unlike a ship, however, a vehicle moving through space does not require a large source of energy, since it does not have to overcome the resistance of the sea.

Dr. Theodore P. Cotter and his associates at Los Alamos propose that a 350-foot circular satellite carrying a 25-pound payload be put in orbit around the earth with a device that would automatically open a large sail of thin plastic film. Radio signals from the earth would spread the sail while the satellite moves away from the sun and turn it edgewise while the satellite moves toward the sun. The quarter-mile-wide sail — weighing only 1000 pounds — would gradually speed up the satellite until it moved out into space. The Los Alamos scientists estimate that this sun-jammer would take about two and a half years to travel to Mars and back.

A similar propulsion system has been proposed by Professor Richard L. Garwin of Columbia University. He suggests a small satellite unit with an aluminized plastic sail 230 feet in diameter, attached to the satellite by thin ribbons of plastic 650 feet long. An automatic sail-furling system would be operated by a solar battery.

Solar spaceship

A quite different system has been suggested by Krafft A. Ehricke, German-born rocket expert who is a division chief at Convair. His ship would use the radiant energy of the sun to heat a propellent gas for a jet engine.

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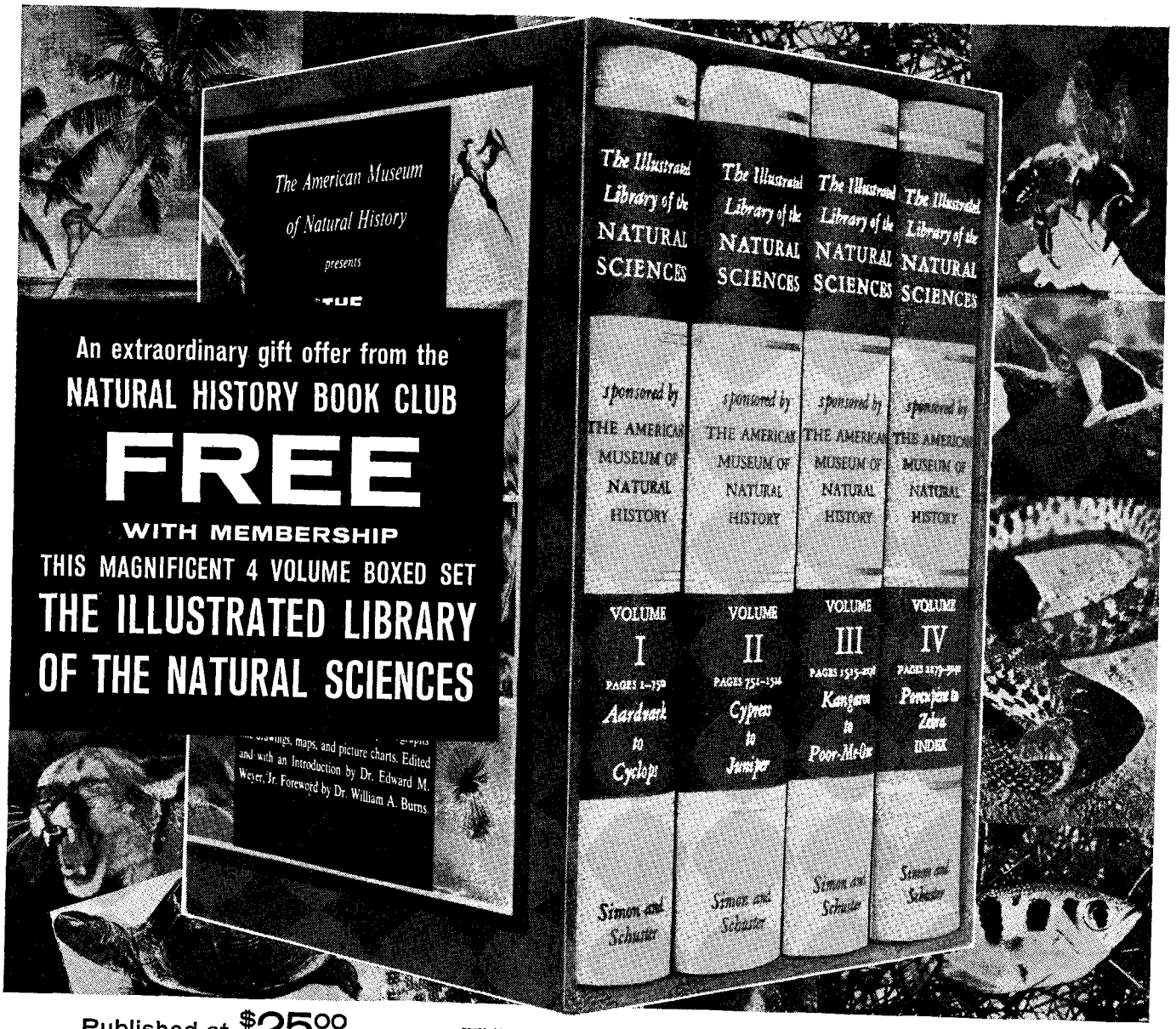

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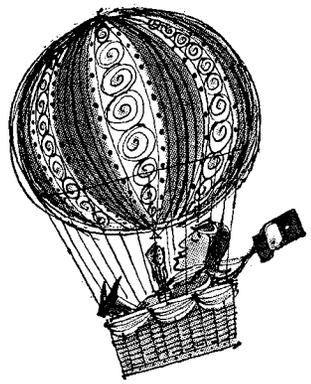

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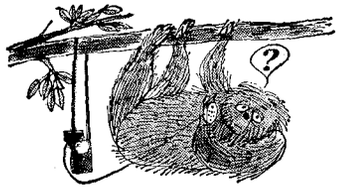

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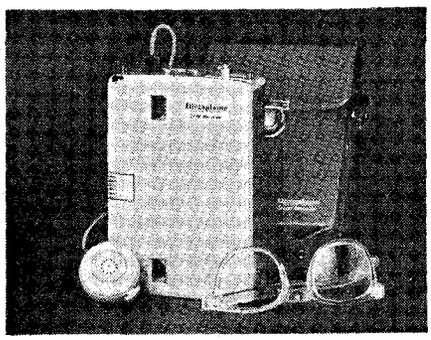

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Science and Industry

Ehricke's design is no streamlined space rocket. It looks like a golf ball squeezed between two basketballs. The "ball" is a small sphere containing liquid hydrogen. The two big outer spheres, 128 feet in diameter, are the sunshine traps. They are built of extremely thin plastic, and half of their inner surfaces have a metallic coating, providing two hemispherical reflectors that can be rotated to catch the sun's rays no matter in what direction the ship is headed.

The propulsion system of Ehricke's ship pumps liquid hydrogen from the tank at minus-420 degrees Fahrenheit to heating areas set along the focal axes of the reflectors. Here the concentrated rays of the sun heat the hydrogen to plus-1540 degrees Fahrenheit. Piped to a nozzle fastened astern of the central sphere, the hot gas is spewed out, providing some 100 to 200 pounds of thrust. The ship is steered by changing the direction of the propulsion nozzle. The two-man crew rides in a gondola.

Ehricke points out that such a solar-energy-powered craft has certain disadvantages. The thrust that can be achieved from the diffused energy of sunlight is relatively small, so that the craft must be very lightly built. Small meteors might damage the bubblelike reflector spheres, or cosmic dust sharply cut down their efficiency. Even if all the engineering problems are solved, Ehricke believes that such a space craft would have only enough power for lunar exploration or travel in the region between the earth and the moon.

Atomic oxygen for power

A third solar propulsion system is proposed not for outer space but for the upper atmosphere. Here, some sixty miles out from the earth, the molecules of atmospheric oxygen have been broken apart into single atoms by the radiant energy of sunlight. When this so-called atomic oxygen is recombined into molecular form, there is a large release of energy. Three scientists of Aerojet-General Corporation — S. T. Demetriades, C. B. Kretchmer, and M. Farber — suggest using this energy to drive a low-altitude satellite.

The vehicle would pick up the oxygen atoms and compress them by its own speed, re-forming molecules and releasing energy for propulsion. The concept has a certain resemblance to a locomotive running over a coal outcrop and scooping up its fuel as it goes.

The ram-jet effect required by the satellite, however, could be achieved only at speeds several times that of sound. Since the density of the atmosphere at a sixty-mile altitude is only one millionth of what it is at sea level, the available power released would be necessarily small, requiring that the vehicle be extremely light, possibly made of thin metal foil. The scientists have prepared a preliminary design of a ram-jet atomic-oxygen power plant for the Air Force Office of Scientific Research.

Repairing a damaged retina

A beam of light four times as intense as the sun's rays is being used to "weld" human eyes. Surgeons at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in New York are repairing tiny rents in the retina (the light-absorbent cells of the eye) by a process they call photo-coagulation. The beam from a superarc lamp is aimed into the anesthetized eye through a series of lenses. The transparent lens of the eye itself further concentrates the beam to produce a ½-mm. burn alongside the retinal tear.

A circle of these tiny burns around the rent causes the blood vessels back of the retina to emit an adhesive fluid, which seals the damaged area and prevents the retina from becoming detached from the tissue beneath. The method cannot be used after detachment occurs; the five thousand cases of retinal detachment that U.S. eye doctors see each year must be dealt with by complex and delicate surgery.

The Zeiss-made photo-coagulator — invented by a Bonn physician — is also used to treat some eye tumors particularly retinoblastoma in infants, and certain blood vessel tu

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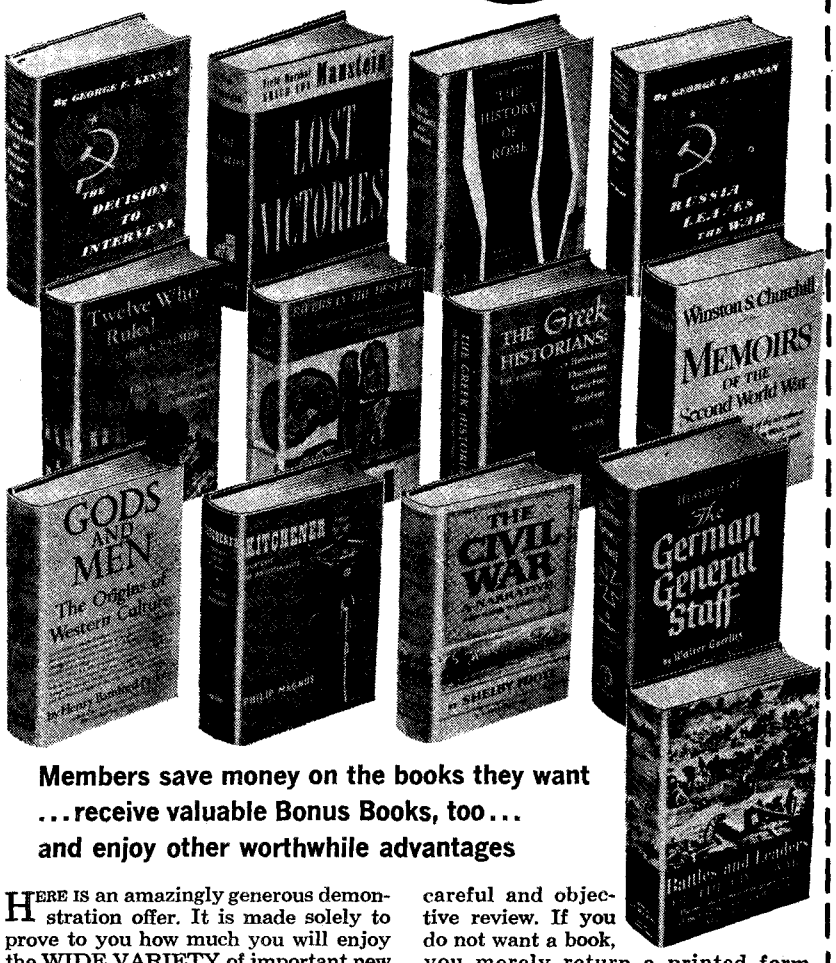

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Mr. Stevens is a leader in the development of America's first successful intercontinental inertial guidance system–Nortronics' Mark I System for the SM-62 Snark. He is manager of the Electronic Systems and Equipment Department, Nortronics Division of Northrop Corp., Hawthorne, Calif.

Answering Space Age Problems with Electronic Systems –at Nortronics

by Frederick Stevens

Today, and more especially tomorrow, aircraft, missile and space-vehicle development offers the systems specialist challenges of increasing scope.

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Science and Industry

mors. In Germany, according to one ophthalmologist, the instrument is used to treat malignancies in the eye, but U.S. physicians avoid this technique for fear it will cause the cancer to spread.

Farm telephones

The fish horn bellowing across the meadow or the farm wife's voice strained to breaking point as she tries to shout above the noise of the tractor may soon become rustic memories. Farmers are able to telephone from anywhere on the farm — with combination loudspeaker and extension systems tailored by Bell Telephone to fit the communications needs of an individual farm.

A typical system may include several extensions in house, barn, and other buildings — even in a booth in a field — and outside two-way loudspeakers mounted on barn walls or roof, connected with all extensions. All the equipment is connected to the main telephone in the house, where the farmer's wife, with a simplified switchboard, can hold calls while she consults her husband. If she transfers the call to him, he can answer into one of the two-way loudspeakers without even getting down from his tractor seat.

Open microphones in the barn pick up the noises of the stock at the flick of a switch to assure the farmer at his dinner table that all is well. Months of interviewing farmers went into the new system, now being tried out in test areas.

Prefabricated roads

Prefabrication is being applied to road building in Germany. Instead of being poured on the spot, concrete is cast in big slabs in a factory, unhampered by weather conditions or delays in preliminary preparations. The base is prepared as usual, the slabs brought to the site in special trailer trucks and lowered onto the foundation by cranes. A final asphalt layer is added, but German engineers are experimenting with using the slabs without the asphalt.

The German company using the new method claims that in a typical job prefabrication saved seven weeks, although costs were 10 per cent higher. The system is particularly suited to heavily traveled highways or important access roads that must be finished as quickly as possible.

Meanwhile, Dr. Ronald Scott of California Institute of Technology sees a day coming when roads will be made by a machine that will move over the ground, picking up dirt in front, mixing in chemicals, and spewing the treated dirt out in back to form a completed road surface. As soon as the mixture sets, it will be as serviceable as a concrete road.

Dr. Scott points out that a desert's dry lake beds — such as Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah — are hard enough to take auto and aircraft traffic because natural salts and alkalies have bound together their silts and earth just as cement binds sand and gravel into concrete. A wide variety of chemicals may be used as stabilizers to duplicate the process. One already in use is sulphite liquor, a waste product of the paper industry. Even molasses has been used successfully for earth stabilization, according to Dr. Scott.

Stretchable paper

Anyone who has ever had an overloaded grocery bag split open and spill its contents will appreciate the latest invention of 84-year-old Sanford Cluett. The man who invented pre-shrinking for shirt collars and dresses has applied shrinkage to paper to produce paper bags that stretch with the load instead of tearing. Now being jointly licensed by Cluett Peabody and West Virginia Pulp and Paper, for manufacture under the trade name Clupak, the stretchable paper is already being used for cement and fertilizer sacks, as well as grocery bags.

Clupak bags look like ordinary paper but have from three to twelve times the stretch. The result is a bag five times as tough as conventional kraft paper. The new paper gets its stretchability through a completely mechanical process. A moist web of paper, still in plastic form, is squeezed against an endless rubber blanket that has been stretched by passing over a roller. As the rubber shrinks back to its original size, th

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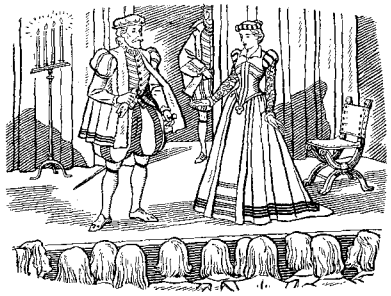
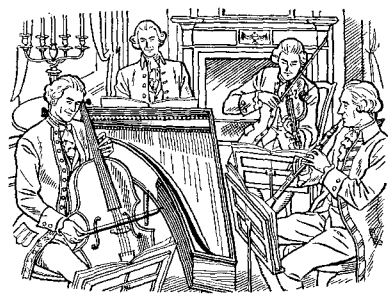
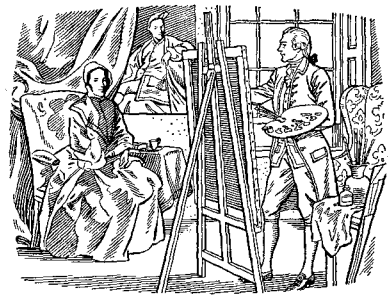


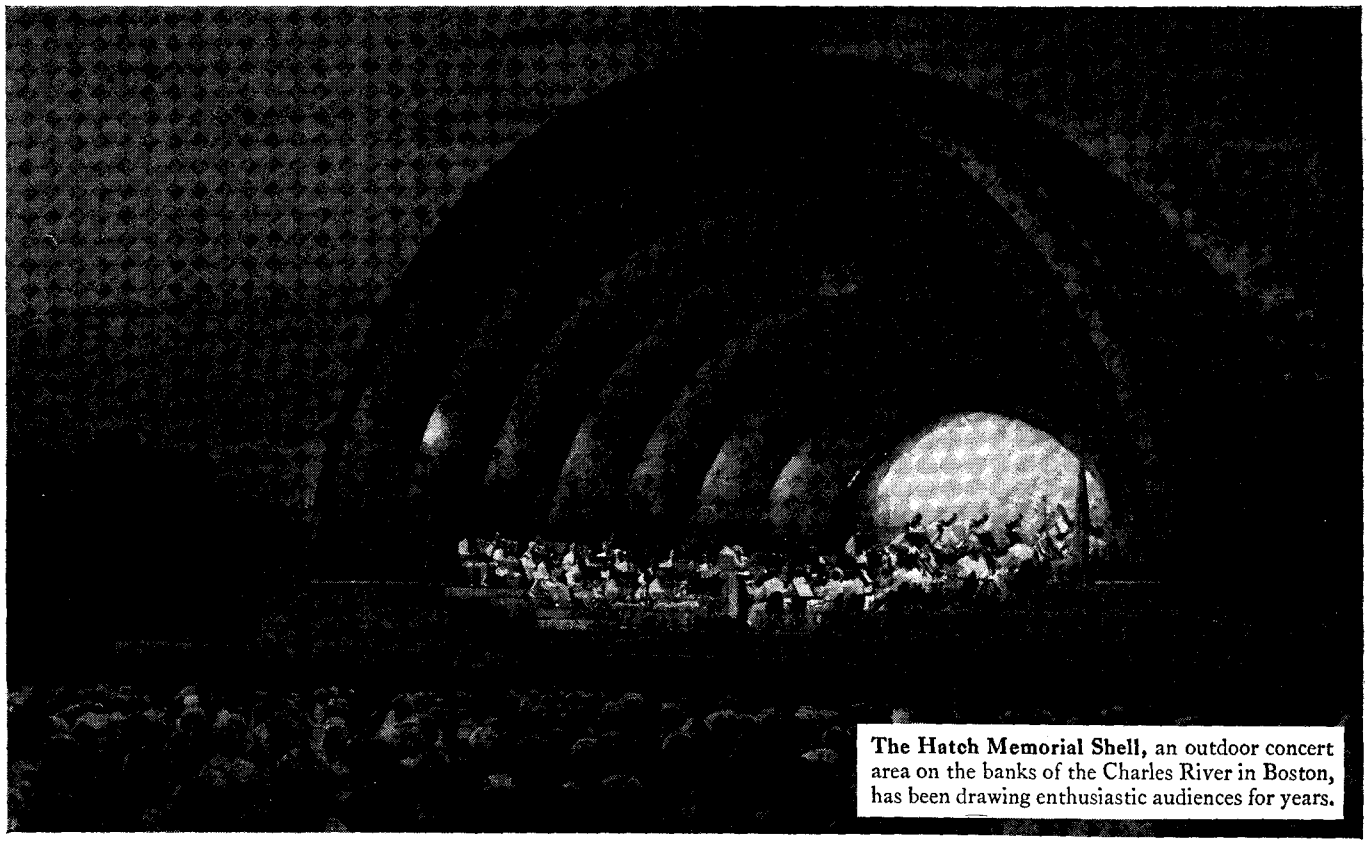
1690: *The first American play* was "Gustavus Vasa," written by Benjamin Colman and acted by Harvard students.



1731: *First American concert* was in Boston — "a concert of music on sundry instruments at Mr. Pelham's Great Room."



1737-1815: *First American artist* of note was John Singleton Copley, credited with 269 oil paintings and 35 crayons.



The Hatch Memorial Shell, an outdoor concert area on the banks of the Charles River in Boston, has been drawing enthusiastic audiences for years.

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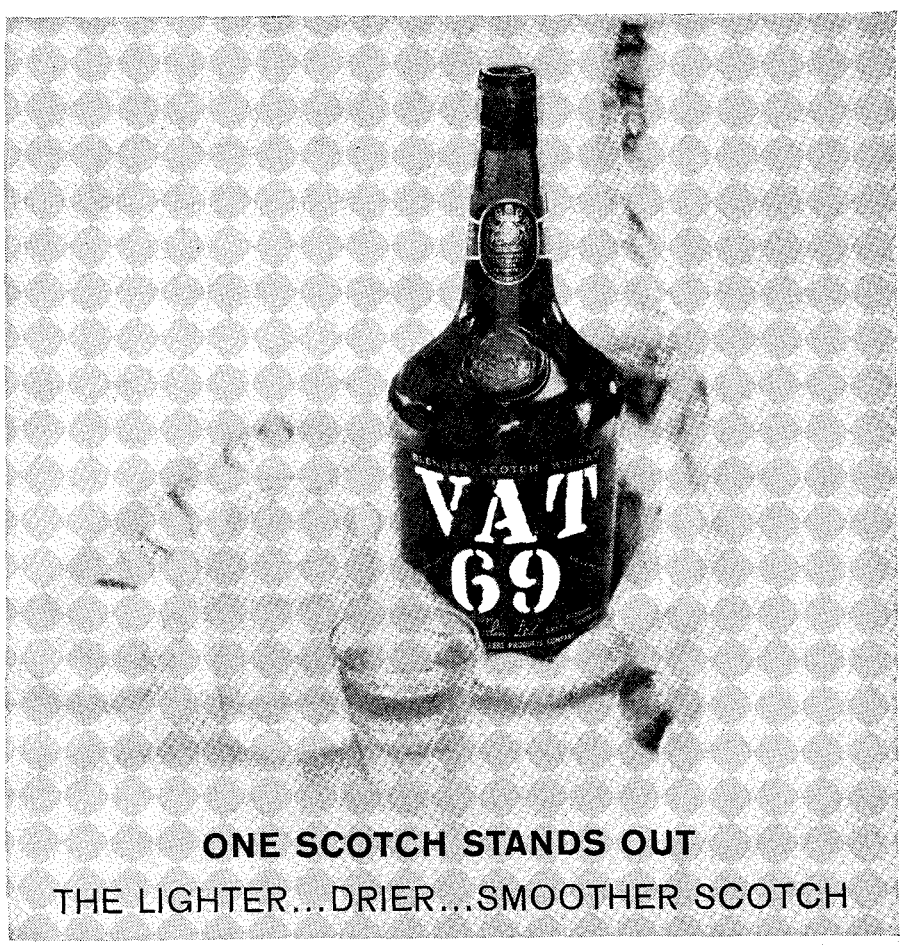

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paper shrinks with it. The amount of shrinkage in this process determines the amount of stretch in the finished product.

The licensers suggest a wide range of uses, including disposable clothing, uniforms, hospital bed sheets, towels, printing papers, building papers, air-lift parachutes, and saddle blankets.

Nylon printing plate

Nylon has come a long way from the hosiery field, where it got its start. One of the most interesting new uses is in a light, strong, and extremely accurate printing plate developed by Time Inc. and Arthur D. Little. The plate, a nylon composition mounted on aluminum, is pre-sensitized, eliminating one step.

Additional time is saved by combining development and relief etching in a single process after the image has been projected on the nylon with ultraviolet light. The nylon plate is said to have such a close tolerance — plus or minus .0005 inches — that no adjustment is needed after it has been locked on the press.

Alcohol without hangovers

Dr. Robert Carroll, a chemical consultant, and Dr. Lawrence C. O'Brien, of Perkin-Elmer Corporation, report they have found a way to distinguish between those ingredients of an alcoholic beverage that cause hangovers and those that make it taste and smell good. Now they are working on ways to distill alcoholic liquors relatively free of the fusel oil and acetaldehyde that make trouble, yet preserving characteristic flavor and aroma. If successful, such a process would cut short or even eliminate the expensive aging now necessary to make many liquors palatable.

Partisan drinkers may be glad to hear that vodka and gin contain less of the undesirable chemicals than other forms. Of the various types of whiskies, Scotch has the lowest hangover potential from the chemical point of view.

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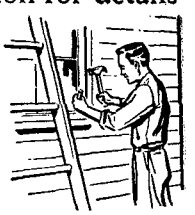

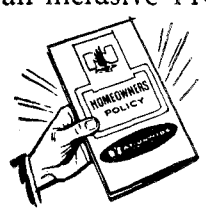

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The Atlantic Report FINLAND

SINCE World War II, practical necessity has dictated Finnish adherence to the "Paasikivi Line," a neutralist approach to big-power politics and the cold war. Both inside and outside of the UN, the Finns, while not supporting the Soviet Union, are careful not to give offense. They know too well that the good will of their big neighbor is indispensable to the survival of Finnish freedom and democratic institutions. The price of harmony becomes increasingly high.

Despite the Finns' success in holding the line, a sudden freeze set into Finno-Soviet relations last fall. Chill winds from the Soviet Union began to blow when the coalition government of Social Democrat K. A. Fagerholm took office in September. Although Finnish Communists, supported by 23 per cent of the voters, had captured the largest number (50) of Diet seats, they found themselves again totally excluded from Cabinet responsibility. For the past ten years it has been tacitly understood by the other party groups that under no circumstances shall Communists be appointed to Cabinet posts. Too vivid is the memory of 1945–1948, when Communist leader Yrjö Leino had been minister of the interior and his henchmen had infiltrated the state police.

The Fagerholm government enjoyed the confidence of a heavy majority (137 out of 200 seats) in the Diet. In addition to excluding the Communists from the Cabinet, it ignored the unwritten law that, in deference to Soviet feelings, no members of the extreme right wing be included in any Finnish government.

On September 15, the Soviet ambassador to Finland, V. Z. Lebedev, suddenly returned home for reasons of health. He left without the usual farewell audience and was not replaced. In late October, without explanation, Communist China recalled its ambassador. Though Chen Hsin-Jen traveled from Peking to Helsinki for a parting ceremony, his post also remained unfilled. The ambassadorial departures could not be attributed to coincidence. An overdue invitation for future trade and loan negotiations in Moscow failed to materialize. The trump card, however, appeared on November 21. Without warning, the Kremlin called an immediate halt to its Finnish imports and lapsed into an ominous policy of official silence.

Although the quiet diplomatic-economic-political pressure received little notice in American newspapers, the European press was aroused. Moscow was shaking its fist as a preliminary to spreading the socialist revolution to Finland. With the international danger zone approaching the Baltic area, it was feared that the Soviet Union hoped to complete its domination of the Baltic and make it a closed sea.

The trade freeze, a strong weapon

Finnish exports to the Soviet Union exceeded imports by some 100 million rubles in early autumn. While the U.S.S.R. was seemingly able to fulfill the terms of the existing trade agreement in most instances, Finland was buying less than the stipulated quotas. The trade freeze was a formidable weapon. Finland has long been plagued by a shaky economy and increasing unemployment. Its shipbuilding and metal industries, established in accordance with Russian demands for war reparations, are still geared to the Eastern market. To those industries dependent on it, the Soviet move meant potential disaster. No country can easily surrender its second largest trading partner.

Soviet authorities have on many occasions pointed out that their economic system requires a balance in the exchange of goods. However, a similar imbalance of trade, in Finland's favor, had occurred in recent years and had been resolved peacefully. Its settlement had been properly divorced from political implications. The Finns desperately wanted to believe that the latest trade problem was a commercial one only, with no bearing on their foreign policy or internal politics.

Although a Soviet trade journal unofficially implied that the Fagerholm government was deliberately violating the stipulations of the trade agreement in order to build up Western markets,

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Moscow's silence remained unbroken. It refused to accept as remedial the recent stockpile purchases of raw materials with which Finns hoped to close the gap between imports and exports. Overtures for negotiations were completely ignored by the Kremlin.

Fagerholm's trade negotiators were unable to produce a solution. Neither could they explain the complex of factors involved in the imbalance of trade. The 39 per cent devaluation of the Finmark had caused terms of trade to improve immensely for Finland. The value of its exports had increased, as well as its ruble assets. Liberalization of Finnish trade in 1958 placed the Eastern market in competition with freer Western markets, whose products were preferred by Finnish consumers.

Other factors included the nonconvertibility of the ruble and the Soviet's inability to deliver certain required commodities, such as chemicals. From a total import surplus of 16 billion Finmarks in 1957, Finland moved to an export surplus of 13 billion Finmarks in 1958. With internal economic difficulties lowering demand for goods, imports from the Soviet Union had decreased along with imports generally.

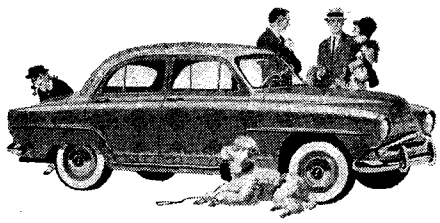
Taking their cue from Moscow's concern over the imbalance in trade, Finnish Communists repeatedly charged that the Fagerholm government had been established for the express purpose of slowing down trade negotiations with the East. Its motives were political rather than economic, the Communists claimed; Finland was obviously preparing to join the countries in the Western bloc.

Finland's careful neutralism

Mindful of its commitment to neutrality, the Fagerholm government declared that Finland would not affiliate with the European Common Market for the time being. Nor would it affiliate with the Nordic Customs Union, should it materialize. The Finns are painfully aware that they might suffer as the markets develop, for their exports are chiefly channeled to European countries.

The Fagerholm government maintained the same noncommittal posi-

A car ad with only 1 adjective



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Report on Finland

tion in facing the Moscow freeze. Although approval of a Communist-sponsored motion to expand future trade with the Soviet Union was not unanimous in the Diet, nothing was done to discourage trade or good relations. Except from the extreme left-wing press, the government received full support for its neutralist handling of foreign policy and trade agreements. Even President Urho Kekkonen, stern taskmaster of the Paasikivi Line, agreed that it had not slipped.

Only the Agrarian Party openly recognized Moscow's aloofness as deliberate pressure to bring about a Cabinet change. Most Finns were unwilling to admit the possibility, which flagrantly violated the Agreement on Friendship, Cooperation, and Mutual Acceptance, signed in 1948 and since extended. The agreement pledges the two countries "to observe the principle of mutual respect of sovereignty and integrity and that of noninterference in the internal affairs of the other state." In view of Finland's record in this regard, it seemed odd to the Finns that the Kremlin had adjusted its Finnish policy.

The government falls

Regardless of its merits, the Fagerholm government was doomed. It could not settle the serious Eastern trade problem, especially with a neighbor who refused to deal with it. The impasse continued, punctuated by local Communist agitation for the ineffectual government to step down. At last the Agrarians, taking matters into their own hands, reluctantly resigned from the Cabinet on December 4. With their resignation, the government, supported by five of the seven Diet groups as well as the public at large, collapsed.

The ensuing Cabinet crisis lasted forty days. Finland could ill afford to risk another costly election on the chance that results would differ much from the recent one. It was by now obvious that the new Cabinet would have to be acceptable to Moscow.

Finnish stubbornness in the face of pressure, and the tactical maneuvers of the various parties, brought the internal political situation close to a deadlock. Meanwhile the Communists staged demonstrations demanding positions in the new government. Their activities included a mass meeting before the Diet building, "people's marches" in many cities, revolutionary threats to rise in such numbers as would have "an effect," and scathing press editorials. However, the cold hostility of spectators at the demonstrations made it clear that neither street parliaments nor the voice of a directed mob would decree the composition of a Cabinet in Finland.

After prolonged discussions and inconclusive party bickering, on January 13 Finland was presented with a one-party minority government. With Kekkonen's approval, the Agrarian slate had been drawn up by the new Prime Minister, Professor V. J. Sukselainen. Since the Agrarians had lost support in the last election, and hold only 47 out of 200 Diet seats, the announcement was received with surprise and skepticism. Leftist elements suspected that the Agrarian coup had been known and supported by rightist parties, to prevent the "people's representatives" from sharing in Cabinet responsibility.

With a sense of relief, however, the Finns were willing to give the new government a chance. Moscow would find it difficult to maintain massive silence toward a center party representing Agrarian forces. If nothing else, its hand would be called.

Thaw in the Kremlin

Eight days after formation of the new Cabinet, President Kekkonen and his wife left for a cultural visit to Leningrad, at the invitation of the Leningrad City Council. Hearing "on the radio" of their arrival, Khrushchev dropped preparations for the Communist Party's 21st Congress and flew to Leningrad for a day's friendly visit. Accompanying him were his wife, daughter, and Foreign Minister Gromyko. The social get-together quickly developed into an unofficial Summit conference on Finno-Soviet relations and the international situation. Trade officials from both countries were hastily summoned to Leningrad, to discuss

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renewal of the long-delayed trade and credit negotiations.

At a luncheon for his visitors on January 23, Khrushchev made a speech clarifying Soviet behavior during the recent crisis. Finland received a strong reprimand for its transgressions. The trade imbalance was slurred over.

Disclaiming any aggressive plans, the Soviet leader emphasized the desire for neighborly harmony and friendly relations. He neither suggested nor implied that the Fagerholm government had worked against this end. The key to the conflict lay in the composition, not the actions, of that government. Khrushchev himself put it bluntly. Behind Fagerholm's broad back were two men, Social Democrats Väinö Tanner and Väinö Leskinen, known for "their hostile attitude toward the Soviet Union." A mere glance at the composition of the coalition government had convinced the Kremlin that no good could develop in Finno-Soviet relations.

Nor are the activities of certain Finnish newspapers palatable to Moscow. Most papers, basing their foreign coverage on dispatches from the West, have a pro-Western coloring. Their columnists and cartoonists enjoy free rein. *Izvestia* has already complained that there is more anti-Soviet literature in the Finnish bookstores than before or since World War II.

The role of the press

On returning to Helsinki, Kekkonen reported on the impromptu conference. The storm he evoked was modified only by relief that the ice had been broken. Reminding the Finns of their neutralist position, he made no reference to the ill-fated Cabinet. His theme was a plea for "restraint and responsibility" in the press, which he blamed for undermining Soviet good will. The newspapers, however, scoffed at the implication that their cartoonists and columnists were responsible for the crisis.

More disturbing is the fact that Kekkonen failed to report his own comments to Khrushchev at Leningrad. Whatever statements, whatever commitments he made are still a mystery. Ostensibly, the Soviet Union did not demand anything injurious to Finland's position, its neutral foreign policy, or its good relations with Scandinavia and the West. It claimed to want only a "friendly-minded Cabinet which can guarantee that the state agreements will be observed." The Finnish people, however, remain suspicious and fearful that their big neighbor intends to force on them unwanted political and social changes. They are increasingly aware of their difficult position.

At issue is the role of a free press in a democratic society. Freedom-loving Finns regard undue restriction under the guise of responsibility as a bald-faced attempt to extend political neutrality to ideological neutrality. Such a policy would completely silence their papers, which have thrown ideological neutrality to the winds.

Protection of sovereignty

Equally basic to Finland's survival is the right to preserve its own sovereignty. The Finns know that freedom in determining their own government and internal affairs must be complete if they are not to move in the direction of a Soviet protectorate. Moscow claims that it merely had demonstrated unwillingness to deal with an unacceptable government. The Finns, however, declare that the Soviet Union, exceeding any legal limit recognized in international diplomacy, committed a strong transgression on their sovereignty.

With the Agrarian Party at the helm, the long-delayed trade negotiations began in Moscow. Finland once more has ambassadors from the Soviet Union and Red China. The sudden thaw does not mean that Finland's path ahead is clear. Under the able leadership of Hertta Kuusinen, who claims that the road of Czechoslovakia is the road for Finland, Finnish Communists are still at work. They are attacking every internal and external proposal advanced by the new government.

There is one prevailing conclusion, however, in Helsinki. If Finland is to be the world's shopwindow on peaceful coexistence with the Soviet Union, the Kremlin will have to take more care in the future. The window has been most revealing.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Africa south of the Sahara

SIR:

This is my first letter to any editor, but I feel that the precedent is well worth making. I wish to congratulate the *Atlantic* for its special section on Africa south of the Sahara in the April issue.

HAROLD J. MAILLET
Newtonville, Mass.

SIR:

Thank God for Peter Ustinov ("A Place in the Shade," April *Atlantic*). He brought the only glimmer of light to your Dark Continent issue.

PATRICK MACKIN
Morristown, N.J.

SIR:

Allow me to express my appreciation for your noble, sweeping presentation of twentieth-century Africa.

The stigma of Anglo-Saxon superiority will now be less painful to me, and Orval Faubus and his blood-labeling legislature can no longer offer sufficient cause for bitterness and uncontrollable prejudice.

ROBERT S. BLACK
Corning, Ark.

SIR:

Congratulations on the April issue, containing interesting and inspiring articles on Africa. How the so-called "Dark Continent" has progressed; I see that several of the articles have been written by Africans themselves. A far cry from the days of Livingstone or even Cecil Rhodes.

For nearly fifty years I was a missionary in south India, and I learned to like and appreciate the Indians and other people of the Eastern world, including Africans. Some years ago I had the pleasure of sitting beside a distinguished African at a meal in Auburndale, Mass. He gave me his name, and I pasted it in my address book. What was my surprise and pleasure when I saw the face of that man pictured in the April *Atlantic!* He is Albert John Luthuli, a former African chief. A great man who is at last coming to his own — in the pages of the *Atlantic.*

THE REV. ISAAC CANNADAY
Bronxville, N.Y.

SIR:

Nadine Gordimer's excellent article, "Chief Luthuli," in the African issue conveyed through this sensitive personal portrait a clearer picture of the tragic and explosive South African situation than any more sociological or political analysis could have done. The fact that such conscientious and responsible African leaders as Chief Luthuli and Professor Z. K. Matthews, among others, should have been arrested on charges of "treason" by the South African government is only one more flagrant demonstration of the fanatic and distorted fear on which that government bases its actions and policies.

Although Chief Luthuli was released, Professor Matthews — principal of Fort Hare University College and former Henry Luce Visiting Professor of World Christianity at Union Theological Seminary — is still being held along with ninety-one other teachers, lawyers, laborers, and a clergyman who are currently on trial for their lives.

For those of your readers who may have been interested and moved by Miss Gordimer's article to active concern about the effects of these trials and of apartheid generally in South Africa, the South Africa Defense Fund at 4 West 40th Street, New York 18, would be glad to receive their inquiries.

ANN MORRISSETT
New York City

SIR:

Would you please publish more stories by Amos Tutuola? Or if not, could you persuade a book publisher to do something about it? His story in the April *Atlantic*, "Ajaiyi and the Witch Doctor," is the most delightful thing I've read in a long time. I believe the genre he is writing in is unique.

MRS. MARIAN STOLL
Waterbury, Conn.

SIR:

I should like to commend you heartily for the issue on Africa. This is the finest presentation of emerging Africa that I have seen in any periodical. It seems to catch the spirit and tempo and drama of the continent — which is, I think, one of the most significant political problems of this century (and one toward which our government has no policy).

ROBERT KNILLE
River Grove, Ill.

SIR:

I wish to express sincere appreciation for a fascinating, unbiased, and extremely informing set of articles on Africa. This is really good work.

So far, accurate reports on events in Africa have been few and difficult to find in any detail, and, being one who has lived in that land for most

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of my life, I was only too glad to find that the *Atlantic* has turned its attention to a far from unimportant country.

STEPHEN J. F. COLLINS
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

SIR:

Having just returned from a long residence in Kenya, I was interested to see an article by Tom Mboya ("The African Revolution") in the April *Atlantic*.

Mr. Mboya is not admired by moderate leaders who realize that Kenya's political problems must be solved on a multiracial basis. For better or for worse, the Asian and European minorities are an intrinsic part of Kenya's population and economy and have been the sole contributors to the progress made since the colony began. But Mr. Mboya thinks that only Africans should have any say in running the country and that self-government should be granted immediately. The 300,000 Kenyans of other races who object to this idea can either leave the country or swallow a totally subservient role.

Britain, which is in the process of granting independence to most of its African possessions, is faced with a different situation in Kenya. Here, the native cultures were lower in the scale of social evolution than in West Africa. Consequently, the Kenya blacks have further to go in order to attain the degree of political sophistication essential to responsible self-government. This sophistication must include a willingness to live in harmony with the minorities who have inhabited Kenya for two generations. Only thus will self-government succeed without chaos and bloodshed.

GOODE P. DAVIS, JR.
Katonah, N.Y.

IR:

I am a librarian's assistant at our school library noon hours. I was supposed to make a speech and chose the subject of Africa because I am interested in that country. I noticed the title on the April *Atlantic* and looked it up to get some facts. Well! I got facts, all right, but not the kind I wanted. I was just looking through the pages to see what kind of information was in the issue; I didn't read it, and now I am glad I didn't. No telling what was in it. I ran across three songs, one of which I think was disgusting. If that is all the information on songs you can gather from Africa, I am surely glad I do not live there. I do not care if that is what they sing in Africa, but do you have to print it? I really do not intend to be rude, but who do you think gives teen-agers some of the ideas they have?

SHIRLEY PARCELS
Flint, Mich.

This letter is representative of letters received from thirteen readers who took exception to the African songs which we printed in the April issue. By no stretch of the imagination could any one of these songs — "Cuckold Contented" in particular, which was the one most resented — be regarded as pornographic; rather they bespeak the primitive violence and grief which we found characteristic of the native poetry. They were not written with American adolescents in mind, nor do we believe that the songs could have any harmful influence upon them.

THE EDITOR

England's music

SIR:

May I, as an Englishwoman, thank you for the enchanting article on English music, "Sound the Trumpet," by John Conly in the February *Atlantic*?

I had felt saddened and not a little hurt by Virgil Thomson's complete omission of England in a listing of countries from which musical shoots have sprung ("Music's Tradition of Constant Change," February *Atlantic*), and Mr. Conly's sensitive and apposite essay on the juxtaposition of the textual with the musical in English musical tradition brought me great solace! It is probably childish of me to have felt offended, and chauvinistic to boot, but I am only the more indebted to Mr. Conly for such a subtle and penetrating exposition of the nature of the English musical genius.

MRS. YEHUDI MENUHIN
Florence, Italy

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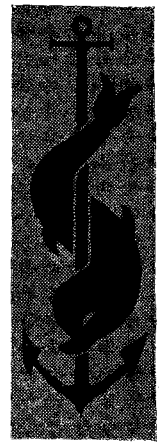

THE MEN BEHIND KHRUSHCHEV

BY EDWARD CRANKSHAW

Who are the men who support Khrushchev in his leadership in Russia, and to what extent is his power more limited and more precarious than that of Stalin? EDWARD CRANKSHAW, *who comes to grips with these questions in this article, is recognized here and in Russia as a leading authority on the U.S.S.R. His earlier books,* CRACKS IN THE KREMLIN WALL *and* RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS, *have grown out of his residence in that country, and his latest visit was made earlier this year.*

DURING the war, as a soldier, it was my job for nearly two years to work with the Red Army, and particularly with the Soviet General Staff in Moscow. The frustrations of this period would be more clearly appreciated today than they were at the time. Perhaps as a direct result of these frustrations I used to suffer from a recurrent nightmare. I was at the bottom of Stalin's "in" tray, and I could not get out; just when it seemed that with one more prodigious heave I could break surface, a fresh avalanche of papers would come pouring in on top of me; and this would go on until, on the verge of suffocation, I woke up.

But the "in" tray remained, very much a reality. For Stalin was an absolute ruler who centralized to the point of lunacy and tried to make all his own decisions. If he took no action on an affair of policy, nobody else did; and a great many urgent matters thus hung fire forever. Being desk-bound, relying entirely on the reports of others, never going out to see for himself, he had some very queer ideas about the state of the country. Statistics were fudged; information about most things came primarily from the security forces, whose first interest was to justify their own swollen establishments; and, to judge by results, when it came to a subject which did not interest Stalin very much — for example, agriculture — he had not the faintest idea of what was really going on.

This system led to corruption and inefficiency on a grand scale, and to a high level of irresponsibility on the part of what might be called the executive. It was the heyday of obscurantist vested interests; everywhere there was obstruction — and everywhere, within the framework of a general directive, there was arbitrary highhandedness. I have no doubt at all that many (though far from all) of the crimes attributed to Stalin's personal malevolence were committed without his knowing anything about them; they arose directly from this system. In a situation of this kind the tyrant has only one weapon: terror. And it was Stalin's terror, striking arbitrarily, which kept his subordinates in order. Unfortunately he could not even control the apparatus of terror, which grew beyond bounds and thus defeated its purpose. It stood between the great dictator and reality.

In Stalin's day nobody could make an independent decision. All policy matters were transmitted through a rigid chain of command the

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whole way down the scale. This, at least, was the theory. But in fact the theory never quite worked; the country would have perished if it had worked. In spite of the appalling penalties for failure, for speaking out of turn, for pursuing original ideas outside Stalin's own favorite spheres of endeavor — in spite of the sycophancy, the cynicism, the insecurity — there were always individuals in almost every organization who were interested enough in what they were doing to bypass the proper channels and arrange things among themselves. They formed a sort of invisible network of private enterprise and common sense within the official state bureaucracy.

And today? After a period of collective rule, or struggle, another individual, Nikita Sergeivich Khrushchev, has achieved the summit of power. Are we to conclude that Khrushchev is an absolute ruler in the sense that Stalin was an absolute ruler? If not, why not? And what is he?

The parallels so often drawn between Stalin and Khrushchev on their way to supreme power are, I think, altogether misleading.

Within thirteen years after Lenin's death, Stalin, emerging swiftly from obscurity, had got rid of all the senior revolutionaries and a great part of the Communist rank and file, either by shooting or imprisonment. He had also broken the Red Army as a potentially independent force by shooting practically the whole of the high command and a large proportion of the officers' corps. He ruled despotically, surrounded by a group of personally appointed satraps. By means of the secret police he exercised a ruthless and appallingly wasteful terror throughout the land.

It is no exaggeration to say that by 1937 the flower of the Soviet Union above the age of thirty had withered away. The survivors, those who had escaped death or the concentration camps, were largely corrupt and cowed. The war, which came three years later, was won by the lucky, who had managed to accommodate themselves to the terror or who, like Marshal Rokossovsky, were brought from labor camps to fight; by the young; and by senior officers who had escaped the Party purges because they had not belonged to the Party at the time of the purges.

Khrushchev has had only six years. As a start he helped his colleagues to get rid of Beria, to break the autonomy of the secret police, to get rid of the slave system, and to undo the worst excesses of the Stalin administration. He then began to turn on his colleagues, some of whom had been much more closely associated with Stalin than Khrushchev had been. A few of these, including his most formidable rival, Malenkov, and his most respected critic, Molotov, he got rid of and reduced to ignominy. He also broke the power of Marshal Zhukov, to whom he owed much but who was threatening to wean the armed forces from political control. He killed none of these men (unless it turns out that Malenkov was secretly killed). There have been no political trials or demonstrations. What is more (and this is a factor very much underrated in the West), although Bulganin, Malenkov, Kaganovich, Molotov, Shepilov, and Zhukov have all gone, and although Khrushchev has swiftly brought forward a number of comparative newcomers, like F. R. Kozlov and A. I. Kirichenko, the higher Party and government organs still contain a far greater number of veterans who first achieved prominence under Stalin. No clean sweep has been made of all men remotely pretending to influence and power, nor is there the slightest indication that any such sweep is planned — or could be carried out even if desired.

Stalin was trying to build a new society, molding it from the beginning. He wanted a clean slate to write on. The revolution had destroyed the old society; the new one was still at school. In between the new and the old stood large numbers of men who had proved themselves in revolution, in civil war, and in producing out of chaos some sort of working society. These were the very people who were bound to get in Stalin's way while he carried out his self-appointed task of disciplining the new Soviet man. First he used them; then he destroyed them. In destroying them he was not slashing as deeply into the fabric of Soviet society as it seemed; for these men, or most of them, had nothing to do with the society Stalin was planning and which was, in the late thirties, already growing up. They were alien to it.

Khrushchev is faced with a very different problem. The new society now exists. It has not turned out as Stalin intended; but it is very much there. Khrushchev, even if he had the power to do so, could not carry out a major lethal purge in the Soviet Union today without wrecking an elaborate and highly articulated society geared to an economic machine infinitely more powerful and complex than the economic machine of the first Five Year Plans. The most he can do is to remove those who argue and work most powerfully against his policies: a comparative handful, that is to say; because if they were more than this, then Khrushchev himself would go. Society is now stronger than the leader, who is thus, in a sense, the chosen and tolerated leader. Terror, if used at all, can only be used for the purpose of making examples.

Khrushchev is not and cannot be the absolute autocrat in the sense that Stalin was the absolute

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autocrat. To achieve this position he would have to kill off the key figures in a society which, unlike the society which Stalin inherited, is an organic whole. Even if his colleagues would allow him to do this, the process would take time — more time than Khrushchev can spare.

Stalin was forty-four and healthy when Lenin died. He had achieved effective supremacy by the time he was forty-eight. He moved from the very beginning, and without a backward glance or the least loosening of the reins, toward a total rigidity of control, which he maintained until his death twenty-five years later. Khrushchev, fifty-nine when Stalin died, is now sixty-five. There has been a hardening in many attitudes since 1956; but so far there has not been the slightest attempt to return to the old Stalinist rigidity, and Khrushchev is working all the time with men of his own generation or a little younger who could form an alternative government immediately if the master were suddenly to die. Within four years of Lenin's death Stalin had embarked on the fearful operation of the collectivization. Still six years after Stalin's death, Khrushchev, while making a great outcry about "revisionism," is continuously groping his way toward a freer and more flexible society.

It is necessary to make this point because there is much confusion about it. The victory of Khrushchev over Malenkov and Molotov, the dismissal of Zhukov, the shooting of Nagy, the recent tightening of Party control over literature highlighted by the Pasternak affair have all combined to give a hazy impression of a new autocrat following in Stalin's footsteps. I think this impression is false.

Khrushchev is Chairman of the Council of Ministers, or Prime Minister, and, as such, master of the constitutional administration. He is also First Secretary of the Communist Party, and, as such, master of the policy-making force. He has publicly condemned the "personality cult," but he is nevertheless presented as the leader; and anybody who has read the proceedings of last year's Plenum of the Central Committee will know that he is spoken of with sycophancy and adulation by many — but not all — of his senior colleagues.

Quite recently a Western visitor of some eminence was engaged with Khrushchev in one of those marathon interviews which go on half the night. At a certain stage in the conversation Khrushchev decided that Mikoyan should be brought in. He said so, and pressed a button on his desk. Nothing happened. He pressed another button, and Mikoyan almost immediately appeared. This showed that Khrushchev, as Prime Minister and First Secretary, was in a position to summon a senior colleague to his own room. Prime Ministers normally enjoy this privilege. But after more conversation, with Khrushchev still going strong, Mikoyan announced that he was tired, had a busy day ahead, and proposed to turn in. He said good night and went. Khrushchev went on talking.

This strikes me as an illuminating anecdote. Under Stalin no single colleague would have been able to drift away from the Presence. He would have had to wait until he was dismissed. It would have been the same under Churchill, for that matter. The reason Mikoyan felt free to go to bed was that he, with others, had made Khrushchev Prime Minister and First Secretary of the Party. I have no doubt at all that he, with others, could unmake him should the need arise.

Stalin was not made by anybody. He himself transformed the office of First Secretary of the Party into the most important in the land; he made himself Prime Minister when the time seemed to call for it. But Khrushchev was *appointed* (we know there was no coup d'état) to the two highest offices in the land by men who knew what they were doing. These men still exist around him. This is no place to speculate on the reasons for their choice — the reasons why in 1953 they took the first secretaryship away from Malenkov and gave it to Khrushchev, why in 1955 they took the premiership away from Malenkov and gave it to Bulganin, why they sided with Khrushchev against the Malenkov-Molotov-Kaganovich alliance in 1957, why they agreed to Khrushchev's assumption of the premiership in 1958. The only point to be made is that since Khrushchev did not seize these offices by force (and we know he did not) he received them at the hands of his colleagues and that these colleagues still exist.

We must assume that the men who chose Khrushchev had no intention of allowing him to tyrannize over them as Stalin had tyrannized in his day. We must assume that at least some of them have insisted that Khrushchev pay attention to their views in return for their support.

The story is that, having been outvoted in the Party Presidium, which in the spring of 1957 contained eleven full members and seven nonvoting members, Khrushchev appealed to the much larger Central Committee, which gave him a vote of confidence. Fortified by this victory, Khrushchev had Malenkov, Kaganovich, Molotov, and Shepilov (until recently his protégé) dismissed and degraded. An enlarged Presidium was set up, consisting of fifteen full members and nine nonvoting members. And we have to assume that, apart from Bulganin and perhaps Voroshilov, the surviving and newly promoted full

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members of the enlarged Presidium were the ones to whom Khrushchev owed the most. The survivors were Kirichenko, Khrushchev's successor as boss of the Ukraine; Mikoyan; Bulganin (for a short time); Voroshilov, who was too old and venerable to count either way; and M. A. Suslov. The promoted ones were A. B. Aristov, N. I. Belyayev, L. I. Brezhnev, Madame Furtseva, N. G. Ignatov, F. R. Kozlov — all believed to be Khrushchev nominees; N. M. Shvernik, the old trade unionist; Otto Kuusinen, the venerable Finnish quisling; and Marshal Zhukov. It is interesting in this connection to note that Aristov, Brezhnev, Shvernik, Ignatov, and Kuusinen had all been members of Stalin's enlarged Presidium, which was immediately cut down after his death. The nine nonvoting members included several who had been very closely associated with Khrushchev for a long time.

It has not yet been publicly demonstrated that any one of these individuals has an original idea in his head, with the exception of Mikoyan and, possibly, Kirichenko and Madame Furtseva. All have spent their lives in the Party apparatus and all have proved themselves capable of governing large areas or important industrial centers on behalf of the Kremlin. But to judge by the conversation of men as disparate as Suslov, the veteran Stalinist ideologue and manager of the satellites, and Kozlov, the able and good-looking Party functionary lifted up by Khrushchev to hold Leningrad against Malenkov, though good and tough administrators they are not in any way dynamic. There is good reason for this. All these men in their fifties, and many more besides in the Party apparatus throughout the country, are the survivors of the Stalinist purges. These purges picked off nearly all the most active-minded men who would be in their fifties today. Those who survived did so by virtue of outstanding ability and cunning — and luck! — men such as Mikoyan, Malenkov, and Khrushchev himself; or because they were gifted trimmers. This, to judge by the individuals I have met, generally applies to the whole age group from, say, forty-five to sixty. In this age group almost everyone of any integrity, character, initiative, and decency avoided the Party apparatus as a career and shunted himself into industry, science, or the armed forces.

It is an interesting paradox that Khrushchev, the great empiricist and man of action, bursting with ideas, had to look for support in his drive to the top from the professional Party functionaries of precisely this age group, who can be described only as a generation of dead beats or Communist stuffed shirts, so conditioned and corrupted by Stalin that they have long lost any capacity for original thought.

But I have always been inclined to see in Khrushchev's apparent predilection for the Party functionary more than met the eye, and my recent visit to the Soviet Union has strengthened certain tentatively held ideas.

Malenkov had to be beaten — and Malenkov in active alliance with the old Stalinists Molotov and Kaganovich on the one hand and with the new technocrats on the other was a formidable proposition. Khrushchev could hope to win only if he could get on his side the professional Party functionaries who, once the police had been brought to heel, formed the only coherent network of power. These functionaries, as a class, almost certainly thought they could use Khrushchev in their incessant struggle with all the most active-minded elements in the country. They were right in this up to a point. But it would not surprise me in the least if it turns out that Khrushchev has in fact been using them.

He needs them. They provide the discipline. Without strong administrative discipline the ferment throughout the Soviet Union would all too quickly get out of control. But I am inclined to think that in Khrushchev's eyes their main function was to hoist him to power and that their own standing will be steadily undermined from now on.

Among the highest-ranking functionaries there are undoubtedly some who work hand in glove with Khrushchev, advising him usefully or carrying out his ideas obediently and intelligently. Plainly the country could not be run without such as these; for Khrushchev himself spends more time away from his desk than at it. And undoubtedly Khrushchev and his closest collaborators are getting advice and ideas from others, a thing which Stalin never did.

The amount of time Khrushchev spends traveling and speaking, inside the country and out, the amount of time he spends conducting long conversations with visiting politicians and journalists and attending receptions add up to a formidable total. For a great part of every month of the year the Soviet Union is being governed in Khrushchev's absence. This is not to say that major policy decisions are made without his knowledge or consent: obviously Macmillan was right in concluding that Khrushchev himself is the only man who can make a major decision right off the bat — though even then there are indications that he may be required to modify such decisions later in the light of criticism from his colleagues. No less obviously, on the other hand, he has people close to him on whom he can rely to make his decisions their own, and who are sufficiently in sympathy

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with those decisions to ensure that a general directive is translated into practical terms and carried out in the spirit in which it is laid down.

It was confidently forecast by most Western "Kremlinologists" that one of the first things Khrushchev would do, during and after the 21st Party Congress held in January and February of this year, would be to consolidate his grip on the Party apparatus through a new purge, filling still more key posts with his own nominees. There has been a purge, certainly; but not the kind that was generally expected. A fair number of important figures and a large number of minor figures have gone. The important ones come almost exclusively from the ranks of Khrushchev's nominees.

There is no need to run through the whole catalogue. Two men may be instanced as characteristic: I. G. Kapitonov, the Moscow Party Secretary, and I. I. Kuzmin, the head of Gosplan. Both owed their positions to Khrushchev. Both distinguished themselves, one at the celebrated December Plenum (1958) of the Central Committee, the other at the 21st Party Congress, by eulogizing Khrushchev in terms strongly reminiscent of the forbidden "personality cult." Both looked safe, but both were sacked within weeks of the Congress. Kapitonov's dismissal is a particularly interesting case because he had gone to very great lengths in his flattery of Khrushchev:

> It is well known to us all, Comrades, that the initiator, the soul of this enormous work for the development of agriculture, as in all other important matters, is Nikita Sergeivich Khrushchev. It is he who taught us to deal correctly and concretely with farming matters. This, Comrades, is a model of Leninist leadership.

The case of Kuzmin, elevated suddenly to be head of Gosplan in 1957, is even more interesting. In his speech to the 21st Party Congress he made one of the most violent and vindictive attacks on Pervukhin for his association with the "anti-Party group." When Malenkov, Molotov, and Company were overthrown in 1957, Pervukhin, one of the most gifted of the industrially-minded leaders, was dropped from the Party Presidium, along with Saburov, then head of Gosplan. Saburov was sent off into the wilds to run a factory. Pervukhin, however, was treated more gently. He was demoted to candidate membership of the Presidium and made ambassador to the East German Republic. At the December Plenum in 1958 he was attacked by a number of speakers, who said it was time he confessed. The cry was renewed at the Congress in February, above all by Kuzmin and Spiridonov, the Leningrad Party Secretary. Pervukhin did in fact make a partial confession, but this was dismissed as being totally inadequate by other speakers. It looked as though he would go. But he has not gone. Instead, one of his main accusers, Khrushchev's faithful nominee, Kuzmin, has gone — and has been replaced as head of Gosplan by A. N. Kosygin, one of Stalin's younger generation of big shots, who had been under a cloud since Stalin's death and was, in fact, Kuzmin's deputy.

And so? We have to assume either that Khrushchev is not at all master and is being kept under firm control by rival voices — which could only mean the equivocal Stalinist figure of Mikhail Suslov, now strong enough to undo some of Khrushchev's appointments — or that Khrushchev himself is playing a very interesting hand.

The speech of Kirichenko at the 21st Party Congress on January 31 of this year may be read as having a direct bearing on this. Kirichenko is unequivocally a Khrushchev man. He was Khrushchev's right hand in the Ukraine, and, Mikoyan apart, he remains his right hand in the Party to this day. His speech was one of the few Congress orations to make a genuine and constructive contribution. He did not crawl to Khrushchev, but he did take up and elaborate one of the most interesting points made in Khrushchev's own report: the problem of how to arrange swifter promotion for the new entry, how to get the most competent individuals into the key Party appointments, how to retire gracefully not only the old faithfuls but also those who had been proved incompetent:

> At present life demands that there should be more specialists and experts in different branches of the economy among the leading Party, Soviet, business, and trade cadres.
>
> It is desirable for a rural district, for example, to be managed by people who possess agricultural training or are good and experienced practical men and experts in their jobs and who also know how to organize. It is important, for example, that the secretary of a Party committee in a town largely concerned with machine building should be a specialist in that branch or an experienced practical engineer who knows his job backwards. It is necessary for a scientific establishment to be directed by a man in full command of the branch of science in question, and so on.
>
> We have many outstanding, politically mature, and experienced men on the spot — teachers, doctors, and specialists of other branches of knowledge — who can and must be advanced to leading posts. Thus what we have to do is to open the doors wide for the nomination to leading Party, state, and business appointments of individuals possessing higher education, practical men who have deep experience of life and have authority among workers.

Kirichenko also went on to stress the necessity for developing and promoting local talent in the provinces, instead of regularly sending Moscow men out to the key jobs.

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Now one of the interesting things about this line of thought is that, to all appearances, it represents a reversion to Malenkov's ideas. Malenkov was the man who staked his future on the growing power of the technocrats and the managers — and lost. Malenkov sought to strengthen the state organs and the industrial bureaucracy in face of the Party apparatus — and failed. Khrushchev used the Party apparatus to break him.

From the very beginning of Khrushchev's visible rise — from 1953, that is — I have consistently dissented from the idea, propagated by Khrushchev himself and accepted by almost all Western commentators on the Soviet Union — that Khrushchev was interested in the Party as such. In spite of all the talk, first about Leninist dynamism, then about revisionism, it has seemed to me that the whole man, in his nature and in his special talents, is at odds with the Party approach, both doctrinally (except insofar as he shares the Leninist view of history and the global development of Communism) and practically.

Having watched this man closely for very many years, I find it impossible to think of him as anything but an experimentalist and an empiricist, using all means that might come to hand. He might have risen to power on the backs of the managers, of the army, of the police; but in fact the most convenient vehicle was the one closest to hand: the apparatus of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, which penetrated everywhere, held so many strings, and inside which he had already risen to a dominant position. The Communist Party, however, was discredited; to make it serviceable in the struggle with Malenkov, it had to be rehabilitated. And this was the task which Khrushchev set about even before Stalin was dead. But to fit it for the future it had to be transformed. And this, I believe, is what Khrushchev is doing now.

Only in this sense can his technique be compared with Stalin's. Stalin also seized hold of the Party apparatus and made it the vehicle of his own advancement. Having mastered it, he proceeded to transform it. What Stalin did, by violence and terror, was to transform a Party of idealists into a Party of yes men. What Khrushchev is doing, or so it seems to me, is to transform a Party of yes men into a Party of practical leaders; and he is doing it with the minimum of violence.

I may be wrong about this, but I don't think I am: there are so many signs. Having at first exalted the role of the Party, Khrushchev is now (as is Kirichenko, his right hand) placing more and more emphasis on the organs of state; recently he has been shuffling state and Party offices in a most interesting way. More than this, he is talking increasingly about the substitution of official state organizations by what can only be called layman's organizations; for example, he seems to be intent on supplementing the official police with a layman's militia. He is also tolerating, if not encouraging, spontaneous associations among the young for artistic and charitable purposes.

Furthermore, he is commonly supposed in his great and bold reorganization of industry in the summer of 1957 to have antagonized, to have mortally hurt, the great industrial bureaucrats, whose ministries he abolished and whose individual members he scattered throughout the length and breadth of the Union, while exhorting the provincial Party secretaries to take a more active part in the running of local industries through the Economic Councils. But did he in fact permanently antagonize anybody who was any good (apart from Malenkov's particular supporters)? I doubt it.

When the reorganization was in full swing, two years ago, I suggested three things: (a) that a great number of the most able industrial bureaucrats would in fact never leave Moscow, but would find for themselves key jobs in Gosplan or as liaison officers between the Sovnarkozy and the center; (b) that the reorganization was going to give a wonderful opportunity for frustrated managers in the provinces to prove themselves; and (c) that the provincial Party secretaries, told to engage themselves more actively in industry, would inevitably find themselves drawn into the world of the managers and that those who were good would soon find themselves adopting the viewpoint of the local industrialists toward the center — and thus grow away from Party abstractions and into practical affairs.

It seems to me that these suggestions were not baseless. Certainly on my last visit I found Moscow to be full of able men from the ministries who had found themselves other jobs — called by different names, but very like their old ones — and who were happy in their work. Certainly the more able managers in the provinces have had new opportunities and made the most of them: in no time at all they were saying that they did not need the throwouts from the Moscow ministries, being perfectly capable of managing for themselves (Kirichenko now officially supports them). And now, with Khrushchev's gentle purge, it looks as though the Party career men are being quietly and slowly weeded out to make way for the practical leaders — who, of course, also belong by courtesy to the Party.

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ALFRED KAZIN

The tolerance of American readers toward matters of sex has broadened perceptibly since those far-off days in the 1920s when JURGEN *was regarded as a naughty book and when* LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER *in its original edition was banned. Judge Woolsey's classic decision on* ULYSSES *was in part responsible for the new tolerance, and so too was the effect of World War II. In this essay* ALFRED KAZIN, *the well-known critic, re-examines D. H. Lawrence's masterpiece.*

LADY CHATTERLEY IN AMERICA

RECENTLY Grove Press of New York sent me a copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the unexpurgated text of Lawrence's third and final version, with an introduction by Mark Schorer and a preface by Archibald MacLeish; on the jacket were admiring testimonies to the book's nobility and lovingness from Jacques Barzun and Edmund Wilson. I hadn't looked at Lawrence's book or thought of it particularly since 1956, when I had bought a copy of the unexpurgated edition in a Stockholm department store, and I was pleased and proud that a young American publisher so devoted to twentieth-century literature as Barney Rosset of Grove Press had had the imagination and the courage to bring out the book in this country for the first time.

I had an errand to do, and was not able to turn to the book immediately. I live in a respectable middle-class neighborhood of New York, though in the fashion of middle-class neighborhoods in New York, it is getting slightly "beat," and so I was irritated not more than usually when a group of mingled white and Negro young men, wearing earrings, very tight narrow trousers, with hair greased back into duck tails, swished past.

At the corner newsstand, where I stopped to pick up my afternoon paper, I could hardly see the papers for the sex magazine covers. There were at least a dozen females in languishing poses, so hugely uddered and yet so coyly draped that I marveled at the enormous effort it must take to play peekaboo with curtains, aprons, and blouses. While remembering a friend of mine who writes "serious" stories for one of these magazines and who sent me one, to the inexpressible delight of my eleven-year-old son, who hadn't thought he could decently get to see so much, I noticed that there are now as many homosexual smut magazines as there are heterosexual ones; the number of heavily muscled young men, occasionally arrayed against a Grecian background with hands on their waists, made me wonder what my dour newspaper vender thinks of it all.

But I didn't ask him; I was too busy thinking of some of the contemporary novels I had looked at that week. One was about necrophilia, another on sodomy between priests, a third on incest. Although I had discharged my ideas on the subject in a review of John O'Hara's *From the Terrace*, I was still angry and sick about the misuse of this powerful talent on idolatrous descriptions of sexual intercourse. However, thinking of some equally talented but much younger writers, I had to admit that in his old-fashioned way O'Hara was still romantic about sex; like Scott Fitzgerald he thought of it as an upper-class prerogative! By contrast, I recalled Norman Mailer, who wrote the most powerful American novel of Pacific fighting in World War II and whom I had seen on television some weeks before explaining, in a

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discussion with Dorothy Parker and Truman Capote, that the aim of life should be "personal growth," that he admired Fidel Castro for looking "beat," and that it was important to be "good" in bed.

Well, I thought to myself, Lady Chatterley *is* out of date. Wasn't it Kinsey who managed to amass statistics on the number of ejaculations certain men have a week, and to sell this stuff to the public as scientific information? I remembered my students — the Smith sophomore who, in a discussion of Hemingway's characters, tossed her young head contemptuously and announced in a shrill piping voice that they were "afraid of sex." At Amherst, I had discovered, eighteen-year-olds would discuss the homosexuality of Whitman or Hart Crane as soberly and clinically as psychiatrists at a convention.

In England, during the war, I had heard of an American bureaucrat still old-fashioned enough to turn his wife's picture to the wall whenever he brought a girl back for the night, but standing on Broadway and 86th Street on a beautiful April day, I remembered how much my friends and I in college had loved Lawrence, I recalled Blake's insistence,

> What is it men in women do require?
> The lineaments of Gratified Desire.
> What is it women do in men require?
> The lineaments of Gratified Desire,

and I felt unbearably nostalgic, middle-aged, passé. O Lord, I thought to myself, is there no room for old-fashioned rebels who still love Lawrence and Whitman and William Blake and Sigmund Freud? Have the yahoos taken over here, as everywhere: the beatniks with their infernal smirks of frankness, the chorus girls who just adore *Lolita* — it's so cute — the sexologists?

I recalled the *New York Times Book Review* some weeks before, when I had seen ads for half a dozen manuals on "how to achieve sexual competence," and thinking of the ex-leftist fanatics turned superanalyst wise guys, of all the sniggers, the sex manuals, the dirty magazines, the self-infatuated homosexuals, the incest, the necrophilia, the call girls and their businessmen, I not only felt *démodé*, but glad of it. To hell with sexual "competence" and hurray for the lineaments of gratified desire, for Whitman's "the sweet hell within." Down with competence and up with passion!

Is THERE anybody, I wondered, hurrying back to my first edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, is there *anybody* in America who could still think of this book as immoral, who could miss Lawrence's romantic-religious, antinomian, ecstatic faith that sex is holy? Is there some police chief in Boston or Sioux City, some postal official in Washington, who, though he may know little enough of Lawrence's seriousness as an artist, may know even less of the actual effect of such books on the mind and think it dangerous? Undoubtedly, I had to admit. Just as the beatniks at one extreme personify the ridiculous ideal of sensation for its own sake, of freedom for the sake of sensation, so there is something about the legal or judicial or clerical mind which assumes that one person can be corrupted by one book — while overlooking the growing development in our culture toward a sexual permissiveness hard to tell from personal desperation, the desperation of juvenile delinquents for whom sex means the thrill of violence. And what would these custodians fix on in this book but certain four-letter words which — while they represent exasperated failure for the unquiet desperation that masses of men feel, lodged together in armies, prisons, ships — represented to D. H. Lawrence, born in 1885 and brought up in the Congregationalist church, his wistful and hoped-for symbols of a new loving frankness between men and women? Despite the external smut — or rather, because of it and the divisions which it symbolizes in ourselves — there is something about the American mind that is quick to identify what it is afraid of or just ignorant of as "immoral."

Some years ago there came to America a mildly touching Italian film about a weak-minded peasant girl who was seduced by a stranger whom she thought of as "Saint Joseph." The protest line in front of the New York theater carried placards; one of them, never to be forgotten, read: "We give Europe our wealth and they reward us with filth." Was it possible that the same people could identify Lawrence's "daring," his Derbyshire-miner's-son horror of English gentility, with filth only because he had used certain words, because he believed that "the holiness of the heart's affections" (Keats's phrase) could be realized in sexual intercourse? That *this* would at last be the path of freedom, of sacredness, of a new communion which would give men and women their only refuge from the hated abstractions and constant meddling of modern industrial society? Previous objection to the book, in more genteel times, had been conventional responses to Lawrence's romantic defiance, his cult of love. Was it possible that in our increasingly totalitarian world there would now be a serious political objection to human beings who pursued sexual love too strenuously for its own sake? The crime of hero and heroine in Orwell's *1984* was literally that they ignored the state, devoted themselves entirely to each other. So the real crime of Lady Chatterley

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and her gamekeeper, in 1959, could be that they were not sufficiently "adjusted to the group," that they ignored their "social responsibility," that in devoting themselves wholeheartedly to the act of passion, they were making a contemptuous and unforgettable comment on the triviality and fanaticism of their times.

This "crime" is one of the few lessons of love in contemporary fiction; nowadays a man and a woman meeting to devote themselves to sexual passion make a political criticism which is far more suggestive than the old radicalism. The contempt for ideology that can be expressed by passion, I discovered, is the real sense of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in 1959. Yet how ironic this could be, the unintended fruitfulness of Lawrence's intelligent genius, since the whole purpose of Lawrence's tract-novel is to establish sexual love as a revolutionary weapon *against* our industrial society! Thus far have we traveled in the West, all of us, in the thirty years since Lawrence finished the final version of his book. Before the hardening pattern of our society set in for good with World War II, men still hoped to change our society, not to escape it. Lawrence is in the great tradition of English and American literary radicals, with Emerson and Thoreau and Whitman as surely as with Blake and the young Wordsworth and Shelley, in his belief that "the holiness of the heart's affections" can revolutionize society, can transform "the mills of Satan," the hated cities, the industrial reek and blackness which Lawrence saw as the enemy of the free human spirit.

This call to the higher powers as revolutionary instrument is indeed the great purpose of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It is a novel in praise of love, of physical love's exaltations, that symbolizes the union of the old yeoman stock, personified by Mellors the gamekeeper, with the best of the English liberal intellectual class. Lady Chatterley was originally Constance Reid, daughter of a Scottish painter and herself a Fabian, and her passion for Mellors is a protest against the incapable and despotic upper classes, in the person of her husband Sir Clifford, who comes back from the war paralyzed from the waist down. Not only is he unable to give his wife a child, but he becomes increasingly selfish, querulous, "proper," as his paralysis comes to include, as a natural part of his experience, the meanness and helplessness of the old English upper classes. For Lawrence's most subtle and penetrating perception, Mark Schorer remarks in his introduction, "the knowledge that social and psychological conflicts are identical, is so firmly integrated in the structure of his book that it is almost foolhardy to speak of his having two themes when in fact he had one vision."

Lawrence is still in the great tradition of the English and American romantic poets, those Protestant radicals for whom the "living intuitive faculty," the wild and irrepressible call of the spirit, made church authority unnecessary; they automatically interpreted all experience by that belief in the ideal unity of man's faculties which is typical of the religious imagination. Not only was Lawrence's novel an effort to give religious value to relations between the sexes; but the sympathy born of sexual happiness would work itself into every part of life, would militate against the purely external relationships, the increasing deadness, of industrial society.

It is because Lawrence's supreme subject is love, not sex, that he is, in the romantic tradition, political. His argument, like those of all religious reformers, is personalistic; nothing in the image of society avails against it, for it absorbs and grows on everything like itself. The external side of life in our time is too fierce, heavy, hard; when Lady Chatterley motors through town, the darkness of the industrial Midlands has crept into everything: "the brick dwellings are black with dust, the black slate roofs glisten their sharp edges, the mud is black with coal-dust." Yet life, in its vulnerability, like the newborn chick which the gamekeeper showed his lady — "there it stood, on its impossible little stalks of legs, its atom of balancing life trembling through its almost weightless feet into Connie's hands" — is the only measure of the value that one must preserve; above all, that one can respect. Mellors, who looks so much like Lawrence in his last racked years, fragile and dead-white of body, also represents the physical fragility of man in the present era; he gives himself wholly to passion, but he is also sorely hurt by life and often grumbles at how little passion can do against all those "mental states," absorbed from punishing labor, from the increasing lack of contact with his fellow men, from the habit of separateness and the ease of vice.

Yet Mellors accepts the risks of passion, the beautiful and terrifying involvement to the depths that comes with carnal knowledge, as opposed to the mythomania, the acting out of fantasies that goes with casual amours and prostitution and smut: "It's life. There's no keeping clear. And if you do keep clear you might almost as well die." He knows, above the harried tenderness that is the message of the novel (and Lawrence's first title for it was *Tenderness*), that an even worse time is coming, that society will never get away from its compulsive outlet in war.

Reading the book in 1959, I recognize the politi-

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cal moral of tenderness, present to Lawrence's mind in 1928, as an alternative still present to us. With all the despondency Lawrence felt in his last illness, he still believed that honest human realization of man's physical needs, a resolute struggle against the spite and hatred that he identified with the purely mental life, could make people freer and more loving in a society visibly corrupted by suspicion and distrust. Yet at the same time every new development in Western industrial society, every ebbing away of the strength and sweetness of the old country life, was proving too much for the individual. The note of quiescence, the drooping away, at the end of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, as the lovers, temporarily separated, await their divorces and the birth of their child — this is the natural intermittency of passion. But the long letter from Mellors on which the book closes also brings home to us, as much in Lawrence's novel does, the final insufficiency of a language too strained for the feelings. Lawrence once wrote that "We have no language for the feelings, because our feelings do not even exist for us." That is the measure of his original effort, his stand for integral human nature. Yet it is also true that the increasing sense of love as escape, from the all-enveloping society and passionless conformism, gives *Lady Chatterley's Lover* that slightly hysterical edge which results from too determined an effort to capture the feelings.

Lawrence wrote always with passionate urgency; he succeeded in giving his style the quickness of life, the immediacy of breath, the aroused physical rhythm of passion itself. But the more his fatal illness pressed on him, the more he tried to evoke in language those states of feeling, of sexual arousement and ecstasy, which are more successfully revealed by indirection and compression. It is folly to think that words, even D. H. Lawrence's words, can ever get to the heart of passion. The language of mystics is often unbearable in the tension, the verbal effort to tear through the external surface; if words could even begin to suggest the Divine Presence, the mystic would not have to work so hard at language.

Lawrence's rushing, swift, extraordinarily keen language for sensations often creates a splendid reality in language, the reality of a poem, which is parallel to the love-making ecstasy it seeks to describe and actually conceals from us. The more one studies art, the more one recognizes that it is not an imitation of life, that it never comes close to actual human experience, but is an independent creation, an addition to nature rather than a description of it. Language so passionate and breathless as Lawrence's ultimately describes the ecstasy of art, not of passion. To the ultimate of passion, fortunately! there is no bridge in the language of mental consciousness.

Lawrence is not pornographic, as snoopers and censors and moralists would charge; in one sense he is not even "real." The excitement of the best scenes in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and these are not always the love scenes, lies in the beauty with which life is praised. Lawrence is so naturally religious about experience, his motivating purpose is so naturally the Protestant's exultant identification of his single consciousness with life itself, that behind the matchless freedom and ease of his prose is the stirring of language itself, the individual's embrace of life as he extends his private feelings to external nature. It is an ironic and beautiful fact that the very excess of religious spirit that led Lawrence to identify sex with the Holy Ghost exposed him to the hostility of moralists who believe that sex should be kept in its place. Of course Lawrence made too much of sex, as he made too much of life; we do not have the same keen sense of value. In an age when most writers lack that overwhelming responsibility for the whole human community which Lawrence had, it is Lawrence's overinsistence, his inability to think of sex as partial or furtive, that is likely to produce the characteristic response today that he is naïve rather than dirty.

In this sense, *Lady Chatterley's Lover is* out of date, for Lawrence's last great effort to establish love as a counter-availing power in our society offers us a conception of the novel, as of the sacred symbol of love-making, that is too much for the diminished individual, too lyrical, too unabashed, too free. The external niceness that we have come to value ever since Henry James put the seal of "form" on the contemporary novel militates against Lawrence. So does our belief in psychology as determinism, since to us love is helpless and compulsive. So does the sheer lack in America of that rural mystery, the old English wood in which the lovers make love. Lawrence's exultant, almost unbearably sensitive descriptions of the countryside can mean little to Americans, for whom the neighborhood of love must be the bathroom and the bedroom, both the last word in sophisticated privacy.

Lawrence's descriptions of the naked lovers gamboling in the rain, his ability to describe a woman's sensations and a man's body with feminine sureness — all this belongs to another world. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* brings back memories of a time when men still believed in establishing freedom as their destiny on earth, when sex was the major symbol of the imprisoned energies of man, for when *that* castle was razed, life would break open and flow free.

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THE EXECUTIVES' MAN

Success by Imitation

BY ALAN HARRINGTON

Just below the executives in today's big business organization are the numerous juniors, struggling for promotion. Will their success depend on energy and originality, or should they settle for security by playing it safe? ALAN HARRINGTON *used his writing fellowship from the Fund for the Republic to study the environment which management creates for its young recruits. The article that follows is the first of two excerpts from his book,* LIFE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE, *which Knopf will publish in September.*

CORPORATE practices involve a fundamental inconsistency. Management wants simultaneously (a) performance from everyone and (b) protection for everyone. But the impulse to perform and the impulse to protect yourself cannot exist as equals. One must gain ascendancy over the other. To perform, move, swing, the self goes out and takes chances. The reflex of self-protection produces subservience to the group, a willingness to spread responsibility until it doesn't exist, a binding horror of chance-taking, and obeisance to the system. How can these two drives exist together in equal strength?

The corporation is, therefore, schizophrenic. At the headquarters of a company I shall call the Crystal Palace, we think we are staffed with hundreds of red-blooded free-enterprisers. But in fact, if we took samples and tapped a few kneecaps, it would be found that a large percentage of us have the circulative apparatus of bureaucrats. Instead of blood in our veins we have grapefruit juice. So far as our jobs are concerned, we would be perfectly at home in the most stifling government office in Washington.

Here is an example of our two-headed standard: One of our notoriously inefficient department heads went on a field trip, to be away for six weeks. This was a man who made a career out of indecision. Projects piled upon his desk in wobbly towers, and light-years went by before he took any action on them. In contrast, his next-in-command was an alert clean-desk executive who moved quickly on any assignment. A member of the department breathed hopefully: "Now maybe we'll get some things done around here. Norris [the assistant manager] can clear out all those back projects in a week." A more experienced hand smiled at this: "Of course, he could, but he'll never do that. It would make the boss look bad."

A commonplace story, but when you examine it the whole pretense of our structure is revealed. Theory: we are all in there pitching for the company, doing the best we know how. Fact: the "method" requires that we not do our best, because it would make the boss look bad. In other words, the inefficient boss's security is more important than getting the job done. Getting the job done is supposedly the law governing promotions. But the sad truth, as I have seen it work out in practice, is that in a crisis most of us are far more loyal to our pension programs than we are to doing a job in what we believe to be the

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best way. Sometimes for us the most rewarding decision is no decision — anything to avoid the lonely prominence of commitment.

The grand misconception here is that "organization is all." This has led to all the propaganda on the virtues of team play. Following from the team-play concept is the corporate emphasis on experience. It will be said of some dunderhead that he has been seasoned for twenty years in his department. This is like a football coach with a rotten team last year looking forward with confidence to the fall campaign because he has "twenty lettermen returning." That impresses me not at all. Preserve us from such lettermen. If they were no good last year, particularly in the upper age brackets, they will be worse this year. No, I think any organization must make room for stars; otherwise we will have to face up to the space age with a bunch of turnips on our payroll.

But in our way at the Palace we spend great sums of money to build a good team. We go about this via the Executive Development program. The typical "Executive Development Guide" begins with a set of unchallengeable assumptions:

> The creation and perpetuation of a high-caliber management team cannot be left to chance. It calls for a well-planned, well-accepted, positive program of executive development. . . . It calls for frequent realistic appraisal of each individual performance and potential. It calls for bold development action incorporating demanding, capacity-stretching assignments coupled with sound counseling. It calls for discerning use of rewards. . . .
>
> Continued prosperity can only come through the efforts of a management team of highest caliber; through men with imaginative, shrewd, analytical minds; through men who act quickly, soundly and effectively; through men who are interested in hard work, profits, and keeping ahead of competition.

So far, so good. There is no question that the development of high-caliber management "calls for" these various qualities. But who is doing the calling and who is doing the answering? Management is calling and management is answering. In short, management is talking to itself.

The progress and the predicted development of each employee are appraised at regular intervals by his boss, his immediate supervisor, and perhaps "a third person on the level of the individual's supervisor who is well acquainted with the individual's performance." At first glance this would appear to be a fair arrangement. It theoretically provides for three separate and independent reports on a man. If, say, his boss doesn't think too much of him, his supervisor and the third party may redress the balance with favorable appraisals. But this can't happen, because:

> It is recommended that each member of the appraisal panel first prepare his appraisal by himself and then meet with the other panel members in formulating the joint appraisal.

Clearly the last provision negates all that has gone before. It serves also as a good example of the corporation's extraordinary capacity for deceiving itself. To show how the system works out we need only imagine a scene with four characters: Allen, the department head; Barclay, one of the department supervisors; and Clifton, the third party, also a supervisor. They meet to draft a joint appraisal of Danforth, a junior executive.

Allen, the boss, either low-rates or overrates the young man. Barclay and Clifton, who observe his daily performance, disagree. Their private appraisals of Danforth vary markedly from the department head's view. Now enters a new factor. Allen is also going to fill out appraisal forms on his two supervisors, and they know this. Can you imagine them disagreeing with the boss at length on the Danforth appraisal? With the appraisal of their own progress coming up? No, the chances are infinity-to-one that, with their training in corporation method acting, they will gracefully withdraw or modify their evaluations of Danforth (without seeming to do so). It is likely that the joint appraisal will turn out to be in accord with the boss's judgment. Pursuing this, we may wonder how he measures his subordinates.

> One of the most distinguishing characteristics of the outstanding manager is his constant appraisal of employees. . . . Members of management are judged by their superiors, in large part, by their ability to set high standards, to appraise others accurately against such standards, and to take constructive action to build a strong team.

We are judged according to our Intelligence, Motivation, Relationships, Administration, and Knowledge. There follows a graph showing that Intelligence is about 90 per cent innate and 10 per cent acquirable; Motivation 80–20; Relationships 65–35; Administration 35–65; and Knowledge 10–90. Bearing this in mind, the company must employ "only those applicants possessing superior intelligence, exhibiting extraordinary motivation, and indicating promise in the area of relationships."

Now this is a fine graph, and the conclusion drawn from it appears unassailable. But the plain fact is, and the gentlemen on executive development committees must know it, that the corporation employs scores of individuals with mediocre intelligences, the motivations of squirrels, and the relating powers of amiable zombies. The Executive Development program does not visualize people as they really are. It assumes that people

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are neutral spirits and ignores the strongest motivating force in our private civil-service state, which is self-preservation.

For this reason we model ourselves in the image of our superiors, as we follow in their footsteps, and expect subordinates to model themselves on us. This much is human nature: an executive is going to file a good report on an underling who thinks and acts more or less in the way he does. And he will tend to give a lesser rating to someone who thinks and acts differently. Executive development planners, who are not stupid, have been aware of this, and we have seen how they try to counterbalance it by the system of triangulation. But, unfortunately, no sooner do they triangulate on a man than they abandon the principle, for the verdict must be unanimous.

> . . . any large variation can only result from an inadequate understanding of the appraisal factors and system or the appraisee[!]. Variations can be minimized by developing among appraisers a uniform understanding [?] of the appraisal system and by omitting ratings for those factors concerning which the appraiser has insufficient knowledge of the appraisee.

Translated, the last sentence means: "You fellows get together on this. If you disagree, one or two of you can avoid an embarrassing situation by taking the 'out' provided here — namely that you don't know enough about the young man to rate him in certain categories."

Once upon a time free enterprise invoked the principle of the survival of the fittest. Today at the Crystal Palace we have the survival (or rather the promotion) of the most imitative. The question before the executive development committee when promotion time comes is how snugly you will fill the shoes of the man above you.

In surveying his team, almost any executive is going to appraise it so that the men below who might challenge his method of doing things will be put in their proper places. His instinct, if not his conscious aim, will be to favor those below him who appear to be smaller replicas of himself.

Can a corporation man properly appraise a subordinate more intelligent than he is? If not, what can the subordinate do, particularly in the early stages of his career, to get around inadequate appraisals which affect not only his present status but also his future? He can do nothing. He is like a man on a slow escalator with someone in front of him who will not move.

In a smaller and livelier business the held-down subordinate has better possibilities of extricating himself. The free play of personality is greater; he has a chance, positively, to run with the ball and call attention to himself, and negatively, to cut, backbite, and take a chance on showing up his superior. But in big business the uses of power are restricted to channels, much like in the army. There is one small difference. The army, recognizing this situation, has an Inspector General's office. Officers from the IG may visit installations and — since they are independent of the base command — listen to criticisms and complaints. True, they may seldom take action, but they do serve as something of a deterrent, at least theoretically, to inefficiency and injustice.

Perhaps corporations might do well to institute some sort of IG system, an outside audit not only of the books but also of administrative performance. What is needed, I think, is a means of periodically going outside the chain of command to evaluate efficiency up and down the line.

MISINFORMATION may be conveyed from middle to top management in many ways and for all sorts of reasons. I recall an able but vain and impatient executive who was involved in installing a company's new filing system. The files were his pride and joy, and beautiful interlocking numbers floated through his dreams. The company was also starting a library, and hired an expensive and fiercely proud librarian. Executive and librarian, who worked under him, collided head on. The issue was whether company reference books should be classified in accordance with the newly installed filing system or whether they should be arranged in the time-honored decimal groupings used by libraries everywhere. After a protracted struggle, the librarian won but made an enemy. Thereafter, in commenting on the librarian's work, the executive passed upward the general image of an uncooperative, neurotic, temperamental dragon. The truth as conveyed upward was influenced by thwarted ambition, and there was no way for the librarian to redraw the picture for the gods to see.

Feed questions into a neurotic Univac and you will receive neurotic answers. Our managers and appraisers are not even Univacs, but are nevertheless expected to function like unemotional calculators of what is best for the company. The Lord knows they try, and we all try to conduct our business with moderate and retractive personalities, with masked egos, and (most of us) with orderly ambitions. But behind our discreet performances you may be sure that we are always conscious of the stage manager. The reflexes of self-preservation will guide our movements, flatten our dialogue, and shape our opinions and reports, and it is foolish to think that they will not.

What the Crystal Palace could use right now would be a court jester, a wild card, to upset the order of our days. We could employ a camp joker,

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a friend-of-presidents type, even a fool, whose job would be to bring irreverence to our halls. He should be permitted to make fun of everybody, great and small; to mock every process (in an irresponsible way); to call a spade a spade; to dramatize errors; to stick his head in conference rooms, interrupt procedures with a wisecrack, and vanish again. You would never know when he was coming. You might not see him for weeks or a month in your department, but you would know that he was somewhere in the building. The corporation joker would be an irritant to our complacency. Cutting capers across our routine, he wouldn't really disrupt the system. Yet he would shake it up a bit.

THE successful corporation man is the one who can prove through the years that he is a good administrator. Administration is the key. The man, and to a lesser extent the woman, who knows how to use it will unlock the doors, one by one, that lead to the top floor.

Along with the administrator goes the professional, who seldom rises as high. The relationship between these two groups is interesting. Administrator and professional apparently cannot exist without one another, and yet they are by nature mutually hostile. The administrators organize the work of professionals; whereas the professionals do all the work. The administrator, or official, is primarily interested in obtaining a smooth work flow in accordance with regulations. The professional's main concern is with excellent performance of a particular job.

The official wants to maintain a department that seems efficient; the specialist aches to be efficient. A great many corporation executives begin as specialists and then, if they are rated outstanding, are promoted to an administrative position. Yet the specialist-turned-administrator may well prove to be less effective than one of those talentless desk men, the born officials, the defenders of bottlenecks, who have filled tables of organization squares since the dawn of time. That is because the specialist tends to overweigh the importance of his own profession in the larger picture — and an enterprise of any size involves an effort of combined professions. In contrast, the official in the classic mold is not hampered by a belief in anything but rules, procedures, and rank.

The successful administrator sits at an office crossroads, across lines of communication. He throws switches. He has a veto power over trains of thought and may keep them on a siding indefinitely or even derail them if he thinks they are going too fast.

This describes his position, but not what he does. For years three questions have disturbed me. What is an administrator? What on earth is his talent? And why are people like me always working for people like him?

I am in my office at the Crystal Palace writing a speech for one of the directors. Not that he couldn't work up a speech that would be satisfactory, but he hasn't time for words. Outside, a maintenance worker is maneuvering his power mower across our superb front lawn. I hear a slapping sound — the window washer leaning back against his strap douses the glass before my eyes. The phone rings, and I am called into the administrator's office for consultation.

What is this executive doing? He stands at his desk holding a piece of paper. He frowns. Several professionals gather around him. When we have all arrived, he advises us that a group of town officials wishes to tour our plant. We must greet them in a certain way. He calls for suggestions. Everybody puts in a word. He says, All right, Joe will do this, Jim will do that, and Bob will do the other by next Wednesday.

The meeting lasted for ten minutes, and during this period our superior, the official, didn't propose anything; he only listened to our proposals. He isn't going to do anything; we are carrying out the assignments. He simply heard us out and distributed the jobs. The man hanging on the strap was doing something; there are no specks on our windows. The lawn mower made the grounds prettier. I will type something (less useful) that will give the town officials a better idea of the plant. But he, this one, who is always standing there or sitting there holding that eternal piece of paper, makes twice as much money as I do and four times as much as the washer and mower.

The official is incredibly more successful than the professionals who work under him, because he sees to it that we do our jobs. One can understand that. He is arranging, channeling, disposing, traveling, consulting. The only thing he does not do is produce.

One day I took a random look through the files of our administrative correspondence. The letters announced the availability of some booklets, asked the opinion of higher authority on possible contributions to a fund, advised that a film be shown to a certain group, replied to a schoolteacher's request for booklets, informed higher authority of this request and listed the booklets sent to the teacher, sent background material on the company to an advertising agency, requested higher authority's approval of an editorial to be run in the house organ, explained to lower authority the uses of a kit, and commented on the plans of a branch office.

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This is administration, and it is fine. No company could function without it. The question in my mind is not why corporate administrators exist (someone has to expedite things) but why they are so well paid. After watching scores of them in action, I could swear that their duties consist mainly of frowning over sheets of paper, consulting with others, and then passing on the job to be done to a specialist. The typical official can't build a bridge, or construct a machine, or plant an original idea about anything. But he must know something. I believe the administrator possesses these important qualifications:

1. He has the talents of a cork. There are great advantages in being an intellectual lightweight. The professional man will sink or swim with his ideas. He takes chances. The official, having no ideas to burden him, can bob around like a buoy or marker in the roughest water while others are dashed against the rocks.

2. The absence of creative ability is a talent in itself. In a corporation it can be a positive asset. It gives the pure executive a broader view of any problem than the specialist will have. The designer of a bridge, for instance, visualizes a span that will be beautifully constructed, let it be with expensive materials, to last hundreds of years. The bridge is everything to him. He will probably, if given his way, spend too much money on it. But the bridge, as the official well knows, is not everything to the corporation. It may be one of many expensive undertakings, and there is just so much money available.

The administrator has only a passing interest in beauty. He is not limited by an aesthetic sense. He is immune to the specialist's pain, the pain of caring. He cares only about the organization and orders from above. No matter how many times the decision is changed, the man without ideas remains unaffected, while the creative man's standing fluctuates.

3. A good administrator has a remarkable talent for staying out of trouble. A prominent adviser to corporations tells me that rule number one for the ambitious executive is never to identify himself emotionally with a project. If the venture should fail he becomes too easy a target. If it succeeds he becomes a marked man; in other words, a number of people will be hoping that he fails next time. Further, to take an emotional stand may involve antagonizing somebody. This is all right for a professionally talented person, but if your ability is purely administrative what is the good of getting anyone mad at you?

To avoid blame, the corporation bureaucrat always goes by the book. He memorizes handbooks, code books, and rule books. He worships proper procedure and mortally fears anyone who creates a situation not covered by the book. Originality produces disorder and change. Hence, it must be controlled by procedure. Only through procedure can slow imaginations throw a halter over minds that would otherwise bolt ahead of the group.

4. The pure executive is also adept, generally in a nice way, at credit-grabbing. Nor does he have to work very hard at it. The corporate apparatus is so rigged that the administrator who has merely distributed jobs can take a share of credit for their execution. For the specialists have been corralled into a "team," of which he is the captain. All correspondence reads in effect: "*We* have done such-and-such." This implies participation of the official, when he may have done nothing.

5. Successful bureaucrats have a form of intelligence that specialists often lack: they keep their eyes on the ball. This sounds easy, but most of us don't do it. You will notice in an administrator on the way up a certain fixed, calculating expression. He is oriented wholly toward power. He will give you his courteous exterior, the friendly smile and offhand joke, but his eye remains fixed on that one spot — where the power is.

6. Finally, the pure official understands the relative value of things and the relative importance of people. This is sometimes called "judgment." It is supposed to improve with experience, and probably does. But "the value of experience" is a concept frequently used by old men to keep young men down. For example, at the time of the Suez crisis in 1956 it was pointed out with absolute authority by old hands that the Egyptian pilots and their recruited foreign colleagues lacked the experience to move ships through the canal's tricky currents. This turned out to be nonsense.

I suspect that most jobs in a corporation and elsewhere can be mastered in a few months, or at any rate in a year or two. What cannot be learned that quickly is the corporation minuet — the respectful dance with the right partners. The watchful corporation man gradually finds out who is important and who is not, what is acceptable and what is not, what type of project will advance his fortunes and what is not worth bothering about. Experience for him mainly adds up to learning how to behave. The secrets of gauging and responding to the power of others — superimposed on a normal intelligence — will move him slowly upward.

The process involves no great wear and tear. In this way, if you wish, you may become one of those men whom Caesar liked to have around him — "sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights." There are worse fates, by far.

(*To be continued*)

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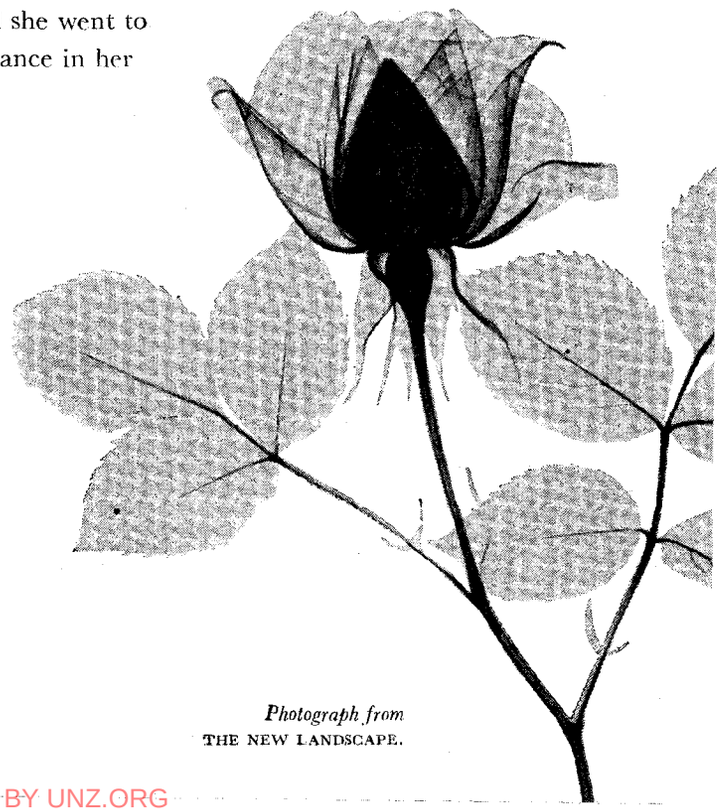
JOHN CIARDI

ABUNDANCE

I

Once I had 1000 roses.
Literally 1000 roses.
I was working for a florist
back in the shambling thirties
when iced skids of 250 roses
sold for $2 at Faneuil Hall.
So for $8 (at $10 a week) I bought
1000 roses, 500
white and 500 red
for Connie's wedding to steadiness.

I strewed the church aisle whole
and the bride came walking
on roses, roses all the way.
The white roses and the red roses.
White for the bed we had shared.
Red for the bed she went to
from the abundance in her



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Carnegie Public Library
Valley City, North Dakota

to the fear in what she wanted.
The gift was not in the roses
but in the abundance of the roses.
To her
whose abundance had never wholly
been mine, and could never be his.
He had no gift of abundance in him
but only the penuries of sobriety.
A good steady clerk, most mortgageable,
returning in creaking shoes over
the white and the red roses. Returning
over the most flowering he would ever
touch, with the most flowering I
had ever touched. A feast of endings.

II

This morning I passed a pushcart
heaped with white carnations
as high as if there had fallen all night
one of those thick-flaked, slow, windless,
wondering snows that leave
shakos on fence posts, polar bears
in the hedges, caves in the light,
and a childhood on every sill.
Once, twice a year, partially,
and once, twice a lifetime, perfectly,

that snow falls. In which I ran
like a young wolf in its blood
leaping to snap the flower-flakes
clean from the air; their instant on the tongue
flat and almost dusty and not enough
to be cold. But as I ran, face up,
mouth open, my cheeks burned
with tears and flower-melt,
and my lashes were fringed with gauze,
and my ears wore white piping.

There is no feast but energy. All men
know — have known and will remember

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again and again — what food that is
for the running young wolf of the rare days
when shapes fall from the air
and may be had for the leaping.
Clean in the mouth of joy. Flat and dusty.
And how they are instantly nothing
but the idea of joy enacted in the profusion
of the falling of rare possibilities.

III

My father's grave, the deepest cave I know,
was banked with snow and lilies.
We stuck the dead flowers
into the snowbanks dirty with sand
and trampled by diggers' boots.
The flowers, stiff and unbeckoning,
ripped from their wires in the wind
and blew their seasons out as snow.
Purer than snow itself. A last
abundance correcting our poverties.

I remember the feasts of my life,
their every flowing. I remember
the wolf all men remember in his blood.
I remember the air become
a feast of flowers. And remember
his last flowers whitening winter
in an imitation of possibility,
while we hunched black
in the dirtied place inside possibility
where the prayers soiled him.

If ever there was a man of abundances
he lies there flowerless
at that dirty center
whose wired flowers try and try
to make the winter clean again in air.
And fail. And leave me raging
as the young wolf grown

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from his day's play in abundance
to the ravening of recollection.
Creaking to penury over the flower-strew.

IV

This morning I passed a pushcart
heaped beyond possibility,
as when the sun begins again
after that long snow and the earth
is moonscaped and wonderlanded
and humped and haloed in the
light it makes: an angel
on every garbage can, a god
in every tree, that childhood
on every sill. — At a corner of the ordinary.

O flower-begetting imagination
and shape-begetting air dazzled
in the wealth of light, I was again
the young wolf trembling in his blood
at the profusions heaped and haloed
in their instant next to the ordinary.
A feast of glimpses all men
know — have known and will remember.
And did not know myself what heaped me full
till I said your name.
At once my plenty came.

It is the words starve us. The air,
trembling with the white wicks
of its falling, encloses us. To be
perfect, I suppose, we must be brief.
The long thing is to remember
imperfectly, dirtying with gratitude
the grave of abundance. O flower-banked,
air-dazzling, and abundant woman,
though the young wolf is dead, all men
know — have known and must remember —
You.

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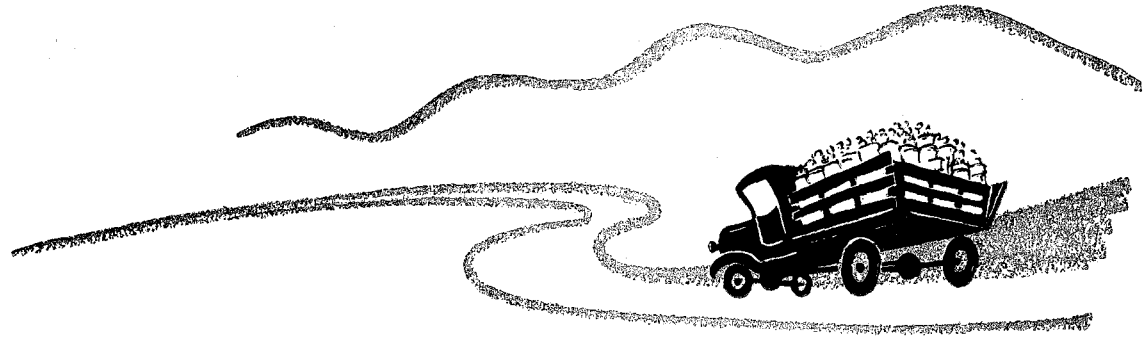
THE RUN FOR THE ELBERTAS

A short-story writer of sensitivity who has lived for most of his career in the mountains of Kentucky, JAMES STILL *is the librarian at Berea College and the author of tales which have perfectly reproduced the sound and savor of the Elizabethan language that survives in those remote uplands.*

BY JAMES STILL



As RIAR THOMAS approached the Snag Fork bridge, the truck lights picked up the two boys sitting on the head wall. Glancing at his watch, he saw it was nearly one o'clock. He halted, pulled the cardboard out of the broken window, and called, "I'll open the door from the inside, it's cranky." The boys sat unmoving. "Let's go," he said, "if you're traveling with me. A body can't fiddle in the peach business."

Godey Spurlock began honing his knife on the concrete, and Mal Dowe got his out too. "Pay us before we start," Godey said. "We hain't going to be slicked."

"What I say," said Mal.

"My grabbies!" Riar chuffed. "You ever know of me hiring anybody and failing to settle?"

"They tell you trade out of paying," Godey said. "People didn't name you 'Tightwad' for nothing." Yet it wasn't the money that made Godey stall. He was angling to help drive.

Mal said, "Doss and Wint Colley claim you skinned them the last trip."

Riar snapped the clutch in irritation. "Nowadays," he snorted, "you can hear everything but the truth and the meat a-frying." And he said, "Why do you think I take my own help? To see I get the fruit I buy. Doss and Wint let the loaders short me a dozen bushels. Still I paid off."

"Yeah," said Godey, "in rotten peaches."

"I've tried several fellers," Riar explained, "and the shed crews stole them blind. I need fellers sharp to the thieves. They can trick you and you looking at them."

"Not us they can't," Godey said. "We hain't lived sixteen years for nothing." He slid from the head wall, and Mal followed. "Settle now and we'll guarantee you full measure."

"You know us," said Mal.

"Never in life have I paid for work before it was done," Riar declared, "and I don't aim to begin." He waited. "Are you going or not? Make up your heads."

Edging toward the truck, Godey said, "Promise to let me drive a dab, and we'll risk you."

"Risk me," Riar hooted, slapping the wheel. "If there's another person who'd undertake hauling you jaspers from Kentucky to South Carolina and back I haven't met the witty."

Godey insisted, "Do I get to steer after a while?"

Riar raced the engine impatiently, and the cattle rack clattered behind. "Crawl in," he said, "I can't fool. To deal in ripe peaches and come out you've got to run for them. It's a five-hundred-mile round trip, and I'll have to get there in plenty of time to make arrangements and load by sundown. We've got a splinter of Virginia to cross, a corner of Tennessee, and North Carolina top to bottom."

"I'll give you my knife to drive a speck. It has four blades and all kinds of tricks and things."

Riar shook his head. "I'm gone."

Godey saw Riar meant it and they got in. He warned Riar, "Anybody who beats us will be a-hurting." And he said, "If you want to keep me acting pretty you'd better give me the wheel along the way."

"Now, yes," echoed Mal.

Though it was July the night was chilly. Riar

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said, "Stuff the board in the window or you'll get aired."

"I'll not ride blind," Godey said.

"When you begin freezing," said Riar, "don't halloo to me."

Mal said, "Let me sit on the board. They's a spring sticking me through the cushion."

Godey laughed. "That makes it mean," he said, and he sat upon the cardboard himself. The truck sputtered in starting, and he teased Riar, "What about a feller who'd hang on to a wreck?"

"She'll run like a sewing machine in a minute," Riar said.

"Too stingy to buy a new, aye? Can't say farewell to a dollar."

Riar said, "You knotheads know the cost of a truck? They'll bankrupt you."

"The fashion you scrimp, you ought to be rich as Jay Goo."

Riar grunted. "Boys don't understand beans," he said, and in his truck's defense, "I've had her repaired for the trip, though I couldn't afford it: brakes relined, spark plugs changed, retreads all round."

"Yeah," Godey ridiculed. "Fenders flopping, windows cracked out. A bunch of screaks and rattles."

"We heard your old gee-haw four miles away," added Mal.

Riar said, "Doubt you not, she'll carry us there and fetch us back — with two hundred bushels of peaches." And he mused, "I used to mule in goods from Jackson. Occasionally my wagon would break down and I couldn't fix it. I'd walk up the road and 'gin to whistle. Fairly soon it would come to me what to do."

"My opinion," said Godey, "the most you calculate on is how to dodge spending money."

"Listen," Riar said gravely, "I've barely my neck above water. Bought the tires on credit, went into debt for repairs. I'll have to make a killing this run to breathe. And if I am a grain thrifty it's on behalf of my family."

"They say," plagued Mal, "you're married to the woman on the silver dollar."

"Let me give you some gospel facts," said Riar.

"We can bear it if you can spare it," sang Godey.

"I try to keep bread on the table and shoes on my young'uns' feet. And I treat the other feller square. I'm straight as an icicle."

"What about the rotten peaches you put off on Doss and Wint Colley?" reminded Godey. "Preach us a sermon on that."

"The fruit at the bottom of the load was mashed shapeless and beginning to spoil," said Riar, "yet the Colleys asked for them instead of pay. Claimed they wanted to plant the seeds and commence an orchard."

"Idjits might swallow that tale," said Godey, "but not us. You believe yourself they actually wanted the seeds?"

"I've come on different knowledge since."

"For what? Tell me."

"You won't hear it from me."

Mal saw light suddenly. "Just one thing they could of done — made peach brandy."

"You reckon?" blurted Godey, his ire rising. "Lied to skip giving us a taste?"

"It's plain as yore nose," said Mal.

"By jacks," Godey huffed, "we'll work on their dog hides."

"What's the profit in revenge?" Riar chided. "Swapping ill with your fellow man?"

"You don't know?" asked Godey in mock surprise.

"No," said Riar.

"Then I'll tell you. It makes you feel a whole heap better."

Mal asked Riar, "Don't you ever get mad and fly off the hinges?"

"I try to control myself," said Riar. And he advised, "You two ought to get some sleep. We'll have no pull-offs for naps along the road."

Mal twisted on the cushion. "Upon my honor," he grumbled, "this seat is eating my breeches up."

Morning found them in the Holston Valley of Tennessee, and the sun got busy early. The moment the ground mist melted, it was hot. The truck was standing at a gasoline pump, the attendant hose in hand and inquiring "How many?" when Godey woke. Godey's eyes flew open. He said, "Fill her up to the wormholes."

"Five gallons," said Riar.

Godey yawned, bestirring Mal. He said, "I never slept me nary a wink last night."

"Me neither," fibbed Mal.

"You snore just to make the music, aye?" said Riar. "It was hookety-hook between you."

Godey said, "Why don't you fill the tank and not have to stop at every pig track?"

"Ever hear of evaporation?" asked Riar. "A lot goes away before you can burn it."

Godey wagged his head. "Tight as Dick's hatband," he informed the attendant.

Mal said, "Saving as a squirrel."

Directly they were on the road, Godey announced, "I'm hungry, Big Buddy, and what are you going to do about it?"

"We're carrying food the wife prepared," Riar said. "We'll halt at the next black spot."

"You expect to feed us stale victuals?" Godey complained. "Give us a quarter apiece to buy hamburgers."

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Riar said, "During my boy days a quarter looked big as a churn lid. Did a body have one he stored it. Now all the young understand is to pitch and throw."

"The truth," mocked Godey. "Saturday I was in town, and I hadn't been there ten minutes when bang went a dime."

"We have food in plenty, I tell you," Riar insisted, "and any we don't use will be wasted."

"So that's the hitch," scoffed Godey. "Before I'd live like you I'd whittle me a bill and peck amongst the chickens."

Riar halted presently in the shade of a beech and hurried out. Mal forced the cranky door on his side and jumped to the ground, and Godey made to pile after — but his breeches caught on the spring. He pulled and still hung. He had to jerk loose. His jaws paled, his mouth twisted to swear, yet he checked himself. He would make it pay later. He hopped down, and none was the wiser.

Mal cautioned Godey under his breath. "You'd better begin greasing Riar up if you're expecting to drive."

"I've already got him right where I want him," said Godey.

Riar put a gunny sack on the grass and spread breakfast: saucer-size biscuits, fried ribs, a wedge of butter. He poured cold coffee from a Mason jar into cups shorn of handles.

Godey eyed the meal sourly, keeping turned to hide the rip. "A dog wouldn't eat a mess like that," he caviled. Nevertheless he took a serving. With cheeks full he added, "I wouldn't except I'm so weak I couldn't rattle dry leaves."

"You might do as well at your own table," Riar countered, "but it's not my information."

Hardly were they moving again than Godey broached driving. "I'm ready to steer awhile, Big Buddy."

Riar grunted noncommittally.

"Last night you let on I could."

"I never made such talk. I promised you two dollars, and have them you will the moment they're earned."

Godey produced his knife. "I'll give you this, and hit's a bargain. Four regular blades, and an awl, and a punch, and a shoe hook, and —"

"All that play-daddle is fit for is to rub a hole in your pocket."

"Then," said Godey determinedly, "I'm going to have my wages now, cash on the barrel."

"Are you making that cry again?" fretted Riar. "They said you were pranky, but I didn't figure on all the mouth I'm having to put up with."

"You heard me."

"My opinion," Mal joined in, "you're not to be confidenced."

Godey declared, "Fork over else we'll allow the shed crews to steal you ragged. Even might help 'em."

"Great sakes!" Riar exclaimed. "Two dollars not yours yet and you growling for them."

"Why, you're behind the times," corrected Godey. "You're paying me an extra three to buy a pair of breeches. Your old cushion has tore a hole in me big as outdoors."

Riar sputtered, "I haven't taken you to raise, Mister Boy."

"According to law," said Godey, displaying the tear, "I've suffered damage in your vehicle. I know my rights."

"I'll see you to a needle and thread."

Godey had Riar going, and he knew it. He said cockily, "Want to satisfy me and not have to tip your pocketbook?"

"Deliver my life and living into your hands?" Riar chuffed, on to the proposition.

"Turn the truck over to me thirty minutes and I'll forget the breeches. I may even decide to let you off paying me for a while."

Riar groaned. "My young'uns' bread depends on this machine." But he was tempted. Loading without watchers was a misery, and he couldn't abide further expense.

"It's me drive," Godey said, "or you shell out five dollars."

"Wreck my truck," Riar bumbled, "and I'm ruined. You don't care." But he could see no alternative. "I get along with folks if they'll let me," he said, relenting. And he questioned anxiously, "Will you stay on your side of the road and run steady and not attempt to make an airplane of it?"

"Try me."

Riar slowed and stopped, and he took pliers and bent the point of the broken spring. Godey slid under the wheel, face bright with triumph, and he asked, "Anything coming behind?"

"Everything's looking pretty," reported Mal.

The truck moved away evenly, the gears knuckling without sound. Watch in hand, Riar prompted, "Don't ride the clutch," and "She's not tied up for speed," and "She brakes on the three-quarter pedal." But his coaching was useless, as Godey drove well enough.

Meeting a bus, Godey poked his head out and bawled, "Get over, Joab," and he grumbled, "Some people take their part of the highway in the middle." He reproved Riar. "Why don't you quit worrying. You make a feller nervous."

"I can't," breathed Riar. "Not for my life."

Before Godey's half hour was through he inquired, "Have I done to suit you?"

"You'll get by," grudged Riar.

"How far to the North Carolina line?"

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"Another hour should fetch it."

Godey's eyes narrowed. "Want to pet your pocketbook again?"

"What now?" Riar asked skeptically.

"I've decided to swap my pay to drive to there."

"You're agreeing to pass up the money, aye? And after vilifying me about the Colley brothers."

"I aim to," said Godey, "and I won't argue."

Riar shook his head. "I promised cash, and cash you'll have. I'll prove to you June bugs my word is worth one hundred cents to the dollar."

Godey shrugged. "Made up your mind, Big Buddy?"

"Absolutely."

"Well," said Godey, "let's see can we change it," and without further ado he floored the accelerator. The truck jumped, the cattle rack leapt in the brackets. The shovel hanging from the slats thumped the cab.

"Scratch gravel," crowed Mal. "Pour on the carbide."

"Mercy sakes!" croaked Riar.

Godey spun the wheel back and forth. He zigzagged the road like a black snake. The rack swayed, threatening to break free.

Riar's mouth opened, but nothing came out. The veins on his neck corded.

Godey cut to the left side of the highway and sped around a blind curve.

Riar could stand no more. "All right," he gasped. "All right."

Godey slackened. Grinning he said, "Why, you break your word fairly easy. Get you up against it and you'll breach."

By early afternoon they had put western North Carolina behind and crossed into South Carolina. The mountains fell back, the earth leveled and reddened, the first peach orchards came to view. The sun beat down, and the cab was baking hot.

Riar charged the boys, "I'm expecting you to keep your eyes skinned when they load my peaches. The fruit goes on several bushels together, and the sharpers can trip you."

Godey and Mal sniggered. Godey said, "Did they know it, it's us they'd better watch."

"What I say," agreed Mal.

"I'm after my honest due," Riar said. "I don't intend to cheat or be cheated." And a thought seized him. Glancing swiftly at the boys he said, "You can count to two hundred, I hope to my soul."

"I can count my finger," jested Godey.

"How much schooling have you had?"

"Aye," said Godey, "I learned who killed Cock Robin."

Mal said, "Godey Spurlock coming up short hain't been heard of."

Beyond Landrum a packing house appeared, the metal roof glaring sunlight. Riar drove past, and Godey clamored, "Hain't you going to stop?"

"They're a contract outfit," Riar said. "They wax and shine their fruits like a pair of Sunday shoes, and some retail at ten cents apiece. They don't deal with the little feller."

"They'd allow us to peep around, I reckon."

To humor them, Riar drew in at the next shed. "Another large operator," he explained, "and we won't buy here either. Just stretch our legs and cool."

A line of ten-wheel trucks was parked at the loading platform, and Godey breathed, "Gee-o! Look at the big jobs." He teased Riar. "Hain't you ashamed to take your old plug out where people can see it?"

"Not in the least," said Riar.

From the platform Godey and Mal gazed under the shed. They saw the roll conveyors tumbling fruit forward, the workers busy at the picking belts. Hail-pecked and wormy fruits were being shunted aside. The peaches flowed on through sizers and brushes of the defuzzer to the packers, and there seemed no end to them.

Godey's eye lit on a huge peach in a basket, and he snatched it up. A voice behind him spoke, "You're welcome, young fellow, stuff till you bust." Without deigning to turn, Godey held out the great peach and sneered "Pea-jibbit!" and let it fall and stepped on it. But he peeled and ate six others.

When Riar got up with the boys twenty minutes later there was nothing they had not looked at. As they drove away Godey said, "The first ever I knowed peaches have hairs like cats."

"Get them brushings on you," said Riar, "and they'll eat you alive."

"What they told me," said Godey. "Claimed it takes a spell to dig in, but after it does bull nettles hain't a patching to it."

Said Mal, "We'd got some, did we have a poke to put 'em in."

"Of what use is it? I ask you."

Said Godey, "For Doss and Wint Colley a beating is too fine. I want to see them dance."

"Now, yes," said Mal. "They'd throw an ague fit."

Riar frowned. "Hitting back at folks is all you think of."

Two miles beyond Landrum, Riar turned onto a dirt road and the wheels set the dust boiling. The boys' faces were streaked where they wiped the sweat. Riar stopped at a number of small-growers'

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sheds, buying at none, saying, "They sell high as Haman," or "Their fruit is too green for my business," or "Most of my customers want Elbertas."

Godey said, "Always I've heard a fruit bought off of you had better be stomached quick, it's so rotty-ripe."

"The mellower the cheaper," said Riar.

Mal said, "You'll travel farther for a dollar than anybody on creation."

"Was I you," said Godey, "I'd take any peaches handy and call 'em Elbertas, and nobody'd know the difference."

Riar shook his head. "When I say a thing is such and such, you can count on it."

"Oh, yes?" scoffed Godey. "You point me to a plumb honest feller, and I'll show you a patch of hair growing in the palm of his hand."

"My opinion," gibed Mal, "he's hunting a place where they give away."

"About the size of it," said Godey.

"Even if I had my fruit on order I'd wait until the shade comes over," said Riar. "I don't cook my peaches by hauling in the sun."

The shed where Riar bought was a barn with the sides gone. A single processing unit was operated by the owner's family, and the picking belt was lined with children. Elbertas and Georgia Belles and J. H. Hales lay across the floor in drifts.

With Godey and Mal at his heels Riar inspected the heaps. Encountering a boy, Godey opened his knife and greeted, "Hello, Coot, what'll you give to boot?" He lifted a Georgia Belle on the awl, peeled it with the butcher blade, used the shoe hook to pluck the seed. A second youngster hastened to watch, and Godey readied another, bringing the scalper and corkscrew into play.

The owner cast an appraising look at Riar. Noting his eye on a section of Elbertas three days harvested he said, "There's your bargain. A dollar and a quarter a bushel." To explain their being on hand he added, "The whole crop is trying to shape up the same minute."

Riar broke several in half. The flesh was grainy and yellow. He tasted, and they had the sugar. Though much softer than he usually handled, he judged most could bear the trip. They would last the night and the cool of the morning. If he bought them reasonably and peddled them at two fifty, he could clear his debts and have money left. What matter the loss of the bottom layers. He said, "I'll pay seventy cents."

The owner had hardly expected to get rid of the aging fruit. Still he said, "I can't accept less than a dollar."

"Seventy cents," repeated Riar.

"Yesterday they were a dollar fifty."

"Day after tomorrow," parried Riar, "you'll have to scrape them up."

Godey butted in. "People don't call him Tightwad just to beat their gums."

Riar's neck reddened, but he held himself.

Trying to make a stand, the owner said, "I'll drop to eighty, but they'll rot on the floor before I'll accept less."

"Well, then," said Riar, "we can't do business, for I won't pay above seventy for dead-ripe peaches." Shuffling to go he asked, "How far to the next shed?"

The owner changed his tune. He said, "Couldn't we split the difference and meet in the middle?"

Riar gazed at the Elbertas. Only hovering gnats bespoke their advanced maturity. "I'll tell you what I will do," he proposed, "and we can both keep our word. I'll pay eighty for a hundred and seventy-five bushels if you'll throw in the twenty-five that are bound to mash."

"Riar to a whisker," said Godey.

After figuring a moment, the owner grumbled, "But you'd still be getting them at seventy cents."

"What I know," admitted Riar.

Throwing up his arms, the owner groaned, "Take 'em, take 'em."

The sun was still high. Leaving Godey and Mal on their own, Riar rested in the truck, but it was too sultry to sleep. And at sunset he called them with, "My peaches will never be any greener." Godey carried a paper poke, the neck of which was tied with string, and Riar said, "If that's something you've picked up, leave it lay."

"Where I go this poke goes," said Godey.

Guessing the contents, Riar said, "The stuff will not ride in the cab with me." Yet thinking to forbear until he had his peaches aboard, he added, "If you're so set on it, put the poke in the toolbox." He figured to lose it later.

The children loaded the truck, the smaller filling baskets and sending by conveyor to the platform, the larger hoisting them over the rack and emptying. The work quickened upon the arrival of a contract van. Riar counted at the tail gate, and Godey and Mal clung to the slats and sang out the number, and though three measures were often dumped at a time, Riar got his two hundred without a doubt.

The servicing of the van started immediately. And the moment Riar and the owner disappeared into the crib office to settle up, Godey traded his knife to the boys. Five bushels of Georgia Belles headed for the van were switched onto Riar's truck.

At leaving, Riar handed Mal two dollars and advised, "Keep them in your pocket, they won't spoil," and he chided Godey, "You could of had the same if you hadn't got ahead of yourself."

Godey smiled slyly. "I hain't so bad off," he said.

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Night caught them on Saluda Mountain in North Carolina. Pockets of fog appeared, and sometimes Riar had to drive with his head through the door. As they crept upward, vehicles passed them, and Godey taunted, "I want to know is this the fastest you can travel?"

"She'd show life," said Mal, "was she fed the gas."

Riar grunted. He was getting used to their gibes.

"Did I have Riar's money," Godey said, "I'd buy me a ten-wheeler. I'd haul a barrel to his peck, put him out of the running."

"They'd no moss grow on the tires either," said Mal.

Riar said, "I'll have to see a profit this trip or I'm already finished. Folks won't have it, but I'm poor as a whippoorwill. I started with nothing, and I'm still in the same fix. You've no reckoning how much a family can run through."

"If I owned a truck," Godey mused, "I'd put in a scat gear, and I'd get gone. I'd whip around curves like a caterpillar. And when I stopped smelling fresh paint I'd trade in on another'n."

Riar said, "The most I can see you possessing is a bigger foot to step on the gas. Your life long you'll be as penniless as you are now."

Nudging Mal, Godey told Riar, "I won't be broke after you and me do a little trafficking."

"You haven't a thing coming from me," said Riar.

"You'll learn different in a minute," said Godey, "for I aim to buy a stack of hamburgers a span high at the next eating place."

"Can't I beat into you we're carrying food?"

Godey said, "I've missed many a bucket of slop, not being a hog." Then he announced, "I'm about to offer you a chance too good to refuse."

"What are you hatching?" asked Riar.

"I'm telling you five bushels of my own peaches are riding in a corner of the rack. They make yours look like drops."

Riar straightened, suddenly vigilant.

Said Mal, "They're Georgia Belles, the ten-cent apiece kind, size of yore fist."

"They sell two dollars a bushel at the shed," boasted Godey, "and they'll peddle for three. I'll let you have the whole caboodle for five bucks."

"Awfulest bargain ever was," said Mal.

"A pure giveaway," said Godey.

Riar's shoe jiggled on the accelerator, the engine coughed. He blurted, "You've got me hauling stolen goods, aye?"

"Dadburn," Godey swore, "I swapped my knife for them and they're mine."

"You didn't trade with the owner," accused Riar. "I'll not reward chicanery."

Godey's lips curled, but he spoke levelly. "I'm a plain talker, and I'm telling you to your teeth I'll not be slicked out of them."

Mal cautioned Riar, "Was I you, I wouldn't cross Godey Spurlock."

"The truth won't hold still," said Riar.

"By jacks," snarled Godey, "you don't know when you're well off."

"Now, no," said Mal.

"I have my principles," said Riar. "What I get for the Belles I'll return to the owner next season."

Godey said, "Anybody with one eye and half sense would understand they couldn't gyp me and prosper."

"You heard me," said Riar.

"You hain't deef," replied Godey.

They hushed. Nothing was said until the lights of Flat Rock appeared. Mal broke the silence, declaring, "I can smell hamburgers clear to here."

Godey mumbled, "I'm so starved I'm growing together."

"Reach back and get some fruit," Riar said irritably. "All you want."

"Juice is oozing out of my ears already," spurned Godey. And he said, "Big Bud, I'm about to make you a final offer. Let me drive to the Tennessee line and you can have my peaches. I'd ruther drive than eat."

"You're not talking to me," said Riar. "I've had a sample of you at the wheel."

"I'll stay on my side of the road, act to suit you."

"Everything has a stopping point," said Riar. "I'll not court a wreck."

"My opinion," said Godey, "when affairs get tough enough you'll break over."

Godey and Mal ate in a café while Riar munched cold bread outside. Before setting off again, Godey held a match to the gasoline meter and said, "You'd better take on a gill. She's sort of low."

"She can read empty," said Riar, "and still be carrying a gallon." Godey would bear watching.

"See do the tires need wind."

"They're standing up," said Riar, pressing the starter.

Riar didn't pause until he reached Fletcher. He had the tank brimmed, for businesses open after midnight were scarce. And he tightened the cap himself. He climbed the rack, the while cocking an eye at Godey. Riar watched Godey so closely Mal had to do the mischief. Mal caught a chance and scooped up a fistful of dirt, crammed it into the tank, and stuck the cap back on.

They passed through Arden and Skyland and Asheville. And nothing happened. The truck ran smoothly. At Weaverville, Riar halted at a closed station to replenish the radiator. A bulb inside

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threw a faint light. He left the engine idling, but as he poured in water it quit, and feeling for the key a moment later, he found it missing. He spoke sharply: "All right, you boys, hand over."

"Hand what over?" Godey made strange.

"The key. You don't have to ask."

"Why hallo to us. We haven't got it."

Riar struck a match and searched the cab. He blustered, "I don't want to start war with you fellers."

Stretching, Godey inquired, "Are you of a notion we stole the key? You can frisk us." They stepped out and shucked their pockets.

Mal said, "I never tipped it."

"Couldn't have disappeared of itself," said Riar. "One of you is guilty, and I think I know which."

Godey chuckled sleepily. "Why, it might be square under your nose. Scratch around, keep a-looking."

Riar made a second search, and then he said, "Let me tell you boys something. A load of peaches generates enough heat a day to melt a thousand pounds of ice. They have to be kept moving or they'll bake."

"That makes it mean," said Godey.

"Rough as a cob," agreed Mal.

Riar couldn't budge them. He had no choice other than to wire-over the ignition. He got out pliers and a screwdriver, but it was pitch-black under the hood. Offering a penny matchbox to Mal, he said, "Strike them for me as they're needed."

"Do that," warned Godey, "and I'll hang you to a bush."

Breathing deep to master his anger, Riar chuffed, "You jaspers don't care whether my family starves."

"Not our lookout," said Godey, yawning.

Lighting match after match, Riar peered to the farthest the key could have been tossed. He felt along the cab floor again and on the ground beneath. When the matchbox was empty he groped with his fingers.

Godey and Mal were soon asleep, but Riar didn't leave off hunting the rest of the night.

AT DAYBREAK Riar loosened the ignition wires and hooked them together. The boys stirred as the truck moved, but did not rouse. Beyond the town limits Riar smartened his speed to an unaccustomed forty-five miles an hour. Then, on the grade north of Faust, the engine started missing, and he had to pump the accelerator to coax it to the top.

Halting in the gap, Riar decided gasoline was not getting through to the carburetor, and inspecting the sediment bulb, he found it choked. His breath caught as he reasoned he had been sold dirty gasoline. In a hurry he cleared the bulb and blew out the fuel pump. Already the truck bed seeped juice and the load was drawing hornets. The day had set in hot.

He rolled downhill, and at the bottom it was the same thing over. The engine coughed and lost power. Again the bulb was plugged, the pump fouled. This time he checked the tank, and the deed was out. The cap barely hung on, and the pipe was rimed with grit. Riar gasped. His face reddened in sudden anger. He threw open the cranky door and glared at Godey and Mal. For a moment he had no voice to speak, but when he could he cried, "You boys think you're pistol balls!"

Godey and Mal cracked their eyelids. Godey asked, "What are you looking so dim about?"

Riar sputtered, "You're too sorry to stomp into the ground."

"Has she tuck the studs on you?"

"Filled my tank with dirt. Intending to make me lose my peaches."

"Are you accusing us? Daggone! To hear you tell it, whatever happens to your old scrap heap we're the cause."

"Don't deny it. You're the very scamp."

"If you mean me," said Godey, "that's where you're wrong. Bring me a Scripture and I'll swear by it."

The veins on Riar's neck showed knots. His cheeks looked raw. "Then you put your partner up to it. Besides, you got my key last night."

Godey chirped, "Where's your proof, Tightwad?"

"I have evidence a-plenty," bumbled Riar.

"I'd take oath," vowed Mal, "I never tipped the key."

"When I get mad," confided Godey, "I can see little devils hopping in front of my eyes. How does it serve you?"

Riar was getting nowhere. Slamming the door, he went to work on the pump. He saw the cure was to purge the whole fuel system with fresh gasoline. But getting to a filling station was the question. He tried again and the engine struggled almost a mile before dying.

Godey said, "Give me justice on my peaches and we'll help."

"All you're good for is to gum up," blared Riar. "You're as useless as tits on a boar."

Godey shrugged. He sang, "Suit yourself and sit on the shelf."

"Don't contrary me," Riar begged. "You make me speak things I don't want to."

"Then hurry and fix the old plug, and let's get to some breakfast."

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The sun beat upon the peaches as Riar labored. He jockeyed the truck two miles after unclogging it, a half mile next, and each holdup used three quarters of an hour at least. Then several blowings gained less than five miles altogether, and mid-morning found them still in North Carolina and no station in sight. As the day advanced the load settled slowly, the seep of juice became a trickle. Hornets swarmed, and the fainting fruit seemed to beget gnats. Around eleven the truck made a spurt, crossing into Tennessee jerking and back-firing.

They reached a garage at noon. The mechanic came squinting into the sunlight, inquiring, "What's the matter?"

Godey said, "We've run out of distance."

Riar did the job himself, sweat glistening his face and darkening his shirt. He unstrapped the tank and drained it, flushed it with water, and rinsed in gasoline. He removed the fuel line, pump, and carburetor and gave them the same treatment. The mechanic said, "If I had a pump messed up like that I'd junk it and buy a new."

Godey laughed. "Did this gentleman turn loose a dollar the hide would slip."

While Riar strove, he knew without looking that the lower half of the load was crushing under the weight, the top layers sickening in the sun. The hundred or so bushels in between would hold firm only a few hours longer, and he would never get them to Kentucky. He would have to try selling them in the next town.

Toward three o'clock Riar finished and set off grimly, raising his speed to fifty miles an hour. The machine would go no faster.

Godey crowed, "The old sister will travel if you'll feed her. Pour on the pedal."

Mal asked wryly, "Reckon she'll take another Jiminy fit?"

"Stay on the whiz," cheered Godey, "and maybe she'll shed the rust."

It was fortunate that a rise had slowed them when the tire blew out. As it was, Riar had to fight the wheel to keep to the road. He brought the truck under control and pulled onto a shoulder. He sat as if stricken, his disgust too great for speaking. His stomach began to cramp. Presently he said bitterly, "I hope this satisfies your hickory."

Godey and Mal wagged their heads, though their faces were bright. Godey said, "I reckon it's us you'll blame."

Mal said, "Everything that pops he figures we're guilty."

"Your talk and your actions don't jibe," Riar suffered himself to speak.

On examining the flat, Riar discovered a slash in the tread as straight as a blade could make it. He walked numbly around the truck and took a look at the Elbertas. They had fallen seven slats, the firm peaches sinking into the pulp of the bad, and they were working alive with gnats and hornets. They would bluff any buyer. He said, "You have destroyed me."

"What do you think I'm getting from the trip?" asked Godey. "Nothing but a hole in my breeches."

Riar said, "I'm ruint, ruint totally."

"Tightwads never fill their barrels," blabbed Godey. "They want more."

Riar swallowed. His stomach seemed balled. "I swear to my Maker," he said, "you have the heart of a lizard." He took his time repairing the tube, using a cold patch and covering it with a boot. He idled, trying to feel better. The shade was over when they started again.

Godey asked, "What are you going to do now?"

Riar was long replying. Finally he said, "If I've burned a blister I'm willing to set on it."

They entered Virginia at dusk, and the evening was hardly less torrid than the day. Ground mist cloaked the road like steam. The boys were snoring by the time they reached Wise.

The enormity of his loss came upon Riar as he neared Kentucky. Cramps nearly doubled him. When he could endure no more he pulled off and cut the lights, and leaving the truck, he walked up the highway in the dark. He pursed his lips and whistled tunelessly. He strolled several hundred yards before turning back.

Riar dumped the peaches at the foot of Pound Mountain. Once he thought he heard his key jingle but was mistaken, for he discovered it later inside the cushion.

It occurred to him that a little food might quiet his stomach, but rummaging the toolbox he found the last crumb gone. He came upon the fuzz and lifted the poke to get rid of it but still didn't let loose. Stepping into the cab he switched on the lights. Godey and Mal slept with heads pitched forward, collars agape. Their faces were yellow as cheese pumpkins in the reflected gleam. Riar untied the poke and shook the fuzz down their necks.

For a distance up the mountain the trees were woolly with fog, but as the truck climbed the mist vanished and the heat fell away. Riar's spirits rose as he mounted, the cramping ceased. The engine pulled the livelier. They had crossed the Kentucky line in the gap and were headed down when the boys began to wriggle.

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Clark R. Mollenhoff

SECRECY IN WASHINGTON

A journalist who has a degree in law, CLARK R. MOLLENHOFF *has covered city politics ever since he joined the staff of the Des Moines* REGISTER AND TRIBUNE *in 1941. In Washington his work in helping to uncover corruption in the Internal Revenue Service, in the FCC, and in the labor unions earned him the Pulitzer Prize and the increasing respect of American readers.*

FIVE years ago a precedent was established that constitutes one of the greatest threats to freedom of the press in our time. This precedent has created an atmosphere in which influence peddling can flourish, in which errors or crimes by government officials can be concealed. It weakens the power of Congress to investigate how our government agencies operate and to inform us of these operations.

The "executive privilege" doctrine as proclaimed by the Eisenhower Administration is simply this: Officials of the executive branch of the government can refuse to produce government records or testify before a congressional committee if they believe the information sought is "confidential executive business."

President Eisenhower has said that executive privilege could never be used to cover up crimes or mismanagement in government. It was only to allow persons in the executive branch to consult with each other in a frank manner and not have to worry about their views being put on the record of a congressional committee, the President said naïvely. As he explained it, the executive privilege seemed innocent enough. But, in practice, officials of his Administration have used this blanket of secrecy to cover up crimes, mismanagement, "imprudence," "conflicts of interests," and a wide variety of embarrassing activities.

The International Cooperation Administration (ICA), for example, has used executive privilege to conceal corruption and mismanagement in the spending of foreign aid. In the case of Laos and a half-dozen other countries, the ICA claimed executive privilege in refusing to give the General Accounting Office (GAO) auditors copies of evaluation reports and internal communications in the agency.

The waste in Laos ran into the millions, and the corruption included admitted pay-offs. Until the House government operations subcommittee, headed by Representative Porter Hardy of Virginia, subpoenaed the records of two private business firms, the ICA used executive privilege to conceal the fact that subordinates had warned against the possibility of fraud, profiteering, and mismanagement if top ICA officials in Laos insisted on signing certain contracts.

Several congressional committees have condemned the doctrine of executive privilege as having no foundation in law, and the Moss subcommittee on government information policy has repeatedly asked the Department of Justice for legal justification for this doctrine of secrecy.

Attorney General William P. Rogers has cited no law and no court cases to support this doctrine, but has claimed that an "inherent power" gives the executive branch this right. Instead of modifying executive privilege, Rogers has sought to expand it. In March, 1958, he told a Senate judiciary

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subcommittee that executive privilege could also be claimed by the so-called independent regulatory agencies: the Federal Communications Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Power Commission, the Securities Exchange Commission, and the Civil Aeronautics Board. These regulatory agencies were set up as arms of Congress, and to many members of Congress it was inconceivable that such agencies were not subject to a full scrutiny by Congress at any time.

ADMINISTRATIONS have always tried to avoid making embarrassing admissions before committees of Congress, but for the most part it has been a matter of dodging congressional investigators. In the past there has been no serious claim of a *right* to refuse to testify or produce records.

It was on May 17, 1954, that the doctrine of executive privilege was dramatically broadened. This took place during the Army-McCarthy hearings, and it was justified on the premise that it was a blow at Senator Joseph McCarthy. President Eisenhower, in a letter to Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson, approved the idea of having Army counsel John Adams refuse to testify on some conversations with William P. Rogers, then the deputy attorney general, and with Sherman Adams, the President's chief assistant.

The President took this stand "because it is essential to efficient and effective administration that employees of the executive branch be in a position to be completely candid in advising with each other on official matters, and because it is not in the public interest that any of their conversations and communications, or any documents or reproductions, concerning such advice be disclosed."

That was an emotion-charged era with little cool thinking on either side. The President's position was accepted for what he said it was: a new statement on the constitutional separation of powers between the three branches of government. It was popular to oppose McCarthy and support the Eisenhower Administration on all points. It was easier merely to follow the Administration line than it was to study the problem and see where it would lead.

By the end of 1958, the curtains of executive secrecy were closing around more than twenty agencies of government. Rogers, now attorney general, did not claim that defense secrets were involved. There were specific laws that covered defense secrets, which have to be protected in the national interest, and no responsible group contested the right to reasonable security in the defense and diplomatic areas. Rogers was asserting an arbitrary right of government officials to refuse to testify or produce records dealing with nondefense matters — how the Dixon-Yates contract was let, what conversations Sherman Adams had with the members of the Federal Communications Commission and other regulatory agencies, and questionable settlements of a wide variety of government contract matters.

The Teapot Dome scandals of the Harding Administration could have been covered up if government officials had then applied even the mildest form of executive privilege as laid down by President Eisenhower in his letter of May 17, 1954. Under the executive privilege theory Secretary of Navy Edwin Denby and Secretary of Interior Albert B. Fall could have refused to give testimony or produce records on events leading up to the leasing of the Teapot Dome oil reserves. Fall's crimes might never have been uncovered.

The tax scandals of the Truman Administration could have been concealed by a claim that all papers except final decisions were confidential executive communications. Attorney General J. Howard McGrath could have maintained that his conversations with T. Lamar Caudle, the assistant attorney general in charge of the tax division, were confidential executive business. Caudle and White House aide Mathew Connelly could have contended that their communications were confidential executive business. Instead, those communications were actually used as the basis of the criminal charges on which Caudle and Connelly were convicted.

The ducking and evasion of the Truman Administration naturally enraged Republicans. But President Truman made no assertion of a constitutional right under which all officials in the executive branch could claim executive privilege. He issued an executive order placing certain personnel files under a secrecy blanket, and on some occasions he had files delivered to the White House to his personal custody so that they could not be subpoenaed.

Senator Homer Ferguson (Republican, Michigan) was chairman of a committee that investigated the Truman Administration at that time. Ironically, his chief counsel was William Rogers. Rogers' persistent and hard-hitting inquiries had the Truman Administration so frantic in 1948 and 1949 that the Justice Department prepared a memorandum of the occasions when earlier Presidents had withheld information from Congress.

This memorandum defended the theory of executive privilege and cited a scattering of cases in which various chief executives back to George Washington had withheld information from Congress. Actually, Washington only temporarily

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withheld some papers in a military matter and then produced everything. Andrew Jackson had withheld arbitrarily some records dealing with scandals in the sale of Indian lands, which Congress should have been allowed to see.

The memorandum on executive privilege was examined by the Truman Administration and was found to be unsupported in law or by court cases. Most of the precedents were not historically accurate, and many had little application to the congressional efforts to obtain information of non-defense agencies. It was discarded as of no value. Yet that discarded memorandum of law — historically inaccurate and legally unsound — was dredged out of the Justice Department files by Attorney General Herbert Brownell in 1954 and was attached to President Eisenhower's May 17, 1954, letter in support of the enlarged doctrine of executive privilege. It seems curious that a practice which was condemned by Republicans in the Truman Administration should be revived, broadened, and sanctioned for Eisenhower.

REPUBLICAN officials were quick to recognize what a convenient umbrella of secrecy was provided by President Eisenhower's letter. Sherman Adams, chief assistant at the White House, was one of the first to clothe himself with almost total immunity from the power of congressional investigations. He refused to testify before the Senate judiciary subcommittee that was investigating the controversial Dixon-Yates power contract. Instead he submitted brief and vague letters about his activities to the congressional investigators and declared that of course he acted for President Eisenhower in all of his contracts with federal agencies and his communications were "confidential executive business."

The full use that would be made of executive privilege became clear in the investigations of the Dixon-Yates contract, when Rowland Hughes, the former budget director, refused to allow certain witnesses to be questioned and certain papers to be produced on the ground that papers and conversations involved in the formulating of policy were "confidential."

Senator Estes Kefauver (Democrat, Tennessee) and Senator William Langer (Republican, North Dakota) were furious. They pointed out that President Eisenhower in August, 1954, had ordered that all facts in the Dixon-Yates contract be made public.

"I have checked on this matter, and I am authorized by the President to state that his general instructions stand," Hughes said in reply.

Hughes, the White House, and the Atomic Energy Commission had plenty to cover up in the Dixon-Yates investigation. Although they had been told to make public a complete chronology of events leading up to the contract, they eliminated the name of Adolphe Wenzell from the reports on the discussions and meetings that set the stage for the multimillion-dollar contract with the Dixon-Yates power group.

The First Boston Corporation, a New York banking house, was serving as financial agent for the Dixon-Yates power group in its negotiations with the Bureau of the Budget and the Atomic Energy Commission. Wenzell, an officer and director of the First Boston Corporation, was also a consultant to the Bureau of the Budget on financing dealing with the Dixon-Yates contract. Wenzell was therefore in a "conflict of interest" role.

"Hughes deliberately attempted to conceal Wenzell's name and activity from public view," the report of the Senate judiciary subcommittee stated.

It was pointed out that Hughes declined to testify on his conversations with Sherman Adams and others in the White House on the Dixon-Yates contract. He claimed executive privilege. Admiral Lewis Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, also declined to give testimony on his communications with Sherman Adams and President Eisenhower on grounds that the executive privilege covered all of these communications.

Subsequent developments showed that President Eisenhower had not been given full information on how his subordinates were running the government. Ten months after the President had ordered a full public disclosure of the events leading up to the contract, he was still ignorant of the "conflict of interest" role Wenzell played in the negotiations. At a press conference on June 28, 1955, the President stated that his advisers had informed him that Wenzell "was not called in or asked a single thing about the Dixon-Yates contract." The President insisted that Wenzell was only "a technical adviser" on some matters dealing with the Tennessee Valley Authority "and nothing else."

As the facts about the Wenzell role came to light a year too late, President Eisenhower saved face in about the only way possible at that stage. He canceled the Dixon-Yates contract, and the comptroller general made a finding that a "conflict of interest" existed.

THE investigation of the East-West trade and the revision of the list of strategic materials barred from sale to Iron Curtain countries revealed a similar story. Again executive privilege was used

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to hide the disputes that had taken place within the government on the revision of the strategic materials list.

Over the objections of the Defense Department, the Joint Operating Committee (JOC) — an interdepartmental committee of the U.S. government — changed the strategic materials list to permit shipment to Iron Curtain countries of copper, aluminum, precision boring machines, and horizontal boring, drilling, and milling machines.

Information came to the Senate permanent investigating subcommittee indicating that revision made the so-called strategic materials list a complete farce. Simple jig boring machines were retained on the list as being prohibited from shipment to a potential enemy. Yet the revised list allowed the shipment of more modern precision boring machines of much higher strategic value. There were many similar contradictions.

The subcommittee's requests for information ran into a stone wall of opposition from the executive agencies involved: the State Department, Defense Department, Commerce Department, and the Foreign Operations Administration. There was no claim that defense secrets were involved. The executive branch merely took the arbitrary stand that it could withhold records or testimony. All the executive agencies joined together in directing employees not to answer questions or produce documents for congressional investigators in connection with the probe of East-West trade and the strategic materials list revision.

Their attitude was best demonstrated in a letter from Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks to Commerce Department employees. He wrote: "You are instructed not to testify either in public or executive closed session with respect to any advice, recommendations, discussions and communications within the executive branch respecting any course of action in regard to East-West trade controls or as to any information regarding international negotiations with the countries cooperating in East-West trade controls."

The departments tried to give some color of law to the claim by citing three federal court cases, but the Senate subcommittee declared that none of the cases cited involved the right to withhold information from congressional committees. Some of the information they sought was obtained over the following months from foreign countries, where revised lists of strategic materials were openly published.

The arrogant withholding of information from Congress and the press by the federal executive and independent agencies resulted in establishment of a special government operations subcommittee to study information policies. On June 9, 1955, Representative William L. Dawson (Democrat, Illinois), chairman of the government operations subcommittee, named Representative John Moss (Democrat, California) to head the new government operations subcommittee.

Establishment of the Moss subcommittee started the first systematic study of just how far the executive privilege had gone in covering up the activities of the executive agencies. The subcommittee also engaged in a thorough study of the court decisions and the law.

In a report dated May 3, 1956, the Moss subcommittee stated that already more than twenty agencies had made the claim of executive privilege to withhold information from Congress. "The claim has never been upheld by the courts," Representative Dawson said. "It has been a mere Executive ipse dixit" (say-so).

"Refusals by the President and heads of departments to furnish information to the Congress are not constitutional law," the subcommittee reported. "They represent a mere naked claim of privilege. . . . There is no inherent right on the part of heads of departments or other Federal agencies to withhold information from the Judiciary."

Following publication of this Moss subcommittee report, in the summer of 1956, the Justice Department tried to hide behind executive privilege in an investigation of a settlement made of the American Telephone and Telegraph (A.T. & T.) antitrust suit. This time Representative Emanuel Celler's antimonopoly subcommittee was doing the investigating. Chief counsel Herbert Maletz was instructed by Celler to obtain the Justice Department files to determine the facts leading up to the settlement of the A.T. & T. antitrust suit.

The suit had been initiated in 1949 for the purpose of forcing a divorcement of A.T. & T. and its subsidiary, Western Electric. The separation was urged to break the near monopoly that Western Electric had in the production of telephone equipment.

The suit had been hailed by Attorney General Herbert Brownell as a great victory for the government, but he and Deputy Attorney General William P. Rogers claimed executive privilege and refused to make the files available. They tried to cover up the fact that the settlement allowing A.T. & T. to continue the ties with Western Electric was made over the opposition of staff members in the Justice Department.

Although Herbert Maletz was blocked from examining the files of the Justice Department, he managed to obtain much of the information he

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sought from the files of A.T. & T. and from some records in the Defense Department. This outside probe showed some interesting things that Justice Department secrecy had hidden. It showed that a high official of the A.T. & T. had written a letter which Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson sent to the Justice Department urging settlement of the antitrust suit on terms favorable to A.T. & T. The investigation also revealed the conversations between Attorney General Brownell and a lawyer for A.T. & T. that paved the way to settlement.

Because executive privilege blocked the Celler subcommittee from questioning Justice Department employees, it was necessary to subpoena a former official of the Justice Department to establish that Brownell's settlement was actually opposed by the working staff in the antitrust division.

At a press conference in September, 1956, President Eisenhower was asked if executive privilege meant that "all employees of the Federal Government, at their own discretion, can determine whether they will testify or will not testify before Congressional committees [even] where there is no security problem involved."

The President avoided answering and turned the problem over to White House legal counsel Gerald Morgan. Morgan's letter to me dated October 26, 1956, stated that Eisenhower's May 17, 1954, letter was a blanket instruction for "all employees in the executive department" not to give testimony or produce documents on advice or communications within the executive department.

It was an amazing answer, particularly from Morgan, a former assistant legislative counsel to the House of Representatives, who had written forceful articles in the past in support of the power of Congress to compel testimony and production of records.

With such encouragement at the top it was inevitable that the policy of secrecy would spread. In August, 1957, the newly created House legislative oversight subcommittee hired Bernard Schwartz, a young law professor from New York, as counsel in an investigation of the various regulatory agencies. The committee, headed by Representative Morgan Moulder (Democrat, Missouri), had been established "to go into the administration of the laws [creating the regulatory agencies] and see whether or not the laws . . . were being carried out or whether they were being repealed or revamped by those who administer them."

Schwartz, an expert in the field of administrative law, sought the files of the various regulatory agencies and in speeches and letters made it clear he intended to dig deeply into any evidence of frauds or improper activities. The chairmen of the various regulatory agencies met at the University Club in Washington in late September to discuss ways of blocking the young lawyer and the pesky oversight committee.

Schwartz was allowed to examine the public files, but his efforts to obtain files of correspondence with the White House and with other agencies ran into the claim of executive privilege. Even in the first months, Schwartz became aware that Sherman Adams had been extremely active in reaching various regulatory agencies. He was also aware that others on the White House staff had made similar contacts with the so-called "independent" regulatory agencies.

Although Schwartz was successful in getting some half promises from the regulatory agencies to cooperate, they engaged in a foot-dragging operation. Richard A. Mack, a member of the FCC, wouldn't show investigators many of his records, including the office diary that provided links later for his indictment on charges of having conspired to violate the federal law. The lack of cooperation by Commissioner Mack was matched by the resistance in the CAB, where Schwartz was trying to pin down evidence of contacts by Sherman Adams.

In January, 1958, Schwartz insisted that the members of the legislative oversight committee get tough and demand full cooperation in the production of records. Some members of the investigating committee did not want to force the issue. Several of the Republicans came out flatly in support of the Eisenhower Administration's obstructionist tactics. Schwartz was irritable when he did not receive support from the committee. Tempers flared after he leaked a staff memorandum on improper activities in the FCC, and the young counsel was fired. Chairman Moulder, who had supported Schwartz, resigned in protest over his firing.

It took the Adams-Goldfine case to dramatize the full evil of secret government. The problems of Adams were a direct result of the failure of the White House to recognize the dangers involved. It is not necessary to read evil intent into the origin of the blanket secrecy. There was an equally insidious attitude present: the self-satisfaction that things were being handled efficiently and properly and that the press and the Congress were better off in the dark so they couldn't stir up trouble.

Executive privilege had meant that Sherman Adams could decline all invitations to appear before committees of Congress. He took the view that all of his acts were the acts of President Eisenhower. This placed Adams in the position of a man with much of the authority of the presi-

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dency, although he took none of the responsibility to the Congress or the public. He wasn't even available for press conferences. Congress was lax in not challenging the use of executive privilege sooner. It was only after the Adams-Goldfine incident that there was much recognition of the problem inherent in allowing a presidential assistant and numerous other individuals with undefined or ill-defined authority to prowl through the agencies. They were the "untouchables" under the executive privilege theory.

In the fall of 1958, the Eisenhower Administration carried the use of executive privilege to the ultimate in absurdity. Apparently the Administration had not learned that the blanket secrecy of executive privilege was as damaging to the Administration as it was to the cause of good government.

The Air Force used the claim of executive privilege in refusing to make an inspector general's report available to the auditors of the General Accounting Office — the congressional watchdog on government waste and inefficiency. The refusal came in the face of the Budgeting and Accounting Act, which stated specifically that the GAO auditors were entitled to access to all books and records of all departments.

No security was involved in this case, because the GAO auditors had the same clearance as key Air Force personnel to examine secret and top-secret documents. The Air Force simply took the position that as an executive agency it had a right to invoke the so-called executive privilege and hide the management survey reports on the ballistic missile program from the GAO auditors.

Comptroller General Joseph Campbell, head of the GAO, was furious at the Air Force refusal to produce records. If the Air Force could refuse to give the GAO records, then any division of the Defense Department could claim executive privilege against the GAO auditors at any time. In fact, if the Air Force position was allowed to stand, the defense establishment could arbitrarily block the only outside audit of the $40 billion a year defense budget.

Even with the GAO conducting a post audit, there had been plenty of scandals in military spending: the case of Brigadier General Bennett Meyers, the multimillion-dollar frauds in clothing procurement operations in the New York quartermaster depot, and the hundreds of bungles revealed by the Hebert subcommittee of the House armed services committee. Certainly the record wasn't such that the Congress or the American people could feel safe in letting the military brass at the Pentagon spend half of the national budget and hide the records that might be embarrassing to those in power.

Chairman Moss took up the GAO problem for Comptroller General Campbell. He charged that the law clearly gives the GAO access to all records and stated that President Eisenhower had a duty under Article II, section three, of the U.S. Constitution to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed."

President Eisenhower exhibited a haziness and a variation of position on the issue that indicated he had no conception of the real issue. In a press conference on November 5, 1958, he was asked about the problem involved in the Air Force refusal to give records to the GAO. "I believe that every investigation committee of Congress, every . . . auditing office like the GAO, should always have an opportunity to see official records if the security of our country is not involved," the President replied, taking what seemed like a forthright view.

But, a week later, the President backed the Air Force and declared that under executive privilege the GAO could be arbitrarily barred from examining records. "In my judgment, the public interest is not necessarily served by divulging the advice, suggestions, or recommendations which subordinate employees periodically make to their superiors," the President wrote, in what seemed a complete switch of position.

The basic question now is this: Can the President or his department heads arbitrarily override a specific law of the Congress which requires the production of records of "financial transactions and methods of business" in all agencies? It is a vital problem of government, and it is certain to emerge periodically in the 86th Congress as investigating committees try to carry out their function. By mid-1959, it was obvious that President Eisenhower would not take steps to correct the situation voluntarily. He is standing behind the members of his team who are responsible for this mushrooming evil.

Comptroller General Campbell and the leadership in the Congress have the responsibility to find a solution. Although the comptroller general and some committees of Congress are trying to force the issue, they are receiving little help from the majority of the members of Congress and the leadership. So far, secrecy has not become enough of a personal inconvenience to Senate Leader Lyndon Johnson or House Leader Sam Rayburn for the two Texans to raise any fuss about it.

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Rode the Great Captain

BY

ESTHER WAGNER

Author and teacher, ESTHER WAGNER *now plans to spend her summers in northwestern California and her winters in Tacoma, Washington. In the autumn she will join the faculty of the College of Puget Sound, where she will teach creative writing and continue work on her novel and short stories.*

THE guest list's just right, she's just the right age," Lisa heard her mother say to her father as he shuffled around in the coatroom, hanging up his poor beat old hat, dumping his brief case, blowing the commuter fumes from his nose, steeling himself for the dinner party. "All this is part of their education. She's got to learn —"

"*Awl* right, perfectly awl *right*," drawled her father in the special tone he used for assent to feminine proposals for which he felt no enthusiasm but which he was prepared to accept. "Never cared for kids at the dinner table, myself. Remember at the Foleys'? Water on the tablecloth, butter on the knife handle, you and Edna trying to make teen-age conversation? Draw him out?"

"Annabelle Foley carries all good things nine times too far, and everybody knows it," rejoined her mother crisply. "That boy's a *boy*, and thirteen. Nobody but Annabelle . . . Lisa's fifteen and exceptionally . . ." Voices trailed off into the clump of a swinging door, continuing only as murmur punctuated by the plink of ice cubes into a metal sink.

Lisa rather pitied them both for being so analytical about what promised to be a very minor episode, but she had to admit that she was pleased, and interested in the contemplation of this party. First on the guest list as far as she was concerned was Mr. Wilbur. He was her English teacher, but this fact had little to do with his presence at her parents' dinner table. He was the young cousin of an old college friend of theirs, tweedy, good-looking, pipe-smoking, vest-wearing, just dished up hot out of Harvard. The boys in his Country Day School classes looked upon him with dark awe and dread. The girls accepted him simply as a sort of tribal image. To be able to discuss calmly his presence in her home would add to Lisa's stature.

Second, there would be Mr. McKenna. He too was a figure at school, simple stockbroker and parent though he was. He was president of the board, he was civic, he presided over meetings of the village caucus. The school knew him as the one who was always addressing the Parents' Association. He was considered dangerously liberal by conservative parents, or a champion by liberal parents. He was fine with the Boy Scouts, fine with the Community Chest; he addressed the school assemblies on the subject of tolerance and generosity. Lisa thought it would be interesting to see him up close. Everybody knew he was important and modern.

Lisa twitched her blue dress, clipped on her modest pearl earrings, made sure that her lipstick was light enough and pink enough to escape her father's stinging attention, and ran down-

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stairs. She was helping Dora with canapé trays and emptying ice cubes into the bucket when her father came into the pantry, clean now and smelling of astringent. His mouth was open and ready for his initial wisecrack when the doorbell rang, and Lisa slithered past him with a swish and a smirk.

The first guests to arrive were the third names on the list: old Meriden Hewitt, the big-game hunter, and his wife. His immemorial age of seventy-five put him far out of Lisa's world, but he was able to represent something in that world all the same. None of her friends knew what he did — he was a businessman, that was all — but what he was, he still was; at seventy-five, still a hunter after big game and small, trophies for clubs, and specimens for museums. Africa, India, and the jungles of the Western Hemisphere had known and still knew his famous gun.

She greeted the Hewitts courteously, as she had been taught, just in time stopping herself from curtsying. She hadn't curtsied since fourth grade, but there was something about the old man that brought it out in you, somehow. She coped with the coats and passed the Hewitts on to her mother and father. She opened the door for the McKennas, and saw Mr. McKenna up close. He had rimless glasses and practically no eyebrows. But Mrs. McKenna was so lovely that Lisa felt again a little sense of being given pause; that delicate throat and jaw as the lovely lady turned her profile, the violet eyes as she turned round to smile, the silk of hair and voice! Lisa felt a rising tide of excitement.

She looked up over the collar of Mrs. McKenna's larkspur-blue coat and caught the eye of Mr. Wilbur, standing in the already populous little entry hall, grinning unconcernedly at her in his careless way. For students he grinned *with* his pipe, and the clench of his strong white teeth around the black stem was rather good, tightening his jaw muscles as it did, toning up his smile, heightening his resemblance to everybody in the best advertisements. For Lisa's mother he removed the pipe and bent forward, giving her his succinct handshake, saying "Dyew do?" to one and all, being just properly nephewy.

The party swirled about the living room in the flurry and clink of drink production. Lisa's father put on his Sazerac act, waggling a little green bottle of absinthe. His Sazeracs were very punchy, Lisa knew from many subsequent-breakfast-table inquiries into why he'd let So-and-so take so many when he *knew*. Now, to her surprise, she saw the expression she thought of as Cocktail Alarm on two pretty faces, her mother's and Mrs. McKenna's. You never saw Cocktail Alarm until the third round at least! But Daddy had given Mr. McKenna an unusually large and vibrant-looking Sazerac.

Mr. McKenna noticed her, passively sipping her tomato juice, and in a moment was at her side. She forgot his eyebrowlessness in the kindness and good will of his brown eyes.

"I should be joining *you*," he confided in a stage whisper, clinking his ice around in his glass. Lisa fumbled for an answer — what, since he already had joined her? Then she saw that he meant the tomato juice.

"Been feeling so much better lately, I thought this would be the right time to celebrate," he said, and she smiled kindly at him.

"Dad's Sazeracs are pretty special, I guess," she said.

"So is Daddy, and so is Daddy's daughter, I guess," said Mr. McKenna, referring in a very sweet though kittenish way to her blue dress, her earrings, her newness on the adult scene. Lisa felt again a bit of excitement. Mr. McKenna was going to make her a participant, not just a spectator; the latter role was all she had planned on. Gravely, with hesitation, she began to talk to him, answering his amiable questions about school and tennis. He sipped as he talked and sipped as he listened; her father filled his glass when it was half empty, over a token protest. Lisa gathered that he shared the bottomlessly tedious adult propensity to go on diets, be on diets, talk about diets. Yet it seemed less tedious with him, somehow. He was so nice generally that you found yourself thinking defensively, he'd have to be really pretty sick to go on a diet.

She went in to dinner just behind her mother and father, and caught a breath that passed between them: "thought he wasn't taking . . ." but in a moment she was lost in the spectacle of her mother dealing with the problems posed by a table for eight. She slipped neatly into her seat between old Mr. Hewitt at one end of the table and Mr. McKenna on her left.

Mr. McKenna had a little patch of scarlet right under the bottom of each lens. He twitched out his napkin with a sort of snap and pressed it down with a queer frenzied gesture. Lisa reached quickly for her water glass, but he twisted sideways and spoke to her in a tone quite different from his living-room tone, right into her ear, his eyes straying past her to the foot of the table.

"Hunting, fishing! All these hunters and fishermen. Takes *courage*, all that killing!" He choked a little, and the red spot on his cheek got bigger. Lisa's fingers clutched her cold glass in paralysis. But he was all right again. He drew

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a long, shaky breath and smiled at her again as he had in the living room, making a friend of her.

"Takes a lot more than courage, though," he went on in a normal, even subdued conversational voice. "My psychiatrist says there's a lot goes into the making of a sportsman that the sportsman doesn't know about." Lisa was so fascinated that she forgot her surroundings and her position. She heard a great deal, at her enlightened school, about the practice of psychiatry, generally referred to as "help"; but this was the first time she had heard anybody openly mention "my psychiatrist." Her deep interest must have showed, for Mr. McKenna forgot about hunters and began to talk about himself. He told her that both he and Mrs. McKenna had been "going" for over a year. They were confident now that something could be salvaged. His eyes glowed redly at her.

"I shouldn't be talking to you this way, my dear," he said simply and with sadness. "But how very nice you look. You'll have to learn that if you look sweet and sympathetic, people will tell you their troubles." A sudden spasm of coughing shook his thin features. His napkin veiled his face, all but those hot-looking eyes, quite red now. Lisa felt the appalled gaze of her mother, who sat just opposite. But as the cough absorbed Mr. McKenna, the girl's attention was drawn gently to her other side. Old Mr. Hewitt addressed her in his gnarled deep voice, and she was effortlessly disengaged.

"With what does Mr. Wilbur regale you in the name of poetry?" he asked her. For a moment she goggled as she had at Mr. McKenna, unable to imagine what he was driving at; but she recovered quickly. He just wanted to know what poems Mr. Wilbur gave them in class.

"Not much, really," she said, and composed a civil smile. "We're just sophomores. We get lots of short stories — Mr. Wilbur says they're like poems — and, oh, yes, we had Mr. Prufrock. Eliot," she explained, and immediately felt like a fool.

"What, no Longfellow?" asked Mr. Hewitt, and his long powerful gray eyes dragged Mr. Wilbur and her mother both into their conversation. Mr. McKenna was still coughing intermittently, but he was talking quite sensibly to Mrs. Hewitt on his other side. "Animals . . ." she heard him say, but she had to stop listening.

"Now really, sir," said Mr. Wilbur, spreading his hands in a gesture Lisa knew well. "Tenth-graders nowadays aren't exactly at the *Hiawatha* stage," and he smiled clubbily at Lisa in the candlelight.

"What do you think, yourself?" asked the old gentleman of Lisa with grave interest.

"Mr. Wilbur doesn't think . . . I mean . . . well, nobody really. When we were in lower school . . . I guess . . ." Did the old man really want to know what she thought of *Hiawatha?* But just as she lifted supplicating eyes to Mr. Wilbur, Mr. Hewitt leaned forward and began to speak in a low, harsh, yet beautiful voice, unlike anything Lisa had ever heard.

> "Into the city of Kambalu
> By the road that leadeth to Isfahan,"

he said, and his long eyes narrowed beautifully, then widened, gray-green, black-lashed, edged with fine lines graven by sun and wind. He looked so deeply into Lisa's eyes that she could think of nothing, nothing but his voice, and those names.

> "At the head of his dusty caravan
> Laden with treasure from realms afar,
> Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,
> Rode the great captain Alau."

Wilbur heard it, and her mother, and she heard it right down to her feet, but nobody else did. How could he recite, like that, without casting an awkward, terrible hush over everything? Nine more lines rolled from his mouth, and Lisa suddenly smiled at him, a real smile, not just the lip-twist. His voice marked the rhythm strongly; it sank deep. He grinned at her, widely and sweetly, then began to talk to her about Vikings, Indians, tigers, she didn't know what. The cadences of his voice spoke to her in sounds underneath the words, yet deeply and rightly connected with the words. She couldn't think about his voice and his eyes and what he said, all at once, yet she heard with great distinctness as he spoke of the African natives he loved best: ". . . and in the high land of the lion, the elegant Masai . . ." he said, in cadence. Lisa began to love him. He waved a bread stick, white with baker's dust, at her; couldn't make much of an impression on it, he said. "These bars of silver thou canst not eat!" he said. They both laughed.

"I liked about 'Rode the great captain Alau,' " she said softly.

"Some things are always poetry, some things are sometimes poetry," he said imperturbably, plying his butter knife. "But don't let anyone tell you anything is no good, or nothing but good. Don't let them get you pinned and wriggling on the wall," and he beamed at Wilbur, who was now staring at him, unable to cope with him. Mr. Hewitt talked with Lisa's mother as the plates were changed, and the girl heard almost with relief that he could speak in the normal boring way, grumbling about the greens committee at the club, worrying about where they were going to put the new tennis courts. Those

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baroque cadences were lost in the ordinary rhythms of small talk. He even ran on a bit, telling her mother about his wife's new doctor.

But his eye caught hers as he turned his heavy torso toward her to serve himself from the meat plate. He smiled and nodded a bit, as if to encourage her. He let her look in silence at his bronzed face, so old to her and yet unmarred by time, made by time; the high arch of the Roman nose, the massive cheekbones, the smooth modeling of temple and jaw. She could look at him as if he were in a museum or some great old animal in a zoo; he just looked back and made it unnecessary to twitter or to chirp.

Her mother leaned across the table. "Mr. Hewitt was a teacher when he was a young man, but he changed his mind and went into advertising," she told Lisa.

Advertising! Lisa had been led to think it was pretty unwholesome. Mr. Wilbur talked about it and said "Madison Avenue" always in a very critical way, though he himself reminded one so much of Hathaway shirts and this was because of advertising. Confusion! But Hewitt wasn't "advertising." Was he "hunting"?

"Mr. Hewitt is still a teacher," said Mrs. Hewitt, surprisingly, to no one in particular, above the low murmur of Mr. McKenna's conversation. Lisa felt she wasn't going to make head or tail of this whole affair. What? . . . but she could see that Mr. Wilbur was impressed by him, Longfellow, advertising, and all. And when the wine came out, she was aware that her father cared for nothing but that Mr. Hewitt should like it. She had seen the label in the kitchen and knew that it was her father's Big Deal wine. Now the old hunter sipped it, looked at his host, and inclined his head gravely. Her father beamed and said, "Mr. Hewitt is a master gastronome."

What? thought Lisa, but she had better sense than to say it out loud. The word fitted, though, she felt, with its queer geological sound. She glanced at Mr. Wilbur, hoping for help, but he was not thinking of her. Mr. Hewitt said calmly, "I like things, he means. Many things to celebrate! Clos Vougeot particularly," and again his time-honored smile filled her with obscure delight.

"Like hunting! Blood!" interjected Mr. McKenna suddenly and loudly. Astonishment stopped all conversation. "Sticking hooks in fishes' jaws, shooting helpless tracked-down animals." His trembling hand jerked, knocked over his glass. The red stain spread.

"Just can't understand it," he said more quietly, making an effort. "Of course maybe I'm wrong, but it's always looked like cruelty to me. Insensitive I may be . . ." Lisa was frightened; surely he was right? "I shouldn't talk this way," he said softly to her, giving her again that crippled smile. She remembered the hunter's lecturing about shoulder shots and forehead shots. Everybody knew Mr. McKenna was a "distinguished humanitarian." She looked in terror at Mr. Hewitt; now what would happen?

MR. HEWITT cut into his little cake of spinach, some special thing her mother loved to fix, herself, for guests. Nervously Lisa popped a bite into her mouth. Even in her agony of uncertainty and mortification for everybody, she felt its complex, powerful, yet subtle flavor; not cheese, not onion, not garlic, not . . . just itself; a single taste, made up of much. Meriden Hewitt savored it, looked back at Mr. McKenna, and said nothing. An expression of complete but amiable imperviousness masked his whole face, so legible before. Into the twiddling silence fell little feminine coos and murmurs, attempts to distract and repair. But Mr. McKenna was going on.

"Wilbur, do you agree with me that blood sports, let's call them that, are . . . are passing from the scene?" You couldn't help feeling that he had made a really good effort, not saying "are something no decent man can tolerate, let alone enjoy?" Even though that was what he meant.

Mr. Wilbur was good at times like this. He was hard to shake up. He picked at his food and said evenly, "Well, now, don't really think I do. Hunting is one of the last *ritual* forms of violence. It has its barbarians, of course. But if the rituals are observed, and the proper relationships established, and the overtones of primitive sacrifice appreciated, well, now, there really is an aesthetic element . . ." What he meant Lisa could not think, but Mr. Hewitt laughed pleasantly. She could see that Mr. Wilbur hadn't counted on the laugh. She intercepted the glance the old man bent upon the young, and it vibrated in her mind, for she had never before seen malice and good humor blended in a single expression.

"Sorry . . . I just can't follow that," muttered Mr. McKenna. He suddenly rose to his feet, swayed, caught at the tablecloth. Lisa's mother rose quickly and smoothly, saying, "Let's have dessert served in the other room, shall we?" and began to shepherd people out. Mr. Hewitt looked regretfully at his spinach, swallowed the last of his Clos Vougeot, and rose. "Sorry . . . sorry . . ." Mr. McKenna kept saying, but it was hard to believe he was displeased with himself now. "Never could see the sport in inflicting pain," he said as they all trailed into the living room. "Must be something wrong with me. Did you ever shoot live pigeons in the trapshoot at Monte Carlo?"

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he asked Mr. Hewitt. The old man just looked at him calmly, rolling a cigarette back and forth in his hand. You couldn't tell whether he'd shot the live pigeons or not.

"Wonderful stuff, that spinach, Laura," he said to Lisa's mother in his strange, beautiful growl of a voice, "*great* stuff. Have your cook fix me up a couple of those little cakes in some foil. Take them home. Eat them cold. Done it before. Something really good is always good," he said to Lisa, "even if it doesn't come out just as you think it ought to." He smiled over her head now, at her mother, and moved toward the kitchen door. "I'll ask her myself," he said, and withdrew.

But how Mr. McKenna had denounced him! This word Lisa remembered from *A Tale of Two Cities*. Mr. Wilbur was no part of the scene; Lisa felt he would never be really a part of any scene again, for her. He didn't figure. He'd spoken on Mr. Hewitt's side, but . . . well, what was he trying to get across? All that fancy stuff! Something about himself. He wanted to be on Mr. Hewitt's team, not on Mr. McKenna's. But Mr. Hewitt didn't need anybody on his team. Mr. Wilbur knew it as well as she did. He just wanted to be seen on Mr. Hewitt's side.

Confused feelings rose in Lisa. She wanted to help her mother save the party, but Mr. Hewitt needed no help. If you got mixed up in these grown-up things, you had to do something. She and her mother began to fuss with coffee things and dessert plates. Mr. McKenna came up to his hostess, muttered something, massaged his head, and left the party and the house, signaling to his wife from the entryway. What was there to do?

Yet she knew, with piercing sudden clarity, that there was pain in this room somewhere. The suffering of animals evoked by Mr. McKenna's speeches had disappeared somehow into the massive personality of Meriden Hewitt. Her mother was exasperated. Her father was grumbling in an undertone to his wife, "A drink and a half! all that on a drink and a half." Mrs. Hewitt, gentle and gracious, was twittering with Mr. Wilbur over some pictures, and he was chirping back.

Lisa saw, slanting across the divan, the slender drooping figure of Mrs. McKenna, who had been strangely silent at the dinner table. Her long lovely dark hair drew the skin tautly back from her face, leaving the violet eyes huge and dark; their wandering gaze crossed Lisa's, and the sad look of them dismayed her young heart. Mr. Hewitt was lingering chivalrously in the kitchen. It was up to her.

She thought carefully. Mrs. McKenna had a little girl; her name wasn't McKenna. Fat, blonde, fourth grade. In the Abraham Lincoln play she had played Abe's stepmother. Lisa crossed the room and sat coolly beside Mrs. McKenna. In the course of this simple action, as in a flash, and only half aware of her vision, she saw all human life as a kind of weird landscape: far off, peaks like Hewitt, unassailable, snow-capped, forestated; down in some kind of subway channel, Mr. McKenna thrashing about with his psychiatrist in his pitiful undignified struggle; in between, people like her mother, her father, herself, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. McKenna, flitting about, skittering from tree to tree like figures in some shrubbery-shrouded Antony Tudor ballet she'd seen. Mr. Wilbur had no place in this landscape yet. He was too busy thinking about where to line up.

"Isn't Ruth Carpenter your daughter, Mrs. McKenna?" she heard herself asking in banal tones, tones she used as deliberately as one would use a Band-aid. "Did you get to see the Lincoln play?"

She smoothed her dress, and Mrs. McKenna smoothed hers. They talked about Ruth. With an easy, natural joy Lisa observed that talking about Ruth made Mrs. McKenna happy. "Well, everybody's either over- or underweight at that age. I was so skinny and knobby-kneed. . . . She has such a pretty voice . . . she speaks like you . . . oh, camp? she'll enjoy . . . she'll love . . ." and Lisa watched faint flickers of hope and pleasure lighten fitfully that lovely face. Mr. Hewitt came in from the dining room and stood tranquilly in the arched doorway, surveying the scene, holding his coffee cup and a cigarette balanced between hard palm and trigger finger. Stalker of prey? But he stood there august and senior, an image of something authentic, something any tribe could still believe in. He crossed the room to them.

"Well, Mary! going to give you a spin in the new car tonight. Always love the smell of a new car; and you can add some of that rose smell you always have, my dear, to the general bouquet. Now be kind, and let an old man tell you about the road that leadeth to Isfahan," and he began to picture for them both some wild beautiful landscape he had known and loved. Lisa listened. She saw her mother and father looking at her and murmuring at each other. Fixing to get her off to her room? She wouldn't go. She was tired, and the corners of her mouth drooped a little. But she had never been so wide awake, nor so glad to be.

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the ARTS and the PEOPLE at BRUSSELS

BY JAMES S. PLAUT

As deputy commissioner general of the United States to the Brussels World's Fair, JAMES S. PLAUT *devoted eighteen months to the inception and development of the American exhibition and in that service came to appreciate the inner meaning of the Fair and its influence on those who attended. A Harvard graduate, class of 1933, Mr. Plaut was the director of the Institute of Contemporary Art of Boston from 1938 to 1956.*

TRADITIONALLY, world's fairs have provided the opportunity for dramatic advances in architectural design and construction engineering. The Crystal Palace (1851) and the Eiffel Tower (1889) are the best-remembered examples of such pioneering, but there are a host of others, and the European and American continents are studded with public buildings standing as a permanent reminder of other fairs. The daring flights of form and technique that marked so many of the pavilions at Brussels in 1958 were a most exciting display of the modern art of building.

The use of visible exterior supports was a persistent architectural theme: many pavilions were literally hung, or suspended, from cables attached to fixed shafts of steel or concrete. "Skins" of plastic and concrete and metal were used effectively to sheathe the free, sculptural forms of Corbusier's pavilion for the Phillips Company of Holland, the Marie Thumas foods building, and the renowned Atomium. The breathtaking concrete shaft of the *Génie Civil* — the pavilion of Belgian civil engineering — underscored the eminence of Belgian builders in the use of reinforced concrete. Here, as in the complex of the German pavilions, suspended bridges of steel were a revelation. The confidence and ease with which new materials were incorporated into such structural patterns produced a gratifying new aesthetic.

In general, the new Fair buildings (in contradiction to the massive old structures held over from the Brussels World Exposition of 1935 and dressed up for this occasion by the addition of flamboyant screening façades) were well-proportioned and unpretentious, almost of a studied simplicity. Their light appearance and clean, sharp lines gave them a sense of contemporary elegance. Color was used with ingratiating restraint in most instances. Many of the foreign pavilions resembled one another architecturally, the common denominator being the boxlike "international" style. Thus, the visual difference between such pavilions as the Austrian, Canadian, Portuguese, and Yugoslav was largely a matter of detail and refinement. The virtuosity of the American architect, Edward Stone, lay not only in the ingenuity of his structure but in his amazing capacity to avoid mechanical harshness in a vast exhibits building and to invest it, instead, with a pervasive sense of warmth, delicacy, even fragility.

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There were no architectural awards at the Fair, but the consensus at Brussels was that, had there been, Stone's pavilion and theater for the United States would have won top honors. The French pavilion was considered by many to have been *le plus osé*, the most daring in concept, but a little less convincing in its transition from engineering theory to architectural reality.

The architectural impact of the Fair was heightened appreciably by the sheer beauty of the site. No other exposition in our time has been blessed by such a rich setting. The royal park of five hundred acres is a stretch of hilly woodland, pierced by minute gorges and threaded with thin streams, and in the skillful hands of the Belgian landscapists, the grounds were transformed into a wonderland of light and verdure. To this the high incidence of Belgian rainfall brought an additional blessing: flower gardens of exceptional brilliance. The great exhibitions of Paris were laid out, ribbonlike, along the Seine, as was the Festival of Britain along the banks of the Thames. Chicago's World's Fair of 1933 utilized the flat shore of Lake Michigan. New York in 1939 filled in the swamps of Flushing Meadow. The Brussels Fair will long be remembered for its lovely natural setting.

Since art mirrors the state of man in his contemporary image, it is an important element in any larger statement of human progress. At Brussels, art was used both to embellish and to document. A few countries, notably France, the United States, Mexico, and the Soviet Union, attempted by means of formal exhibits in their own pavilions to reveal facets of the nation's artistic activity. Others isolated works of art for their special significance: the Italians showed a few superb Etruscan objects; the Czechs displayed their traditional skill in glassmaking; the Israelis devoted the longest façade of their building to an evocative landscape mural; and the Austrians commissioned a large bronze relief from their best sculptor.

The international exhibition, "Fifty Years of Modern Art," organized by the Belgians and a committee of distinguished foreign authorities, was one of the triumphs of Brussels. It was so impressively successful that instead of giving way after three months to an exhibition of old masters, as originally scheduled, it was held over and continued to enthrall visitors for the Fair's duration. Embracing some four hundred works of painting and sculpture lent from public and private collections throughout the world, the exhibition was designed to illustrate the two dominant currents of Western art in the twentieth century: the "speculative cerebral" and the "emotive instinctive." The committee planned an exhibition which was international in the best sense, selecting the finest examples from many countries, grouping them by movement (cubism, futurism, expressionism, social realism, abstraction, and so forth), and avoiding the deadening effect of a chauvinistic compendium of national achievements. Since the art of our time *is* international, the hanging of the show produced a vivid panorama of the creative vigor of the century. Three galleries apart from the main stream of the exhibition held special excitement. An introductory gallery devoted to the great and influential nineteenth-century precursors offered brilliant works by Cézanne, Seurat, Gauguin, and van Gogh as well as Munch, Ensor, and Theodore Rousseau. Two other galleries, filled with paintings from the Soviet Union, were in dramatic contrast. In one were some of the greatest paintings of the last fifty years, including five superb works by Matisse and four by Picasso, borrowed from the museums of Leningrad and Moscow; in the other, an assemblage of the proletarian art of living Russian painters — large hyperrealistic "machines," dominated by a huge canvas depicting in gory detail the death of Hitler. The only political drama in the formation of the exhibition had occurred over the loans from Russia. The Soviets had insisted upon a characteristic *quid pro quo:* the inclusion of one painting by a Russian for every painting by a foreign artist lent from a Russian museum.

In most respects the national characteristics ran true to form at Brussels. The Dutch pavilion, devoted to the obsessive national problem of water control, was a masterpiece of invention. A model farm, a giant wave-making machine, an actual section of a dike, the bridge of a ship, tulip fields, and road signs all provided a brilliant re-creation of the energetic mode of life of the Netherlands. The British scored heavily — particularly with the royalistic Belgian visitor — by an entrance hall emblazoned with the rich ceremonial trappings of monarchy. The Swiss pavilion was impeccable in all the minutiae of presentation, and its food was the best; West Germany, a model of orderly, precise exhibition technique. Most of the Latin countries, with a fine disregard for deadlines, opened late, especially Italy, Spain, and Brazil. Theory won out over practice with the French, whose startling cantilevered pavilion ran afoul of a treacherous terrain in construction, and its completion was delayed interminably by compound misfortunes. The Japanese garden was a placid Oriental retreat, and the Moroccan

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and Tunisian pavilions combined to produce a strident, bustling bazaar.

In the American pavilion, it was our mission to bring to a predominantly Western European audience a fresh image of the American people at work and play, citizens of a vast, continental land whose topography, climate, and regional strength could produce great individual diversity within the national unity. Western Europe knows and uses the American automobile, the supermarket, and a plethora of our household appliances. It seemed to us that rather than emphasize the machines and artifacts of everyday life, we should try to reveal the conditions of thought, process, and custom that have made the United States the kind of society it is, that have brought about our massive technological accomplishment, our elevated standard of living, and the opportunity to enjoy the fruits of our material progress. The Europeans, almost without exception, found this approach gratifying. Editorial comment throughout the Western European press was laudatory. (In this connection, it is an interesting commentary on the ways of the free world that the press of each nation — notably the British, West German, and American — was rather bitterly critical of its own national effort at Brussels, yet charitably disposed to the contribution of its allies.)

The leading Belgian independent newspaper, early in the Fair, expressed pleasure with the American concept and concluded that "it must take a very great nation indeed to be willing to spend millions in order to plant a little beauty in foreign soil." After the Fair closed, the same newspaper observed: "As for the United States, one might have believed that it would present itself again as pioneers of the new world, as daring technicians, covering a continent with railways, highways, bridges, and skyscrapers. It is manifest that this concept of America is beginning to be outmoded. The American people are no longer in the fullness of youth. They have reached adulthood. They are devoting themselves to the hope of discovering a civilization less charged with pain and suffering, turning anew toward culture and the joy of living, a civilization which has already acquired a taste for self-criticism. The American pavilion of today is one about which the city of Paris might once have dreamed."

The American theater was the jewel box of the foreign section. As the Fair progressed, it became increasingly popular with the Belgians, who returned time after time to enjoy its changing programs. The eventual decision of the Belgian government to accept the American site after the Fair and keep the major building elements intact (an acceptance not extended to any other foreign participant) came about largely because of Belgian public demand that "their" theater not be demolished.

Making allowance for the vast difference between a Western European audience and one composed of people who have never been outside of the Soviet Union, some of the American exhibits which had great appeal at Brussels are expected to do equally well at Moscow this summer and will form part of the first United States National Exhibit to be held in Soviet Russia. To Moscow will go the battery of voting machines, suggested for Brussels by President Eisenhower to illuminate the American's right to vote by secret ballot; the fascinating Ramac computer, which enchanted millions at Brussels by its lightning-swift response to questions of history, delivered in any one of ten languages; and Walt Disney's 360-degree film, *Circarama*, a highly illusionistic depiction of the United States seen in the round. *Circarama* was the greatest single attraction at Brussels. Twelve thousand people a day saw it for six months, and countless thousands were frustrated by the endless queues.

That the voting machines should be going to Moscow is a particularly appealing thought, for they were the object of intense curiosity for the Soviet leaders who visited Brussels. Voroshilov, taking a good-natured tour of the American pavilion, examined them at length. And Mikoyan — who paid a surprise visit, incognito, late in the afternoon of the Fourth of July, when all of our officials were absent at a reception for President Hoover — was equally intrigued. But Soviet Commissioner General Ryjkov, a huge, dour man, was less easily impressed. Doubting the machines' "anti-fix" qualities, he asked permission to send two Soviet engineers to inspect them. Several hours later, having gone over the machines from top to bottom and front to back, his experts shook their heads and left unceremoniously.

The people themselves breathed life into the Fair. Of an early morning before the great crowds arrived the pavilions held the quiet of anticipation, and at night after closing they were like a museum asleep. Because of the centrality of Brussels — there are 130 million people residing within a radius of two hundred miles — a family living in the Rhineland or Holland or Luxembourg or northern France could arrive by chartered bus, armed with a lunch box and a bottle of wine, spend a long, full day in the grounds, and be home again that night. It was estimated that some 40 million visitors paid the established admission charge, and of that number 300,000 were Americans. No comparable number of

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tourists came from the Soviet Union and the satellite countries; instead they sent an endless series of small delegations, professional groups, and trade experts, who came under official auspices.

For those of us who were there day in and day out, the most exciting testament to international understanding was constantly before our eyes in the persons of the 1800 young people who comprised the guide corps of the participating nations. Early in the Fair, a young hostess from Argentina initiated the *Jeune-Expo*, a voluntary organization of guides and junior staff members. Soon there were few eligibles who had not joined and, by midsummer, Jeunexpo boasted some 1500 members from fifty countries. Jeunexpo held record hops and beer parties and became a frequent forum for serious, collective discussions of world problems — a kind of junior United Nations Assembly. Late in the Fair, the group took over the American theater for two semi-public performances of the *Jeunexpo Revue*, a hilarious musical spoof of the Fair and its personalities and a most heart-warming manifestation of international solidarity, constructed as it was with the uncomplicated tools of friendship and humor. At the end of the Fair, Jeunexpo published a list of the names and permanent addresses of its members, with justifiable confidence that this cross section of youthful world leadership would enjoy, and would in fact cherish, the prospect of future meetings.

Will there be another World's Fair and, if so, when and where? Because of the vast expense involved, and because of the swiftly changing pattern of international communication, there are those who contend that Brussels may well have seen the last huge world exposition. Yet similar — if smaller — fairs are being held with increasing frequency. This summer, the United States and the Soviet Union are exchanging national exhibits for the first time; the trade fair continues to have its annual run in the world's mercantile centers from Barcelona to Bangkok, from Düsseldorf to Delhi. Seattle is already planning a large Pan-Pacific scientific exhibition for 1961. The Austrian government has applied to the international commission on world's fairs, sitting permanently in Paris, for authority to hold an exposition at Vienna in 1968. So, in spite of the world's changing face, in spite of the staggering outlays of energy and funds demanded, in spite of the "conspicuous waste," the ephemeral quality, and the terrible swiftness with which a world's fair runs its course, I suspect that the world has not yet grown weary of the great spectacle.

PETER KANE DUFAULT

GOOD NIGHT TO A LITTLE GIRL

She has gone across the road
with some pine cones in a bag
the size of herself.
She has butted it through her door
and — exit. She disappears
with her swag and pelf
of a day's wars.

She may take the field again
tomorrow — that pocket-high
Queen, Victoria,
toast of her pine-cone gren-
adiers. Or cross the street
with slant eye and damp hair, a
nymph or sea sprite.

She nibbles her long hair ends.
You might think they'd been strewn
on the water —
indeed were but brown strands
of seaweed, hiding shells —
little Neptune's daughter —
starfish and pearls.

Sometimes when brooding doves
utter their cool dull
hymns in the morning,
then I almost believe
I hear conch shells: It is she
who calls, returning
faint peals from the sea . . .

I am sad when she goes home.
As if already tomorrow
she might reappear,
changed — laughing at pine cones,
myths, dreams an old idler saves
out of drowned empires
and the far-off waves.

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AROUND-THE-WORLD GROUCH

BY NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

An English novelist who served as a lieutenant commander of escort vessels in World War II, NICHOLAS MONSARRAT *is best known in this country for his stirring book,* THE CRUEL SEA. *Now a Canadian resident, Mr. Monsarrat has traveled widely in Europe, Africa, and North America — a fact which he here treats in a satiric vein.*

I'VE recently spent four months traveling 42,000 miles, zigzagging my way round the world from my home in Canada, visiting twenty-one different countries. You think it was fun? Gather round. The whole thing was a terrible mistake; I should have stood in bed, which is where I am now. Here is my list of world-wide complaints. Any omissions will be the subject of a later article.

To begin at the beginning: *Don't go to England.* They're in a real mess there. It rains all the time, especially upon the Rolls-Royces which stand listlessly, three deep in the traffic blocks. And people — even normally decent folk — are getting far too talkative; you can't spend two hours in a railway carriage without some pushful fellow saying "Nice weather" and rattling his newspaper at you. Hereditary peers, long-time champions of the monarchy, now turn around and snap at its ankles, like curs or weasels. Mr. Khrushchev actually stayed at Claridge's, on the very next floor. The British seem to have lost their heads altogether.

Don't go to Scandinavia. If you fulfill even half your social obligations, your liver will never recover. Someone says, "Skoal!" and you say, "Skoal!" and the man next to you says, "Did you say skoal?" and you say, "Yes — skoal!" In no time at all you have aquavit running out of your ears. If you fail to raise your glass toward every single woman in the party, you are a social pariah; if you make the gross error of toasting your hostess, a kindly man will say: "In this country we do not toast our hostess. It is deeply forbidden. Skoal!" Your host, an enormous blond man, will knock you nearly senseless with a friendly blow between your shoulder blades and say, "You insult my wife, yes? Skoal!"

Skoal.

Do not fly to Paris by the Hotshot Lunchtime Special or whatever it is called. By the time you reach Le Bourget you will be permanently felled by indigestion. The airline is in honor bound to serve you a nine-course meal with three different kinds of wine, in the space of sixty-five minutes; and by gosh they do it! As soon as the "fasten your seat belts" sign is flicked off, the whole place is in a gastronomic uproar. Food and drink are thrown at you as if in a lunatic cafeteria; they seem to pour down the stewards' arms. Above all, they are compulsory. If you don't wolf everything in sight, and wash it down with tiny individual bottles of Martini, sherry, white wine, red wine, champagne, brandy, Drambuie, and Cointreau, you're just wasting the company's time and foully betraying their boasted atmosphere of an exclusive airborne London club.

Striving for a touch of individuality in my flight, I asked the steward (after snagging him firmly by the trousers) why he hadn't opened my bottle of champagne. "Sir," he said, tugging for his free-

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dom, "the company don't allow it! If we opened even half the bottles, we'd never get through on time. Would you care for coffee?" "Coffee?" I said, appalled. "I haven't even finished my soup!" "One coffee," he said, and disappeared like a flash through a door labeled KEEP OUT.

In fact, *don't go to Paris at all.* You will be asked to appear on television. You will explain that your French is not good enough. The man will say: "*Alors*, we will do it in English," but thirty seconds before zero, under the blinding lights and the equally blinding stares of the technicians, he will announce: "*Alors*, we will do it in French, after all." You do it in French, after all. *Ma foi!*

Don't go to Nigeria or Ghana. Hot rain falls all the time. There are far too many foreigners, actually running their own country. Under blinding skies, the temperature soars to 105 degrees. In Lagos, the causeway is sinking into the sea, cutting off the capital from the mainland, but only the taxi drivers are worried — the climate defeats everyone else. In Ghana a man will thrust a microphone under your nose and ask you what you think of this glorious epoch, which has at last brought freedom from the hated British. As a British immigrant to Canada, your personality is hopelessly split, which, in a temperature of 105 degrees (humidity 98), hurts.

Don't go to Johannesburg. They have a crime wave there which has to be seen to be believed; they also have a government, somewhat ditto. In the game reserve, hired lions snarl at you, while elephants walk away in studied reproof. You will lose a fortune at poker. The bookmakers are positive robbers. A simple little dinner party for twenty people (just caviar, guinea fowl, and *cerises au* something-or-other, with a bare twenty-one bottles of champagne) will set you back four hundred and ten dollars.

Do not dream of going to Bombay. It is hot, it is dirty, it has three million Indians, most of them milling round the door of your hotel. To add further confusion, people gather under peepul trees, spitting betel juice onto wandering — yes, you've guessed it. A handmade silk tropical suit will cost all of twenty dollars, and the tailor takes a whole twenty-four hours to make it. A personal bearer, who squats permanently outside your door and does everything from pressing your clothes to painting your toenails, gouges you a full sixty cents a day. Above all, Bombay is *dry.* An ingenious government racket will compel you to pay a rupee to fill in a form to apply for a liquor permit (five rupees) in order to buy (one per week) a bottle of Scotch whisky costing sixty-five rupees. Total disbursements, fifteen dollars. There are no polite words to describe the taste of the whisky, when you finally get it.

Alternatively, you can buy on your permit twenty-seven quart bottles of fermented liquors of a strength not exceeding 2 per cent of alcohol by volume. Brother, you'll need them all.

Don't fly across India. Enormous crowds gather at the airport to bid farewell to every plane. The whole place is crammed with relatives, dogs, children, well-wishers, and professional mourners. You cannot get anywhere near the plane, and pretty soon you don't want to. For all these people are in tears, all of them absolutely inconsolable; there is a crescendo of wailing sobs as your departure is announced, and a final rush toward the counter labeled "Flight Insurance." It is not reassuring; and the journey itself completes a process of aerial demoralization. All Indian air crews sport large black curling mustaches, like the more reckless type of Battle of Britain pilot. Life in hand, curry in throat, you zoom and dip toward the eastern horizon.

Don't go anywhere near Calcutta, if you want to hold on to your breakfast. This, the premier city of a country which has the effrontery to lecture the West on how to conduct its affairs, is a positive monument to disease, dirt, and mismanagement. The main streets must be the filthiest in the world. Outside the city, malodorous acres of shacks, indescribably squalid, deface the landscape, worse than any Johannesburg native location. Beggars, and hawkers selling every conceivable kind of trash, pester you from morning till night.

On a short nighttime walk of a mile or so, in the center of the city, I counted one hundred and seventy people asleep on steps and sidewalks, like bundles of rags left to be picked up in the morning. They have been left there by the Indian government, and they are without hope. Next time you read a vaunting headline, "Mr. Nehru on the Reorganization of the Entire Globe," just bear all this in mind. Mr. N. would do better to run for mayor of Calcutta, and begin his global charity at home.

Don't go to Rangoon; it might accidentally spoil the rest of the trip. You will start a wonderful forty-eight hours with a party, which develops into a screwball singing festival: Americans singing *Rule Britannia*, English singing *Way Down upon the Wabash*, Burmese singing Gilbert and Sullivan. It ends, with regret, at 3:30 A.M. Bright and early next morning, you will be afloat in the British ambassador's pride and joy, his newly acquired Chinese junk, designed, built, and canvased according to a plan at least one thousand years old. You will eat à la Burmese, not faked-up European food. You will examine exquisite prints of the Burma of a hundred and fifty years ago. In the evening you will meet half the Burmese air force, and then an old school friend who, taking you

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home for dinner, confides that he has the hi-fi set to end all hi-fis. You will listen to Dvořák's cello concerto, and most of *La Forza del Destino*. You will wake up next morning thoroughly disgruntled, with the conviction that in Burma, though only half way round the world, you've enjoyed yourself in a way that won't be duplicated in the future.

There are just a couple of things to offset all this. You will need a slide rule for the currency, which is in rupiahs, a kind of ruptured rupee. If you visit a Buddhist pagoda, you will wade barefoot through betel juice, while large sneering gongs are struck to signalize other people's almsgiving.

Have nothing to do with Hong Kong. It is a free port; you will certainly invest in a mink coat (female, Siberian, very cheap) which later disintegrates and earns you a reputation for frugality which was *not* your original intention. Earlier, flying in, you will roar past hills and even buildings which are within touching distance of either hand; looking back, pale, shaking all over, you will think, "Heavens! Did we really do that?" The women wear the ugliest clothes in the world; washed-out tunics, shapeless trousers, all the mysterious glamour of the East wrapped up in one dreary shake of the head. The rickshaw boys, passing you, call out, "Rickshaw?" Then they sidle up and say, "Nice girl?" Then they take a closer look at you and say: "*Young* girl?" The streetwalkers make loud kissing noises as they pass you. It is about as intriguing as a muffled sneeze.

Avoid Singapore like the plague. It is hot. It is humid. Its guns still point the wrong way. In your hotel, the note paper has your full name printed on it. You can't even write an anonymous letter.

Djakarta. Ah, Djakarta. Never make a stop there, however short, however inadvertent. You don't have to be Dutch to feel like a leper. Here the Indonesians have contracted the prime disease of nationalist fervor: the filling in of forms, and then the cancellation of them, unseen, with enormous rubber stamps. They have a currency form for transients that is positively brutal in its particularity. When you have filled out all thirty-two items, racking your brains to remember how many frozen yen you had in 1929, a man will seize the form, stamp it, and hand it back to you, his face a bored inscrutable mask. And that is all. No one reads it, no one wants it, either now or later. It is your own do-it-yourself souvenir of Indonesia.

The man ahead of me in the queue, a cynical fellow with three cameras, completed the item "Traveler's Checks" with "$6,000,000." Of course, it could have been true; after all, we were traveling first class. But no one blinked an eyelash, anyway.

Leave Australia completely out of your itinerary, for there you will receive the bitterest disappointment of your life. You will have heard terrible tales of Australia; how you can only get a drink between five and six in the evening, how there isn't any service at all, how you'll have to sleep four in a hotel room, how if you ask to be called at 7 A.M. with a cup of tea, they will hand you an alarm clock and a thermos flask.

None of this is true at all, and you will experience an undoubted sense of loss as you drink all day, relax in your air-conditioned hotel suite at night, ring the bell at three in the morning and order your friends their four final Scotch-and-sodas. True, you can complain about finding such daunting dishes as rump steak and lamb chops on the breakfast menu, but it's not really much to get worked up about. The trouble is, Australia is not what it was (if it ever was).

Never fly across the Pacific, from Sydney to San Francisco, at one gulp. It takes nearly two days suspended in mid-air, and visions of *The High and the Mighty* will plague you all the way. Point of No Return, They Died with Their Seat Belts Fastened — there is no end to the intimations of disaster. You will have a short stopover of five hours in Honolulu, but what can you do in Honolulu in five hours, if you are forty-seven years of age and married? The fact is, the Pacific is a very big ocean, and anyone may quote me on the point.

Please don't go to San Francisco. Does the road wind uphill all the way? Yes, to the very end. San Francisco is the *very* end, a city insanely tacked onto an overhanging cliff. I suppose if you were tired, or afraid, you could lean against it.

Finally, never fly nonstop from San Francisco to New York. You will arrive nine hours late (engine trouble), having spent the morbid period of 2 A.M. to 7 A.M. at Denver airport, and a further educational two hours at Chicago. At Denver, a man in the full-dress uniform of Santa Claus, rather intoxicated, will board the plane and, inexplicably, complete the journey with you. Who is he? An eccentric? A vice president on the run? A night-club reject? Who can tell?

My literary agent, a perceptive New Yorker, suggests that the company always installs a jolly Santa Claus on any plane that is over two hours late, to distract the customers. On that scale, we should have had four or five of them, all loaded to the gills.

All in all, don't go round the world. Come and stay with me in Ottawa instead. East Wing, Ward G. Knock and enter. But softly.

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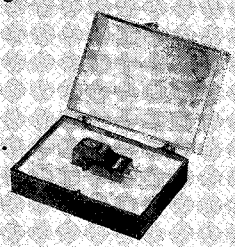

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A native of Colorado, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1949, and a Fulbright scholar at Cambridge University, PETER H. DAVISON *joined our editorial staff after making a distinguished record at Harcourt, Brace and at Harvard University Press. In his leisure time Mr. Davison writes poetry of his own, some of which has appeared in the* ATLANTIC. *We have asked him to appraise the new books of verse which have recently been published by his contemporaries.*

NEW POETRY

BY PETER H. DAVISON

ONE of the knottiest problems of the modern poet has been to find the truest way of expressing intense emotion in his verse. For the younger poet the problem is knottier still. He is relatively unknown. He has no audience on whom he can depend for an echo, as Homer had for his epic chanted before the fire. Though his elders (like Robert Frost or T. S. Eliot or that Caruso of modern poetry, Dylan Thomas) may possess distinct public personalities, his — to his frequent regret — remains very private. The only response he can be sure of is his own. The particular feelings that are of most value to the younger poet are those which he cannot, in a public way, share and which depend on the most personal kind of response: love or the destruction of love, loneliness in face of the ultimate facts of birth and death and the shape of the world, amazement in the face of an archetypal myth seen anew, reverence for the simple facts of nature, anguish or contentment with the daily round of life, fascination with the way in which poems are made and with how they differ from life itself, horror at the world man has made for himself.

The poet's feelings about any given object are at the core of the poetic act; but how do they find their way into the very muscle and action of his verse? An object and the poet's feelings about it wrestle together, and out of the struggle, as out of the tug of war between a man's two hands, come tension and force. So vision wrestles with feeling. Then, in the actual writing, another grappling takes place, this time between the combined vision-and-feeling (which, for convenience, we will call the *substance* of the poem) and its opponent, the form that the poem will take. Substance now wrestles with form. The poet, however, will seldom see the process this way. As often as not, the object in nature cannot even offer itself, and the poet's feelings about it cannot be released, until the form (the rhythm, the shape) of his final utterance has emerged from somewhere in his mind to catch the substance of the poem like a fish on a hook.

Poems can hardly exist without emotions to drive them. What makes one poet's work differ from another's is the kind of things he feels strongly about, and the kind of feelings he has about them. From these feelings grow both the substance of his poems and the forms that he chooses (or that choose themselves) as the best vehicles for revealing his vision. Five volumes of verse published in the last few months show how some of the younger poets are working and may give some indication of what they are working toward.

Robert Huff is thirty-five years old. Of all these poets, he is the most traditional in technique. He relies on strong regular meters and rhyme. His subjects are simple and often stem from nature: birds, animals, old men and young. Like many beginning poets, he sometimes has trouble letting well enough alone, and when he sees an occurrence in life, he often feels it incumbent on him to dress it up with some deeper afterthought taken from literature. This is a pity, because Huff's eye is keen, his ear is sharp, and his poems about nature have a clear focus. One of the best in his book (*Colonel Johnson's Ride and Other Poems*, Wayne State University Press, $2.75) is the first poem, "Mole":

> Once by sea and twice by lake,
> A vision showed me what I make.
> I saw a dwarf wedged in a hole
> Skin out the carcass of a mole
>
> Three times, by water, for mind's sake.
> Then came the waves. I watched them break.

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My eyes were taken by their roll.
I confused spirit with the soul.

And still the shapes my meat can take —
Clumsy brown hound, black bear, blue snake —
Paw, rip, and rage, or nose a hole
Above the damp bones of a mole.

This mysterious vision comes from honest feeling, and the poem rings true with the sound of it. The "message" of the poem stands inherent in the image of a man in animal shape crouched digging above a hole by the waterside.

Huff responds sensitively to wild nature, although birds enter his poems too often, particularly since the bird poems express only a limited range of mood. There is a fine long blank-verse poem, "Early Snow," and the clear fragrance of country air makes his poems refreshing to the taste. Yet his reflections on the inner experience sometimes go lifeless before they have been absorbed into the blood stream of the poem, perhaps because image and idea have not yielded themselves simultaneously to the poet's perception.

One of the best poems in thirty-two-year-old James Merrill's second book, *The Country of a Thousand Years of Peace* (Knopf, $3.95), is "Salome," a poem in three sections identical in form, each of which, by taking a central character as an illustration, plays with the idea "That you can have enough/Of human love." In the second section Merrill reaches his height of direct and vivid statement:

Our neighbors' little boy ran out to greet
    The chow, his runaway pet,
And was fearfully mauled. Breaking its mouth on fences
Down the struck street the orange mad dog tore
Until my father's pistol made of it
    Pinks, reds, a thrash of senses
Outside the stationery store.

The economy of this is remarkable. At once the poem takes us into the explosive seizure of the dog and the horror with which the neighbors view the calamity in "the struck street"; and the increasing pace of the dog's movement into the blur of running, then death, echoes out of the ragged verbs: "Breaking," "tore," and in the final "thrash of senses." Merrill is a very subtle poet, and he likes to play on words, as in "stationery store." With these gifts, and his fine ear and cunning use of rhyme and meter, he can bring home an image like this one forcefully and clearly.

But he prefers to go on here, as elsewhere, to use this directness of statement to create symbols for ulterior and dispassionate themes. In the poems cited above, the three sections make much of water as a symbol of love and employ John the Baptist, the mad dog, and a psychoanalyst as illustrations. A great many of Merrill's poems operate in the same way. The central emotion that gives shape to the poem veils itself under a series of disparate surface images which Merrill pulls together by an intellectual effort and by cleverly weaving the fabric of his verse into a poetic statement that, more often than not, erects a chilly but ornamental barrier between the reader and the underlying feeling. These poems are brilliant, neurotic, subtly made, and extremely intelligent, but too often the terrifying shapes underlying his poems trick themselves out in elaborate and elegant masks. Then, too, Merrill's ambiguous intentions are often betrayed by the vagueness of his punctuation. One section of the book is largely given over to modern treatments of mythical archetypes; another sets its themes in foreign lands and uses the sensations of travel to inject the poems with energy. But, though these poems often seem to have been made and seldom to have *happened*, there are fine things in them. Here is the beginning of one:

They met in loving like the hands of one
Who having worked six days with creature and plant
Washes his hands before the evening meal.

And though it is hard for a reader not to grin when, in "Midas Among Goldenrod," the king with the golden touch is represented as a hay fever sufferer, a few pages later Merrill can write this way in a reflective poem about sand dunes:

Before long they have ceased to be makeshift.
Wiry grasses keep them from blowing away,
As does a certain creeper yearning seaward
Over a dry admonitory drift.

The poems of Charles Causley, a forty-two-year-old Cornish poet, now appear for the first time in an American edition. In *Union Street* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00), he brings selections from his first two books together with nineteen new poems, and the total collection gives a view of an evolving and accomplished body of work which, as Dame Edith Sitwell remarks in her preface, has a flavor all its own.

Causley by temperament leans to the ballad form, and the style which we associate with the old ballads often clothes subject matter which at first seems alien to it. But in his best poems, Causley's feelings about his subject matter transform his material into shapes which ride happily on the meters of the ballad. About one third of his poems deal with war in one shape or another, since Causley is old enough to have undergone the

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full experience of World War II. Many others have the sea at heart. A few of his earlier poems are written in a descriptive free verse, full of catalogues, that reminds the reader of Whitman at his second-best. But the later ones show a crisp originality. One ballad, "Death of an Aircraft," describes the capture of three Cretan guerrillas by the Germans:

> One was sent to the county gaol
> Too young for bullets if not for bail,
> But the other two were in prime condition
> To take on a load of ammunition. . . .
>
> The soldiers turned their machine-guns round
> And shot him down with a dreadful sound
> Scrubbed his face with perpetual dark
> And rubbed it out like a pencil mark.

Causley's poems often gain power by evoking memories from the past through their form alone, and by letting the contrast between the present and the past reveal itself in racy twentieth-century diction that moves through the old forms like paratroopers through a Norman keep.

Another ballad deals with an ancient theme — the story of Sir Henry Trecarell, who built a parish church in 1511 after his young son died:

> But when the boy-baby, as naked as sin,
> Stood up in a cold Cornish basin of tin
> His nurse went away for a little napkin
> And he fell on the water and breathed it all in.

Causley's continual understatement, musically uttered, has a freshness and vigor that the younger English poets seldom capture today. The best poem in his book — too good to be quoted except in its entirety — is a long lilting lyric about an indifferent bridegroom, "*Ou Phrontis*." In poems like this one, Causley uses very strict metrical forms to channel and concentrate the tart independence of his own reactions to experience by means of an ironical contrast between the rigidity of the form and the passion of the content. His way of feeling and speaking his feelings is all his own.

The most natural of all these poets is the Scottish Alastair Reid, the same age as Merrill. His second book, *Oddments, Inklings, Omens, Moments* (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $3.75), shows a far greater ease and confidence than his first book, published six years ago. Reid is content to take a mood, an image, a sensation remembered, a likeness perceived, and let it echo in his poem and in the reader's mind.

His poems are, unfashionably, populated by genuine ghosts and by beckonings from the supernatural, and they are written in the most subtly modulated of rhythms. Reid seldom uses strict meter, but his rhythms have the dependable recurrence of a heartbeat rather than a clock's tick, and there is something of the same quality in the substance of his poems.

Because of the apparent ease with which he writes, this poet seldom irritates the reader by interfering between him and the substance of the poem; but this casualness is deceptive. A poem called "The Rain in Spain" starts off like this:

> Unmediterranean
> today, the punctual sun
> sulks and stays in
>
> and heavily down the mountain
> across olive and pine
> rolls a scrim of rain.

The short "u's" in "the punctual sun sulks," with the hard consonants interspersed, evoke, in that mysterious way that sound has, the balkiness of the sun; and the abruptness of "scrim" interrupts the mountain view like a shade pulled over a neighbor's window. The poem goes on to tell of the trials of this rain-haunted day:

> The Dutch poet is sick.
> The postman kicks his dog.
> Death overtakes a pig.

And, in the end, while the sleepers of the village "groan in nightmare," the day seems to come to an end. But does it?

> For who is weather-wise
> enough to recognise
> which ills are the day's, which his?

One poem, dedicated to Robert Graves, gives a hint of where Reid has found a model for the independence from poetic fashion that his poems display. In the soft rhythms and in the nostalgia that some of these poems frankly confess, there come back some of the tones of poetic feeling favored by the Georgians in England forty years ago; but Reid avoids the Georgians' anxious reaching backwards in time to a vanished society. At any rate, it would be hard to pin the influence of any particular poet or school on this final stanza of a poem called "Growing, Flying, Happening."

> The point is seeing — the grace
> beyond recognition, the ways
> of the bird rising, unnamed, unknown,
> beyond the range of language, beyond its noun.
> Eyes open on growing, flying, happening,
> and go on opening. Manifold, the world
> dawns on unrecognising, realising eyes.
> Amazement is the thing.
> Not love, but the astonishment of loving.

Reid's poems happen. They do not try to arrange their substance rigidly, but rather in a natural irregularity, like a Japanese garden. Accordingly, their titles are sometimes too whimsical, and the

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poems do not often have that finally indestructible quality found in Graves or Yeats. But Reid is a fine poet who takes feeling where he finds it, without categories.

FAR better known than any of the previously discussed poets is Robert Lowell, who is forty-two. Lowell has published three volumes previous to his latest, *Life Studies* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50), and his second volume won a Pulitzer Prize. He has been much praised and sometimes overpraised by his contemporaries. In this latest book, Lowell's verse takes a quite new direction. His earlier poems were always guided by a rigorously controlling hand. The meters were regular, the language strong, the sound rich and powerful, the passion intense; but for this reviewer Lowell's earlier poems often failed because whatever feelings drove them — and his poems glowed with intensity — the feelings often seemed to bear little kinship to the subject matter of his poems. The intensity seemed private and uncommunicable.

Like Yeats at one stage of his life, Lowell now sees "more enterprise in walking naked." These poems are close to home. His new book consists mainly in portraits from memory, and it contains a long fragment of Proustian prose autobiography, brilliantly written, telling of his childhood on Beacon Hill in Boston. The title section of the book, "Life Studies," is made up of fifteen situations in autobiography, written for the most part in a bald free verse. These are filled with childhood memories, impressions of the poet's parents and family, and experiences from his own life in a psychiatric hospital and in jail (as a conscientious objector). Their frank personal directness is both shocking and effective.

One of the best of these is a long poem, "My Last Afternoon with Uncle Devereux Winslow," the recollections of a child of five of the last time he saw his youthful uncle. It ends this way:

> Uncle Devereux stood behind me.
> He was as brushed as Bayard, our riding horse.
> His face was putty.
> His blue coat and white trousers
> grew sharper and straighter.
> His coat was a blue-jay's tail,
> His trousers were solid cream from the top of the bottle.
> He was animated, hierarchical,
> like a ginger snap man in a clothes-press.
> He was dying of the incurable Hodgkin's disease. . . .
> My hands were warm, then cool, on the piles
> of earth and lime,
> a black pile and a white pile. . . .
> Come winter,
> Uncle Devereux would blend to the one color.

This conglomeration of unrelated images gives the accuracy of the child's view: close to the ground, sharp-eyed, relentless; and the images combine to paint a portrait of a man about to disintegrate.

But for the most part, Lowell has not yet solved the dilemma of feeling. Although, by presenting intimate events without comment, these poems might have enabled feeling to emerge unhindered, something is lacking. It is not enough in poetry to state what brought about feelings; in the texture and movement of the verse and in the very quality of the imagery (as in the fragment quoted above) the feelings must be released again, recreated. In a few of these poems, as in the group on the poet's father (which is supported by the prose autobiographical chapter), the feelings realize themselves; but most of the others, in spite of their compassion, their sensitivity, and their honesty, simply do not startle the reader with the involuntary catch of the breath, the unexpected shock of recognition. Lowell's poems have, in this new book, narrowed the gap between feeling and subject matter, but they have not closed it. They have not yet taken on a life of their own separate from their author's. The miraculous transformation of the object seen into the subject of a poem does not take place often enough, and the reader remains more fascinated by Lowell's life than by his poems.

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Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE question before the house, the question which is presently being debated by the citizens and selectmen from Truro to Chatham and which is sure to be presented to Congress in the foreseeable future, is: Can we save Cape Cod? In the National Park Service those in favor of preserving the Cape Cod seashore park have defined an area of approximately thirty-two miles of the outer shore line stretching from Truro through Eastham and embracing the incomparable Nauset Beach and the already protected sandy islet of Monomoy. The park as proposed would include about one eighth of the area of the Cape; if the boundaries are cut back, it will, of course, be that much smaller, but when the boundaries, however drawn, are finally accepted, the most characteristic and least "developed" part of the Cape — dunes, marsh, scrub oak, bayberry, the clean-washed white clapboard homes — will be permanently out of reach of the hit-and-run contractors whose depredations under the guise of private enterprise are more destructive of American values than a plague of Egyptian locusts. This is the vulnerable period; five years from now it will be too late.

The feeling is pretty nearly unanimous that the beaches should be protected; the problem arises over how to accommodate — pacify, in some cases — those whose family holdings are contingent. There is understandable resentment among those who fear the long arm of the government: this is *their* land, their marsh, their right of access; they have preserved this part of the Cape, and now why should they be dispossessed? Certain historic houses are marked for preservation, but what about the others? Will the present owners and their children be granted life tenure? Or will there be a time limit? Will water fowling and upland shooting be permitted? Less personal but no less pressing is the question of how much land back of the beaches is needed to give the park protection in depth — ten miles, five miles, half a mile? A thin ribbon of beach and dunes embroidered by a continuous assortment of motels, hot-dog stands, drive-ins, liquor and tackle shops, with their neon signs flashing at you eight hundred yards away, is not my idea of a national park. I've seen something too much like that stretching south from Los Angeles, and it grew up unassisted.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has nearly two thousand miles of flood-tide seacoast, and of that expanse today only twenty-five miles are reserved for public beaches. The thirty-two-mile reservation which the farsighted are now arguing for on the Cape is not intended to be the longest Jones Beach on record, but rather a medley of bathing beach and wild cove — the thundering surf of Nauset and Monomoy for the adventurous surf casters, the marshes behind a great preserve for the shore birds — terrain and town holding as does the Cape Hatteras seashore park the unblemished character of a unique region.

THE ART OF SURVIVAL

In 1950 ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS, her father, and her brother John mobilized what had grown to be a family interest in Africa, particularly in the Kalahari Desert, that great inland table of low sand dunes and vast, torrid, thirsty plains which occupies most of Bechuanaland. This is the present residence of the Bushmen, who with the Hottentots are the earliest human inhabitants still living in southern Africa. Graceful, delicate, gold-colored, unaggressive little people, numbering between thirty and fifty thousand, they were forced into this uninhabitable country by the Bantus and the whites, and with quite wonderful resourcefulness they have survived and made it their own. The Marshalls were curious to see how the Bushmen lived, and on a series of expeditions, co-sponsored by the Smithsonian and the Peabody Museum at Harvard, they were accompanied by

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linguists, zoologists, botanists, and archaeologists, usually to a total of fourteen, as well as four or five Bantu men — interpreters, a cook, and a mechanic. Three times, in trucks and a jeep, they crossed the forbidding drought land — on one stretch of four hundred miles there was no water at all — their purpose being to study and film the life and customs of the people of the Kalahari, THE HARMLESS PEOPLE (Knopf, $5.00), as Mrs. Thomas entitles them in her delightful book.

Mrs. Thomas writes out of close and friendly observation. The Bushmen are shy of any stranger. "If they believe that you are coming," she says, "they run away like foxes to hide in the grass until you are gone." But in time they came to trust these white inquirers, and Mrs. Thomas was permitted privileges no other white woman has enjoyed. She was allowed to follow a hunt from the preparation of the poisoned arrow to the final butchering of the antelope, every drop of liquid consumed, every scrap of meat or bone utilized. She was taken along on the hot, tedious search for truffles and edible roots, hidden deep in cracks in the sand; she was admitted to Bushmen's housekeeping in the almost invisible grass huts.

The charm of the book is that the author can so truly convey the strangeness of the desert life in which we perceive human traits as familiar as our own. The garrulous old gentlemen — one of whom retells at every opportunity a hilarious story about lions; the coquettish, arrogant young beauties, preening; the children bored and miserable on the hot food-gathering but refusing to be left alone at home. Even in the episode of the valiant old hunter, crippled and slowly dying of gangrene, whom the expedition ships off to a distant hospital, we see an uncomfortable amount of jealousy, a vice evidently no people can do without. *The Harmless People* is a model of exposition; the style very simple and precise, perfectly suited to the neat, even fastidious activities of a people who must make their world out of next to nothing.

AMERICAN EPICURE

Artist and photographer, a connoisseur of wine and food who is as much at home in Paris as in his native Marblehead, SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN is unquestionably the best qualified and most articulate American epicure. His *Bouquet de France* (its sale has now reached the 50,000 mark) is an intellectual road map to Paris and the provinces with a luscious description of the beauties to see, the delicacies to eat and drink. The companion volume, ITALIAN BOUQUET (Gourmet, $12.50), goes further than its predecessor. The prints, drawings, and photographs, all by the author, give one a pictorial approach to Italy which I have never seen equaled, and Mr. Chamberlain with his well-stocked mind and graceful prose style adds to his travelogue enough epicurean suggestions to keep you eating for a month. This is a big book to carry, its bulk enhanced by three hundred and fifty superlative photographs, but Americans *are* carrying it as they travel because of its practical value. The treasury of Italian recipes tells you what to order and has been translated and adapted for American use by Narcissa Chamberlain. For its combination of connoisseurship, readability, and beauty, *Italian Bouquet* deserves a place of honor in the small body of outstanding books on gastronomy. I might add that the Chamberlains are now in England, tasting, drawing, and photographing for the third volume in their series.

FIRE AND REPENTANCE

In his graceful new novel, THE LIGHT INFANTRY BALL (Doubleday, $3.95), HAMILTON BASSO is writing about the same South Carolina community which was the setting for his earlier and very popular book, *The View from Pompey's Head*. But in the new book he has gone back to January of 1861, when the plantation society, assembled in Caledonia Hall for the gayest event of the season, is agitated by the Administration's refusal to surrender the forts in Charleston Harbor and is up in arms for secession. The Light Infantry Ball is always preceded by a parade, and this year the volunteers have been drilling in earnest under the leadership of Ules Monckton, their captain and the publisher of the Pompey's Head *Morning News*. Monckton is a fire-eater, and the fanaticism which he brings to any gathering brooks neither reason nor remonstrance. When he challenges John Bottomley, the son of the ex-governor, who has studied at the College of New Jersey in Princeton and who, because of his Northern exposure, holds certain misgivings about the war, to account for his views, the tempers explode and a duel is arranged for the following dawn.

Using this lively, well-lit scene for his frontispiece, the author, in a series of skillful flashbacks, draws us into the life of John Bottomley. He is thirty and a bachelor. His education in the North has broadened his outlook and set him apart from his contemporaries in Pompey's Head, and his solitary life at Deerskin, the upriver rice plantation which he has been managing for his father, has left him somber, laconic, self-doubtful. On his return from college, he had the misfortune to fall in love with the attractive Lydia Chadwick, a dressmaker's daughter turned teacher and very much on the make, and when she married Senator Stanhope, who was twice John's age and twice as wealthy, his cynicism deepened.

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Through John's eyes we watch the deterioration eating away at the heart of his family and the degradation which the South suffers through its treatment of the slaves. Curiously, the general corruption is more believable than either John's infatuation or his repentance.

THE RUBÁIYÁT

The year 1859 saw the publication, along with *Adam Bede*, *Idylls of the King*, *On the Origin of Species*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*, of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, translated into English verse by an author who chose to remain anonymous. The work continued for months to be unsold and unread, but when it finally caught the public attention, it achieved an immense popularity which has endured unabated to the present day. A bookstore is hardly a bookstore without the *Rubáiyát*.

The translator, of course, was Edward FitzGerald, who believed that in the translation of poetry aesthetic and emotional effect was of the first importance. Literal fidelity to the original text was merely a nice thing to have if it could be managed. This freebooting theory produced one of the great poems of the nineteenth century and the most unreliable trot in scholastic history.

In honor of the *Rubáiyát's* hundredth anniversary and in tribute to the audacity of its creative translator, the Colby College Press has issued a centennial edition called simply FITZGERALD'S RUBÁIYÁT ($6.25). The editor is CARL J. WEBER, whose introduction is amusing as well as learned and informative. The text follows the first edition, but the footnotes record FitzGerald's later revisions, pertinent quotations from other scholars, opinions by FitzGerald's contemporaries, literal versions of the Persian, and stray odds and ends. A lean introduction and fat footnotes make a sensible combination, leaving the book primarily and properly FitzGerald's own.

OPEN WATER

Cruising is one of the few amateur sports left, and any good book about it should be as informal as an old sneaker. In READY ABOUT (Barnes, $5.00) "Captain" G. PEABODY GARDNER, of Boston, Harvard 1910, tells of his sailing adventures down East these past five decades; tells of his favorite sailing companions and of what they contributed to each expedition; tells other yachtsmen which anchorages to explore and which to avoid; tells nostalgically of his happy summers on that beautiful half-moon, Roque Island. This is a sailing log of happy ships and agreeable men made entertaining by the author's good humor and by his insistence upon living well at sea.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

OLD QUESTIONS

The Nan Patterson Case BY NEWMAN LEVY

Did the luscious lady shoot the villain in that hansom cab? Mr. Levy, son of her defending lawyer, doesn't know, but he has done a fine job of reconstructing one of New York's gaudier murder trials. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, $3.75.

Poltergeists BY SACHEVERELL SITWELL

Whether you believe in the noisy ghosts or think it's all the work of little Willie, these accounts of notable infestations, plus the author's beguiling speculations, should prove rewarding. UNIVERSITY, $5.75.

The Vanishing Evangelist

BY LATELY THOMAS

When Aimee Semple McPherson, that chiffon-swathed bride of holiness, vanished into the Pacific Ocean and reappeared weeks later with a yarn about kidnaping, the state of California took action as lunatic as the situation itself. Mr. Thomas does the affair hilarious justice. VIKING, $4.95.

ARTISTS' LIVES

Pasternak: A Pictorial Biography

BY GERD RUGE

A brief, businesslike text and a great many pictures of one of the most photogenic writers of our time, also of his friends, relatives, enemies, and colleagues, not to mention a few Soviet tanks. MCGRAW-HILL, $5.00.

Joy Ride BY DWIGHT TAYLOR

Another reminiscence of the nineteen twenties by one who was there, vastly amusing and, in its pseudofrivolous way, more enlightening than most of the earnest studies made of the period. PUTNAM'S, $3.95.

Puccini BY MOSCO CARNER

Puccini's career was too successful to provide any suspense, but the author does his best with Freudian speculation and rows about librettos. His discussion of the structure and characteristics of the operas is detailed and solidly useful. KNOPF, $7.50.

Picasso BY ROLAND PENROSE

Mr. Penrose, trained as a painter, active in the art world, and a friend of Picasso's, has written an admirably inclusive and knowing book on Picasso's life and work. HARPER, $6.00.

Theophile Gautier: His Life and Times

BY JOANNA RICHARDSON

Poet, critic, and painter, Gautier managed to get his hand into almost everything that went on in France during his sixty years, and his biographer necessarily proceeds at a good clip. COWARD-MCCANN, $5.00.

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THE ATLANTIC

Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

Psychiatry, the kind that involves the couch and the patient's untrammeled recollections, must be a pitifully boring profession. Imagine spending hours listening to the childish terrors, old grievances, groundless remorse of an agitated stranger in the hope that something of interest may eventually turn up. What prompts this sympathetic reflection, which I have no doubt all psychiatrists will repudiate, is the reading of SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR'S MEMOIRS OF A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER (World, $5.00), a book which has been highly praised in France and arrives in this country accompanied by a fanfare that would give stiff competition to the trump of doom.

Miss de Beauvoir's memories are perfectly orderly, to be sure. She is born on page 1 and by page 382 has nearly completed her education and has made the acquaintance of her well-known ally, Jean-Paul Sartre. If anything happened between these dates of which the reader is not made aware, it can only be through uncharacteristic oversight on the part of the author. Nobody since Boswell has had such passionate faith in the general interest of his most trifling experiences, but Boswell left his adventures in manuscript. He also thought some of his affairs were comic. Miss de Beauvoir has no such frivolous notions.

She was the daughter of a prosperous bourgeois couple, her mother a devout Catholic and her father somewhat skeptical in matters of faith but, as a mildly successful social climber, intensely devoted to the proper forms of conduct. These parents shared a sexual prudishness that would have struck Queen Victoria as excessive. When World War I swept away most of the family fortune, such grace and gaiety as existed in the household went with it, for the new poor are usually even more awkward than the new rich.

The circumstances in which Miss de Beauvoir and her sister grew up, then, were not the most pleasant in the world. Girl friends were suspect and boy friends practically out of the question. Mail was censored. Reading was supervised to such an extent that the young Simone appears to have been given a bowdlerized edition of *Little Women*. Although highly intelligent, the author was such a docile child that when her mother pinned together a few pages of an otherwise innocuous book, she made no attempt to remove the pin or to peer around the corners at forbidden delights. When rebellion came, it was as complete as her previous submission had been. She gave up religion, Papa's politics, good manners, and clean fingernails in that order, and took to reading evil authors like Gide, arguing philosophy, and drinking gin with her cousin Jacques. Her parents became monstrous oppressors, the essence of Philistinism.

Does all this begin to arouse the suspicion that we have been here before? Quite right, we have. Miss de Beauvoir has written a standard, possibly the definitive account of the rebellious young intellectual of the twenties. Other authors have done the same thing with a clearer view of their associates, a more vivid re-creation of the style and chatter of the period, a better understanding of their own motives, and various degrees of wit. Miss de Beauvoir's distinction is that she has conveyed, probably unintentionally, the agony of that rebellion when it occurred in a person who combined adult intelligence and enterprise with a child's dependence on parental approval. It was not enough that her parents gave in, more easily than many, to each of her revolts. She is still irritated by their failure to enjoy them, which is a foolish grievance for an author of fifty-one years, but goes far toward explaining her left-wing politics and her recent heated defense of women against the abuses of the Middle Ages. The poor girl is still quarreling with Father.

LINES FOR A PORTRAIT

YES, MRS. WILLIAMS (McDowell Obolensky, $3.50) is a memoir c

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a completely different cast, being WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS' portrait of his mother. The senior Mrs. Williams, crippled by a broken hip, spent the last years of her life in her son's house, where she lived to an astounding age. The book is based on notes taken during this period and therefore does not pretend to display the whole character of the poet's mother or to tell anything like the full story of her life.

Mrs. Williams came from Martinique, and her ancestry was half French, half a mixture of Dutch, Basque, and heaven knows what other nationalities that went adventuring in the Caribbean. As a girl, she studied painting in Paris, but the money ran out and she was called home to marry and move to the United States, a country where she never felt quite at ease. On the pretext of getting her help, actually to keep her amused, her son set her to work on a piece of Spanish translation, and around the edges of this work, they talked. He wrote her down, the old lady protesting sharply when she caught him at it.

The little book that has been made from these notes is a curious thing. It is unmistakably the random talk of a very old lady whose mind rambles among the parties and scandals of her girlhood in another country. Nothing holds together. Like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, odd events and inexplicable details form patterns which suddenly fall into confusion. Her parents laughed a lot; she used to dance like a hurricane; young men got into mischief and were hustled off to distant sugar plantations; parrots talked and guests recited from Corneille in the parlor. Names come and go, inexplicable as the weather.

It is Dr. Williams' intention to show that his mother was good, not in the sugary Mother's Day fashion, for she was high-strung, erratic, mystical, discontented — a real Tartar, is the truth of it — but good for him. The statement is believable, since affection and respect underlie all he writes about her, but the why and how of this goodness remain foggy, I suspect because Dr. Williams has chosen to write of his mother only in the period when she no longer was able to exercise influence on anybody. Whatever she did to or for her son was finished long before. There is no essential connection between William Carlos Williams, poet and physician, and this peppery old lady with an addiction to French and Spanish proverbs and mildly naughty stories about nineteenth-century sanitary facilities. She might be a patient or a talkative dining-car acquaintance. In this respect, the question of doing what the author says he meant to do, the book is not entirely successful, but it has life and cantankerous charm.

ISLAND MAGIC

T. H. WHITE, author of Arthurian novels, books on falconry, and scholarly disquisitions on this and that, has written a book about western Ireland called THE GODSTONE AND THE BLACKYMOR (Putnam, $3.95). It is a series of sketches about his adventures and observations in a country which struck him as truly magical, among people whom he describes, with loving respect, as kindly and subtle barbarians.

Mr. White went to Ireland to fish and hunt, and a good many of his pieces pretend to be about fishing and shooting, but *The Godstone and the Blackymor* is nothing like the usual sporting book. For one thing, the fishing is always terrible — or else Mr. White is no fisherman — and the geese are usually on the other side of the bog. These bog expeditions always begin in the middle of a cold night and end with the author and his long-suffering setter shivering in a hole full of ice water and not a feather to show for it.

Between excursions, Mr. White discovered some wonderful things. The Blackymor of the title, an African who peddles snake oil at remote country fairs, inspired Mr. White to reflections on the courage and ingenuity of all Africans and Asiatics who undertake to hack their way through the drear jungles of European civilization. "What Livingstones and Stanleys meet in Whitechapel, I wonder."

The Godstone is, or was, a sacred rock that did wonders on a tiny and now deserted island. There had been some hokeypokey about its disposition and character. Mr. White, goose shooting (his only lucky strike) alone on the island, worked himself into a visionary uproar about this rock. He gave up geese to prove that the Godstone was a pagan idol, phallic symbol, Norse battle ax, or

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anything but what he sheepishly admitted it to be after worrying the pious schoolmistress and stirring up half the ancients in the district.

It was no surprise to Mr. White to rent a house and find it exactly as the owners left it in 1890, complete with pampas grass and curling irons. He observed the courting habits of the Irish with admiring bewilderment, heard about a man who had decided to become a bird, walked on fairy fire, and discovered two modest bards. Mr. White can bring his Irish friends to life in a couple of deft sentences and loves them as he loves their wild and beautiful country, which he describes superbly. If his pose of incompetent sportsman and bumbling Briton sometimes wears a bit thin, it is still the most graceful pose under the circumstances and for the most part works very well.

ZEN: JAPANESE AND U.S. STYLE

THE TEMPLE OF THE GOLDEN PAVILION (Knopf, $4.00) is a novel by the fantastically energetic Japanese writer, YUKIO MISHIMA, based on an episode which actually took place in 1950. An ugly young acolyte with a stutter, attached to an old and revered Zen Buddhist temple, deliberately set fire to the structure and destroyed it, allegedly out of simple jealousy. The temple was beautiful and he was not. The court, naturally, found him insane. The novel is Mr. Mishima's reconstruction of the character and thinking of this dismal arsonist, who tells his own story with Dostoevskian fervor.

The progress of Mizoguchi from a nervous, shy, but well-behaved youth to a psychotic bent upon destroying his position, his future, and himself is always interesting, full of subtly convincing touches. Read simply as a novel of character, *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion* is impressive. No doubt it is intended to be, and for a Japanese audience is, much more than that. The setting, the criminal, and the victim are Buddhist properties. Many episodes involve Zen ritual and many conversations repeat Zen doctrine and tradition, sometimes in perverted forms. I doubt that any reader who comes to the book without a knowledge of Zen Buddhism can hope to understand it fully. What's more, I doubt that anyone with a purely scholarly knowledge of Zen can respond emotionally to what he understands.

Granted that the non-Buddhist reader will, at best, have difficulties with it, the novel is worth reading for its presentation of Mizoguchi and his horrid friend Kashiwagi, for its exquisite descriptions of Japanese buildings and landscape, for the variety and unexpectedness of its action, and for that quality of life without which a novel is nothing but a pile of wasted paper.

Zen Buddhism leads nowadays to the beats, beatniks, beat generation, or whatever one chooses to call those people in California who seem to be getting more hostile attention on less publication than any previous group of originals in history. In THE HOLY BARBARIANS (Messner, $5.00), LAWRENCE LIPTON, a fine poet and veteran of every literary uprising since 1920, undertakes to explain the beat to the squares — that is, the rest of us. Mr. Lipton has more or less joined the group, a bit on the patriarchal side perhaps, but too good a *condottiere* to sit out the war. The beatniks could hardly ask for a more persuasive spokesman.

A good deal of the book is straight portraiture. Mr. Lipton describes the people he knows in Venice, California, reports their conversations and activities, and gives what he has pieced together of their history. Most of Mr. Lipton's subjects are serious writers or painters or musicians and determined to practice these arts whether or not they can make any money by them. Sporadic jobs to stave off landlords and pay for groceries are permissible among the beat; steady work that interferes with one's art is not. They feel that the world is against them for this attitude, although in fact artists have been driven to it ever since the old system of aristocratic patronage, which had its drawbacks too, broke down. The question arises, who on earth is persecuting the beats, and the answer is, nobody would bother them at all if they just quit throwing bottles through other people's windows. For a dedicated artist, being ignored is a dreary fate indeed, and the beat ward it off with alcohol marijuana, and love affairs, which even in Mr. Lipton's sympathetic prose, sound about as intimate as a conversation between St. Simeon Stylites and a grounded disciple.

It is only fair to explain that I am putting my own interpretation on

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Mr. Lipton's very entertaining report. He considers his beat friends the true successors of the experimenters of the nineteen twenties, of whom he has some raffishly amusing recollections, and thinks their way of life a sensible protest against a money-grubbing, machinery-ridden society. The least attractive thing about the beat crowd is its messianic smugness. It seems never to have struck these rebels against suburbia that there are members of the human race who lack all talent for poetry and bongo drums. What's going to keep them off the streets if they have no lawn to mow? And I wish I could follow the delicate arguments by which the beat square their fierce dedication to hi-fi sets with their contempt for machinery.

The only book handy to illustrate the work of the beats is a recently published novel by JACK KEROUAC, their self-elected spokesman but no longer a resident of the sacred precincts. DOCTOR SAX (Grove, $3.50) is recently published only; it was written in 1952. Mr. Kerouac seems to have given up writing after the success of *On the Road* and contents himself with exhuming earlier works from a bottomless trunk.

The novel records, in Joycean confusion but with no trace of Joyce's learning and wit, the fantasies of good and evil running through the head of a French-Canadian boy living in Lowell, Massachusetts, during the twenties. The fantasy is clobbered up out of old movies and bits of fairy tales, plus Dracula and, unless I have lost my bearings in the fog, the works of H. P. Lovecraft. I kept looking hopefully for the forbidden Necronomicon of the Mad Arab, Abdul What's-his-name, but never quite sighted it. There are some fine flashes of description and a good juvenile view of a flood, but I don't believe a word of the cosmic fantasy. I don't believe that the boy would have got hold of the books, or used them in such a way, and I am reasonably certain that flying saucers are a gimmick not available at the period.

If Mr. Kerouac is to be taken as typical of the beat group, their indifference to money must be classed as a curable eccentricity. Profit seems the only possible motive for releasing this piece of juvenile crimshaw.

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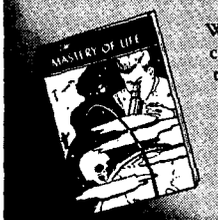

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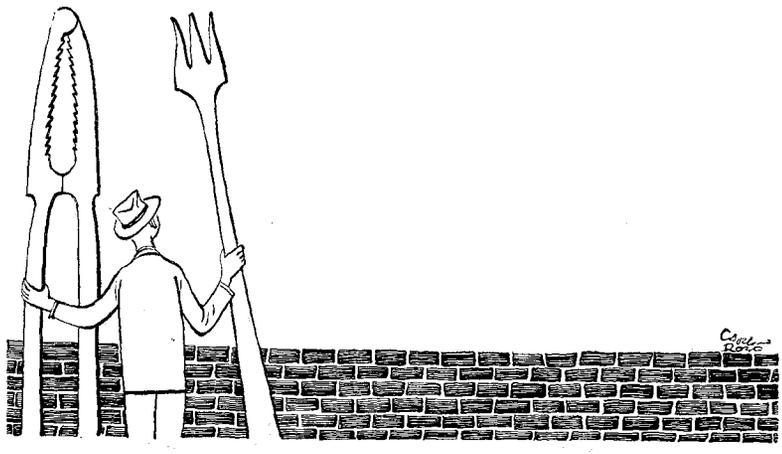

Accent on

LOBSTERS are cheap along the New England coast. Often during the summer season the supermarkets offer them as low as 45 cents a pound; 50 or 55 cents is a commonplace. Even at the peak of the summer rush, lobsters are to be had, in expensive resort areas, for 70 cents or so. There was a great uproar, a couple of years ago, and the Department of Justice rolled its antitrust juggernaut in all its majesty over an association of Maine lobstermen, when they tried to establish something higher than the 32-cent price paid them by the wholesalers.

Few items can be put on the table with so little kitchen work and so quickly as lobsters. Yet by the time they are ordered, as a treat for the whole family, by the genial summer traveler from the hinterland, their price in many a water's-edge dining room has risen to $3 to $5 per portion. The gouge in this case is not only an inhospitality to the stranger, but it undermines, also, the principle that whenever lobsters are served, there should be plenty of them.

Fortunately for the traveler, the roadside lobster specialist now comes forward and with outdoor fires, large caldrons, and a tank of briskly kicking lobsters proceeds to restore a fair competitive balance. His sign may have an "S" or two reversed, and his smokestack may be a bit out of plumb, but he has lobsters in abundance at something under half the restaurant prices. His customers can eat their lobsters under the best possible conditions: alfresco, with ample elbowroom, rocks at hand for cracking knuckles and claws, and an easy riddance of debris — in short, a self-service picniclike meal with second helpings ready at short notice.

A vast mythology has developed about lobsters, much of it so silly as to warrant some correction. The quality of the lobster, for instance, is believed to vary greatly from one locality to another. Maine usually tops the list, according to this legend, and the further south one goes, the poorer the lobster; the flavor is said to decline; the meat is tasteless and tougher, much tougher. Yet the same legend sets up an even heavier prejudice against lobsters from Nova Scotia and the Maritime Provinces, although these have been living in freshly circulating sea water, in the holds of the big pickup boats, right up to the moment of their delivery, scores of thousands at a time, to the distributing companies along our own coast. A Marbleheader would be shocked at the idea of an edible lobster being taken on the outside of Cape Cod, but the man in Stoning-

ton, Maine, is sure any Marblehead lobster must taste like something ou of the freezer. At Gloucester th natives stare in unbelief when one o the Canadian boats comes in an unloads: Can it be that America citizens are reduced to eating *Nov Scotia* lobsters?

The best scientific opinion hold that the quality of all these lobster is identical and that most of the bia in behalf of the local product is carry-over from suspicions — ofte well founded — of fish from distan parts. Many a trawler's cargo reache the market after touring the fishin grounds for days or even weeks, o ice in the hold, with the result tha some seacoast residents, especiall the down-Easters, refuse all but th catch of local fishermen.

But lobsters at the roadside boilin stations are unmistakably alive an kicking. (They are equally so whe on sale in Kansas City or Chicag but no matter.) The prices are low The big ones are just as tender as th little ones. Boiled is better tha broiled. Melted butter helps but i unnecessary. The only parts wort working on are tails, knuckles, an claws, and the conscientious di mantling of the carapace is a com plete waste of time. Beverage: col beer.

CHARLES W. MORTO

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Yachtsman

BY JOHN J. ROWLANDS

JOHN J. ROWLANDS *lives at the water's edge of Massachusetts Bay on the rocks at Cohasset. A new edition of his delightful book,* CACHE LAKE COUNTRY, *is in preparation.*

Nothing makes some men happier than just owning a cabin cruiser, and by the same token nothing can change a man so quickly. From the carefree fellow who spent days on the water when he had a skiff with an outboard, he becomes the master of a streamlined complex of mahogany and machinery tied for weeks at a time to four hundred pounds of concrete.

After yawing and yearning for years, the yachtsman finally wrings $19,000 out of his bank for the craft of his dreams. She has twin engines, makes twenty knots, and sleeps four. The stainless steel galley has a gas stove and refrigerator. Electric head, too, and all the instruments for finding depth, distance, and direction provided under the sales terms, "completely equipped and ready to go." Ship-to-shore telephone, of course.

The cruiser is delivered at his mooring in the middle of May.

"What's the use of putting a lot of money into a boat if you don't take advantage of a long season? I say, get her into the water early!"

The owner takes a little time getting the feel of the new boat. As a matter of fact, he doesn't even move her off the mooring for the first week, although he spends hours just sitting in the stern, looking her over and puttering about. No impetuous rushing to sea like certain people he could mention. At the end of the first week he ferries the family out for their first supper in the cockpit.

"Why rush? We have the whole summer ahead of us."

Like every man of the sea, this one is a disciplinarian and takes things seriously. No one ever questions the captain's decision. An order, he explains to friends unfamiliar with the sea, is an order whether or not you like it. It is obeyed without question.

Every boatowner has his little taboos, if not prejudices — but don't we all? This one will not permit guests to bring egg salad or tuna fish sandwiches aboard if he can help it. "As deadly as banana skins underfoot." Yet he delights in carving a watermelon in the cockpit, although the little black seeds on linoleum are just as slippery. Children accompanied by chewing gum are unwelcome. He has a special hate: the sight of gulls perched on the cruiser's cabin invariably triggers off explosive comments.

The yachtsman is a believer in environmental psychology. He encourages the family to join him aboard the cruiser as often as possible to share the magic spell of twilight at anchor in the cove. The children take turns sitting on the helmsman's seat to twirl the wheel and pretend they are under way.

Once in a while, when he is not too busy working on the boat, he springs a surprise by dropping the mooring and running down as far as the first channel buoy at sunset. It is his fond hope that from such happy associations his children — and eventually, perhaps, his wife — will develop an enduring love for the sea and all it means to him.

As a prospective fourth vice president in his firm, he has little time to spend on the boat during the week, but every evening after dinner he takes advantage of the long twilight to keep her in top shape. Once a week he sponges her down — fresh water, of course — edging along her sides in the dinghy until every inch of the hull is glistening. On Sundays he waxes the cockpit, mops the deck, polishes brass, and checks the fire alarm system. On Saturday mornings, if the barometer is high, he airs the cushions in the cockpit and checks the engine bed bolts.

Like any fellow with a boat, he has lots of friends, and he is almost certain to invite you for "a run to sea on the first good Saturday or Sunday." He will give you a call. That's that, but you must remember that the boat keeps him pretty busy.

At first some of us thought he was rather hard on the family, for the children were always begging for a trip on the bay — "just a teeny weeny one, Dad." As he explained it to me one lovely Sunday morning while he painted the dinghy on the dock: "If you have salt in your blood and really love a boat, you naturally want to keep her shipshape and in top condition. That means constant attention to every detail, and you don't have much time left for just running about for the fun of it."

Later, after two or three drinks on my veranda, he picked up the subject again. "To see what I mean, take that blue cruiser at the yacht club anchorage. The slime at her water line shows she's hardly been out this summer. Sure, as a thirty-foot, fifty-horsepower, snub-nosed, and top-heavy cocktail lounge, she's a whiz, but she's not shipshape and she's not seaworthy. Now take mine — fit for the sea any time. Fact is, we could take off for Maine on a minute's notice if there was any reason to."

We noted that the yachtsman softened as the season wore on, and it was pleasant to see him bring the cruiser in to the dock on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon to let the children romp in the cockpit while he cleaned the bright work and his wife mopped.

It is only fair to say, too, that several times the family ran out and anchored to watch the finish of the sailing races a mile offshore. And, say what you like, it is to the yachtsman's credit that twice he took us with his family for lunch in a cove on Blacksmith Island. They also went out as far as the Light Ship, which is a round trip of fully an hour.

There was a lot of talk about spending a night on the boat, but as he said: "By the time you lug all your food and gear out to the boat, make up the bunks, get the refrigerator down to moderate cold, adjust the stove burners, cook supper, wash greasy dishes in two quarts of tepid water — sometimes without soap because you forgot it — check the bilge

for gas, and drop the cockpit curtains, it's a question whether it makes good sense. Cruising? Well, man! Now that's something else again."

There are many signs that indicate a man may own a boat. One is early symptoms of perfectionism. If the

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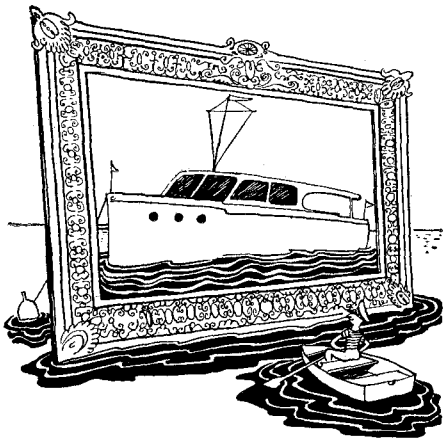

engines purr like a pair of well-synchronized cats, he has got to find out why. He generally stops the purring by fiddling with the carburetor or timing.

Our cruiser friend is the nervous sniffer type who well knows the danger of gasoline vapors in the bilge. And that is proper. But when by midsummer he had not detected the slightest whiff of gas, he pulled up the floor panels to see why. He had now reached the "can't leave well enough alone" stage. As long as the floor boards are up, why not tighten the gas line connections?

His curiosity as to why his boat was not leaking finally got the better of him in August, and he had her hauled. Peace of mind can be cheap at almost any price, but the boatyard bill elevated him to the "What in heck do they think I am?" level of owning a boat.

Two or three times during the summer, the cruiser suddenly disappeared from her mooring. These absences, which sometimes lasted as long as a week, were directly related to early alerts on storms sulking in the South Atlantic some two thousand miles away. One log entry tells the story: "South Atlantic storm alert. Tied up at yard pending further reports."

There was a good deal of talk about a stag cruise over Labor Day, but a weather front moving down from Hudson Bay suggested caution and delay. Then the owner detected "considerably more than minimum play" in the steering linkage. The boatyard figured at least a day to tighten things up. The cruise was off.

Three days later the boat was hauled out for the season.

"The early bird gets the best berth in the winter storage shed."

I was with him when he made the season's last entry in the log: "Engines in operation and under way thirteen hours, thirty minutes, May 15–September 4."

As we left he gave her stern an affectionate slap. "Well done, old gal. See you at our mooring in the spring."

ALONE IN THE HOUSE

BY AMES ROWE QUENTIN

Jonas is what I shall rename the cat —
That orange sinister a child brought home
Disguised as kitten: fluffy, sweet, and warm,
Smelling — as specified — of proper scones.
Jonas, I say: he does not like my food,
He loves my chair — I hate to tip him out,
But still it *is* my chair — Jonas the cat
Carries my failures and my meannesses,
My coldnesses, and by his calm, my rage.
When I see Jonas I recall my sins
And stand tight-lipped, staring at that damned cat.
I will not kick him; decency forbids.
I still have decency, if nothing else.

Box Score

BY WILLIAM O'HALLAREN

William O'Hallaren lives in Hollywood, California, and is a news writer for the American Broadcasting Company.

While the baseball season is still too young for any sweeping predictions, there seems reason to believe that it is going to be a fine one, statistically, and by World Series time we will have seen a good many records shattered. Of course, it is not likely to match 1938, when sixty-seven different records were broken, giving the year an incredible average of .163 in record shattering, a feat none of us can ever seriously hope to see repeated.

Old-timers may moan for the days when a baseball season would not see more than seven or eight records done in, but they are wrong in grumbling that today's livelier ball makes all the difference. The truth is that they just did not keep statistics as carefully in those days, and though our elders may grow indignant at this, the chances are a great many records were broken and they didn't even notice.

Take Umpire Bacon McGurk's unsurpassed showing in Chicago on July 8, 1953, when he was behind home plate in the Cubs-Cardinal game. We all know that was the day McGurk threw forty-two new balls into the game, an average of 4.667 an inning, an all-time major league record. Old-timers, if they are honest, will admit that before 1931 no one even counted the number of new balls thrown into the game, so the chances are that some long-forgotten arbiter actually topped the McGurk record, but because no one was counting he is lost to fame.

Carefully kept statistics prevent injustices like that and enable a feat to live on, no matter what happens to the doer. Take Tom-Tom Bentley. Few of us were at Briggs Stadium that afternoon in June of 1947 when he cracked the major league record for time consumed walking from the bull pen to the mound — an astounding eighty-three seconds — yet because the facts are preserved, we can all share in the event. Hundreds, thousands of pitchers have slowly come and slowly gone since then, but none has touched that mark. Tom-Tom's fame is se

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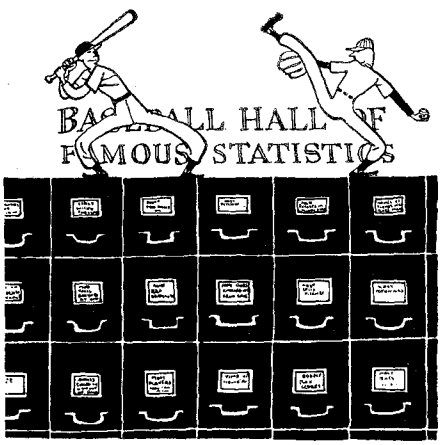
cure, even though he spent only three weeks in the majors and has since retired to his possum farm.

Many of Tom-Tom's fans feel that if he could have been in the majors longer he might have threatened the famed seventy-two seconds for circling the bases after a home run, set by Mighty Jim Hawkins of the old St. Louis Browns on September 4, 1932. Those who saw Mighty Jim that day insist that he appeared to be in full dogtrot for every one of those seventy-two seconds. It is the sort of achievement only a Bentley could successfully challenge.

The last serious assault on the Hawkins mark was made by Frankie Whippletree, a 315-pound utility catcher for the Washington Senators, who sprained an ankle after a pinch homer in the bottom half of a twin bill against the White Sox on July 10, 1941. Despite the advantages of his weight and lameness, he still could limp across the plate in nothing better than fifty-two seconds. A creditable showing but nothing more.



Yet if it were not for carefully kept statistics, many who saw Whippletree that day might have claimed it was the longest time ever taken in rounding the bases.

It is encouraging to note that serious consideration is finally being given to the much-talked-about Hall of Statistics at Cooperstown. True fans have long felt that the Hall of Fame was inadequate, especially because of its obsession with hitting and pitching and the results of games. All of these are worth while, but are only a part of the sport.

Present plans call for the hall to be built in the shape of a giant IBM machine with a suitable box score engraved above the entrance. There is already sharp dispute over which box score should be chosen. Fans agree it should be the game richest in statistics, but final selection has not yet been made. The Brooklyn-Boston game of May 1, 1920, went twenty-six innings and is certainly a contender. The Philadelphia-Detroit game of July 21, 1945, went only twenty-four innings but lasted fifty-eight minutes longer than the 1920 affair and is now slightly favored. Each was called because of darkness with the score tied (one-all, for those who care about scores).

The Hall of Statistics will be built of brick, and exact records will be kept of the number of bricks used, number broken, mason with the highest percentage of breaks, longest brick used, shortest, most bricks set with one trowel of mortar, and similar pertinent information. Plans call for copies of these figures to be sent to all fans who contribute to the construction of the hall, along with an autographed picture of the mason who achieved the most records during the construction period.

Introductions

BY LOYD ROSENFIELD

To me nothing is more superfluous than introductions at a cocktail party. I do well to remember the name of my drink.

I think hostesses should merely print name signs for the guests and hang them around their necks when they enter. For couples who are very close, print one sign: MR. & MRS. ALLEN JOHNSON. Couples who get enough of each other at home could have separate signs.

It would save confusion, too. For example, a bachelor would be much more likely to go up and talk to a girl whose sign read MISS OKLAHOMA CITY than one whose sign read MRS. ED BUSH.

I am always suspicious of people who remember my name after having been introduced to me only once. I always feel certain they have put me on some mailing list or other.

My wife finds it curious that when I am introduced to nine people at once, the only name I remember is that of someone's beautiful blonde cousin from Allentown. I always tell her not to fret about it — useless information is what remains in my mind the longest.

There is one couple I have been introduced to eight times and who never seem to remember my name or face. They always murmur "So nice to know you." So do I. I can hold out as long as they can. But I did feel rather strange the last time this happened. It was their party and I had been invited.

There seems to be some conjecture about which is correct: "Joe, I'd like you to meet Bill Callahan," or "Bill, I'd like you to meet Joe Lafayette." Some people go by age, length of friendship, or relative importance. Frankly, I have never found that this makes the slightest difference, especially when you learn that their names are actually Mike Robinson and Alfred Doane.

Since you are usually holding a drink when you are introduced, there is some question of whether you should transfer the drink to your left hand and shake hands with your damp right hand, or simply shake hands with your dry left hand. I lean to the dry left hand group, because once you have transferred your drink to the left hand you are left with two damp hands. Hostesses should furnish an Introduction Towel, with which a guest can dry his right hand when he is about to be introduced.

The whole thing is even more awkward when you are holding an hors d'oeuvre in one hand and a drink in the other. One can only bow in a Continental manner. The only trouble with this is that it always causes me to slosh a little of my drink into my shoe.

One enthusiastic handshaker grabbed my hand once while I had a herring canapé in it. I let him have it.

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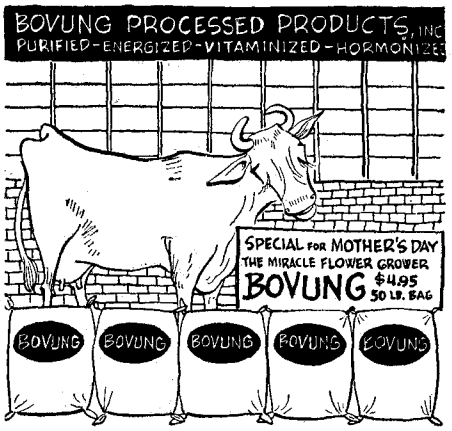

Fertilizer

BY JEFF WYLIE

JEFF WYLIE was the head of TIME'S Boston bureau before becoming director of public relations at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Recently an intense young suburbanite of my acquaintance asked for and received as a Mother's Day gift a fifty-pound sack of Bovung. At the risk of appearing to give a commercial endorsement, I must report that her marigolds flourished beautifully as a result of the generous use of the fertilizer. But I keep reflecting on my Great-uncle Willie and his amazement and contempt when he learned that my third cousin Lester had contracted to buy an entire week's accumulation in the state fair cattle barns. Not that Uncle Willie didn't appreciate manure. He was a successful dirt farmer, and he knew that farmers don't live by dirt alone. He also knew that although there were no coals in Newcastle, Indiana, there was plenty of what Lester bought, and there would be no profit in shipping it by the carload all the way from the fairgrounds at Indianapolis.

Cousin Lester was not committed to an institution, though any Hoosier jury would have quickly adjudged him a hopeless lunatic. After all, he was harmless, and the family merely made certain thereafter that he never had access to more than enough money to buy a bag of tobacco.

The fact was, of course, that Cousin Lester was born forty years before his time. He had the makings of a great tycoon, and would have been one if he had grown up in this age of packaging, trick trade names, and cowlessness. How could he or Great-uncle Willie have guessed that the time would come when suburban housewives would pay well for what everybody then had plenty of? How, for that matter, could they have dreamed that grocery stores would sell dainty plastic packages (fourteen ounces — no one sells a full pound of anything these days) of sterilized, sifted, odorless, enriched, moisturized, government-inspected, untouched-by-human-hands dirt?

This surely offers a hint of what is yet to come when overpopulation of the earth puts elbowroom at a premium, when all food comes from chemical plants, and when only the rich can afford flower boxes with geraniums growing in genuine, old-fashioned soil. They may have, by that time, used up most of the four-letter words in the English language for names of soap, deodorants, and bug-killers, and may label the product "Dirt" (with soilium added) or use some of the words that Uncle Willie used to use.

I figure that at present prices the topsoil on Uncle Willie's acres today would be worth $875 million, and perhaps twice that much if vitamins and hormones were added. But Cousin Lester and I missed our chance to make a fortune, for Uncle Willie's farm is covered with ranch houses beautified with flowers that thrive in the best soil and Bovung that the supermarkets sell.

BALLAD OF THE RED GIANTS

BY JOSEPH HANSEN

When we observe a star with a greatly distended bulk, we know that this star has had sufficient time since it was born to consume most of its initial supply of hydrogen. In small stars, such as the Sun, that have not yet lived long . . . there can be no great degree of swelling. Even so, it seems that there has already been a slight expansion of the Sun. — Fred Hoyle, *The Nature of the Universe*

Betelgeuse, Betelgeuse, what do you do,
Far in the star-black, out-back sky,
Blundering thunderous, bloated and floating,
Swollen and hopeless, older than oldness,
Rolling and roaring, red as a yawn,
Fattening, battening on all your planets
Till all your planets are gobbled and gone —
Betelgeuse, Betelgeuse, what do you do?

I burn.

Big Ras algethi, bigger than Betelgeuse,
Big Ras algethi, red as a railroad
Lantern and gassier, bulging and belching,
Heaving through heaven, hiccuping helium,
Bigger than Betelgeuse, dying of size,
Big Ras algethi, what do you do?

I burn.

Great E Aurigae, monstrous, impossible,
Bigger than both of them, Betelgeuse, Ras,
Dying for hydrogen, rotten with dropsy,
Bleary and bloodshot, pumped up with nothingness,
Doomed and distended, ended and spent —
Giant E Aurigae, what do you do?

I burn.

Little Sol, little Sol, what do you do,
Yellow as Cheddar, bright as a child,
Steady, dependable, smiling and mild,
Rain raiser, grain raiser, seasonable,
Night sleeper, time keeper, reasonable,
Little Sol, little Sol, what do you do?

I burn.

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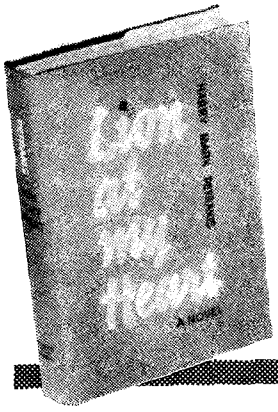

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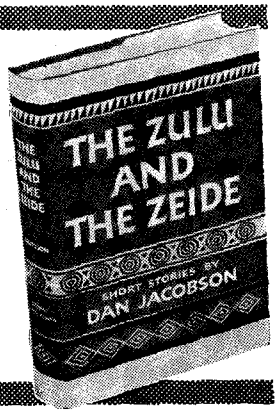

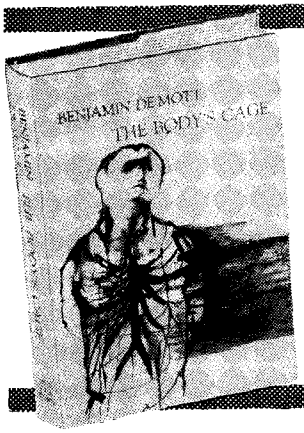

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"HE has a very gentle, subtle way of lighting a lamp first here, then there, until finally a distinctive but very real human situation is revealed in all its poignancy."—ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS. $4.00

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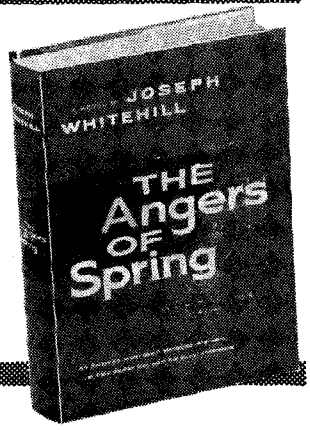

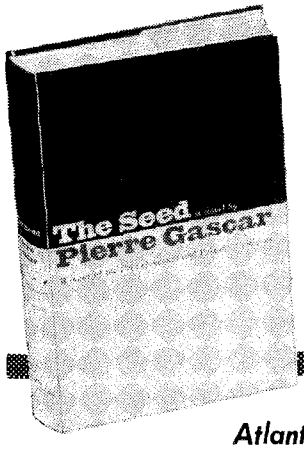

Pierre Gascar
THE SEED

"THE meticulous description of the objects, acts and episodes that make up the child's world are charged with poetry . . . a moving and revealing book on childhood."—*Saturday Review* $3.50

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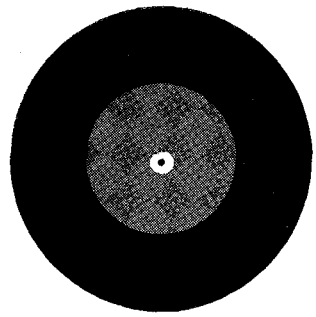

Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Symphonies No. 4 and No. 5
Bruno Walter conducting Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Columbia MS-6055 (stereo) and ML-5365

Here is more of a great conductor's great phonographic testament. The Beethoven Fourth always has seemed to me a Bruno Walter specialty; he gets into it a sort of golden quality that hardly anyone else does. At his hand here it glides and glistens in the remembered way, giving out healthy serenity and captivating with its cleverness; no better Fourth need be sought. In the Fifth, however, Dr. Walter provides us a perplexity. His first movement is taut and strangely toneless in the loud parts; his second is dark and nostalgic. Ernest Ansermet for London has offered lately a far more fiercely dramatic opening movement and a sunnier second. Yet Walter's finale, organized and solidified into something at once monumental and alive, is without peer; by contrast Ansermet's analytic vigor seems calculated. Perhaps I make too much of comparisons. Here are two Beethoven Fifths mightily able to ennoble any of us. The main virtue of the Columbia disc is that it bears two symphonies instead of one. But the London has much the stronger dynamics. It has not been issued, incidentally, in monophonic version.

Handel: Organ Concertos, Op. 7, Nos. 1–6
E. Power Biggs, organ; Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic; Columbia M2S-604 (stereo) and M2L-261: two records

This is the second set of what will be three, containing the complete organ concertos of Handel. Mr. Biggs and Sir Adrian made them, as is now pretty well known, at a church in Great Packington, Warwickshire, using an organ Handel helped design. It is a pleasure to report that this huge and worthy venture of Columbia's continues to be just about as much fun as you can have through a pair of ears. Biggs and Boult are perfect Handelians, in gay mood or grave, and the sound of the little church is ideal for the music.

Hanson: Symphony No. 2, "Romantic"; Lament for Beowulf
Howard Hanson conducting Eastman-Rochester Orchestra; Eastman School Chorus; Mercury SR-90192 (stereo) and MG-50192

The "Romantic" Symphony was written thirty years ago and sounds as new today as it did then. Which is not to say that it ever sounded startlingly novel. I think young Dr. Hanson, writing it, had the same wish Brahms had felt before him: to show that the old form of the symphony could still be forceful and convincing if informed with original musical ideas well thought out. He proved his point, as you will agree hearing this vigorous and moving work in Mercury's fine, strong sound. Yet *Beowulf*, written earlier, is in a way even more interesting. This is North American music, perhaps the most North American I have ever heard, with its triple connection of Scandinavia to Britain to America. It is very powerful. Carl Orff contrived a theme much like one of Hanson's here to launch *Carmina Burana*, but he could not get into its treatment the pure bigness that Hanson conveys. It must be added that Mercury's microphoning was essential to the effect. In stereo especially, *Beowulf* is an engrossing experience.

Haydn: Symphony No. 94, "Surprise"
Oivin Fjelstad conducting Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra; RCA Camden CAS-481 (stereo)

This may not be the greatest "Surprise" ever to come off the stereo stampers, but it was plenty good enough to surprise me at $2.98. RCA seems to have a considerable backlog of these Norwegian treasures for use under its low-price stereo label, and all I have heard so far have been handsomely played and beautifully recorded.

Mozart: Concertos No. 11 and No. 20
Rudolf Serkin, piano; Alexander Schnei-

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der conducting Marlboro Festival Orchestra; Columbia MS-6049 (stereo) and ML-5367

The D Minor Concerto, No. 20, is not only one of Mozart's most immediately endearing works (who can resist the Romanza?), it is perhaps the first really grown-up piano concerto, with no hint of concerto grosso about it and with real dialogue between piano and orchestra. Rudolf Serkin has been studying it fondly for years, and the results are admirably apparent on the record. His New Hampshire summer-school orchestra does not sound like a summer-school orchestra at all, thanks to Mr. Schneider; indeed, the whole record seems a highly skilled labor of love. Concerto No. 11 is a bright impish confection, a nice counter to the masterpiece overside.

Wagner: Götterdämmerung: Brünnhilde's Immolation; Tristan: Prelude and Liebestod

Eileen Farrell, soprano; Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2255 (stereo) and LM-2255

These two great scenes prove a dual sonic virtuosity never really held in doubt. The BSO can make the world's biggest, grandest orchestral sound, and Eileen Farrell can be heard above it, secure as an eagle in the sky. This may not be the most perceptive Wagner ever recorded, but rates among the most exciting.

Joyce: Selections from Finnegans Wake

Siobhan McKenna and Cyril Cusack, readers; Caedmon TC-1086

Hearing and reading simultaneously the words of James Joyce is a naughty joy like no other I know of. The good folk of Caedmon Records now offer us nearly an hour of this: Shem the Penman and Anna Livia Plurabelle from *Finnegans Wake*. The readers on the disc are true lovers of the great man's stopless wit, and the record jacket states that two texts are enclosed (there was only one in mine), which is a good idea. Joyce's work may not long outlast the century, shot through as it is with permutations (orthographical and otherwise) on timely idiom, but this is no time to pause and pity posterity. It is a time to join the epiphanous epiphanist and go happily (in his own words) winging away on a wildgoup's chase across the cathartic ocean. Nothing could be much more fun.

FOR JULY: IN STEREO ON

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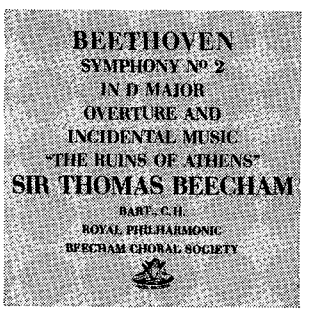
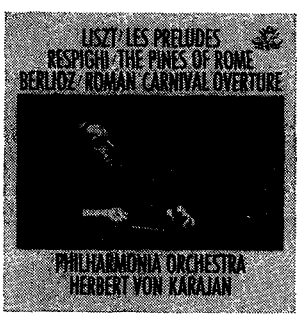
"Almost anything Sir Thomas Beecham turns his hand to emerges the richer for his touch" (*High Fidelity*). In this, his *only* Beethoven *stereo* recording on Angel, the redoubtable Sir Thomas pairs the sparkling Second Symphony with the infrequently-heard Overture and Incidental Music from "Ruins of Athens," Op. 113. The "Ruins of Athens" choral passages are sung in English. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra with the Beecham Choral Society. Angel Stereo S 35509





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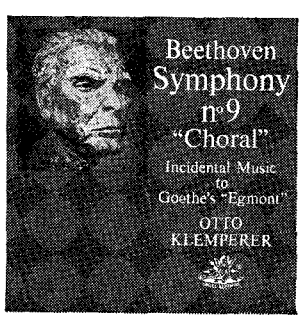

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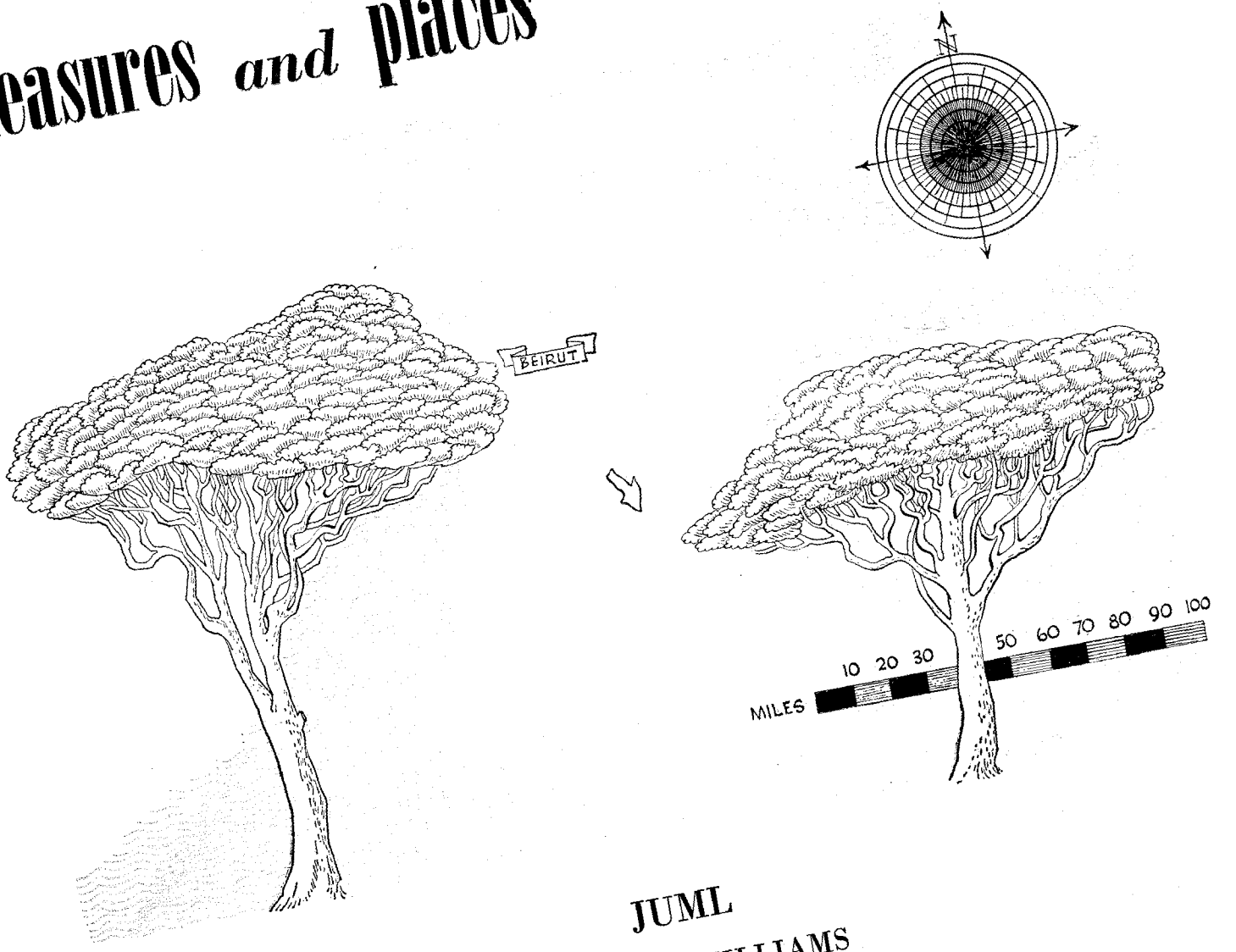

JUML

BY KEITH WILLIAMS

My wife and I spent our twenty-fifth summer in a place called Juml. I was a subsidized scholar, assigned to Lebanon to pursue Arab studies, and she was expecting the birth of our first child in November. In Beirut we had a large apartment overlooking the Mediterranean, but when the university, where I took courses, was about to go into summer recess, the company which employed me decreed that it could not subsidize mere gracious living in the metropolis and directed me to summer with a tribe in Iraq or Syria. Only compassion for my wife, whose condition my employer called "delicate," rescued me from a hard summer in the black tents. A Lebanese village would do nearly as well, he decided, but with a mixture of chivalry and puritanism he circumscribed our choice severely. Our village would have to be Muslim — people spoke too much French in the Christian villages. It had to be high, since an expectant mother should not suffer from the heat. Finally, and rather arbitrarily, it had to be in the South, where the Lebanese were still Arabs and not, as in the Frenchified North, good Mediterraneans with a taste for brandy, pretty unveiled girls, and the records of Mademoiselle Piaf.

The mountains which crowd close to the shore of the eastern Mediterranean are shared by Syria, Lebanon, and Israel, with by far the highest ranges, reaching to ten thousand feet, in Lebanon. With its combination of sea and mountains and the characteristic climate and vegetation of the better-watered parts of the Mediterranean coast line, Lebanon is a sort of Oriental Riviera. It is tiny, almost no part of it farther than two hours by car from the center, Beirut. With its high backbone and narrow beam, it is only a slight exaggeration to say that Lebanon is nearly as tall as it is wide.

One day in May we went village hunting in our old Citroën Quinze and found Juml. The road led south from Beirut to Sidon, then east through Roum to Jezzine, then south again along the flank of a mountain through umbrella pines and fig trees — and we saw it. Below us, amidst blossoming fruit trees and shiny little spring-fed brooks, the village stood on top of a ridge shaped like the breast of a reclining caryatid, with its houses ranged

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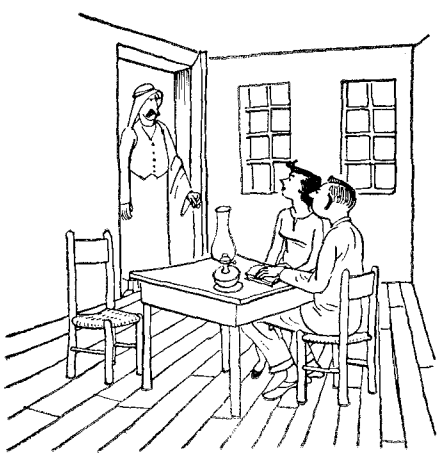
neatly and concentrically around the sides. The needle of a minaret stood near the top of the ridge. Above, a satisfactorily Gothic peak, like something in an old print, loomed up in what would be the path of the rising sun, and, below, the landscape fell away into a mosaic of foothill villages to Sidon and the sea. When we descended into the village square and found that the people were Shi'ite Muslims, we knew that my employer could not fail to approve. It was Southern, Muslim, and high.

But after our first tour of the narrow manure-paved lanes, we could not be sure that *we* approved. We had been abroad only six months, and our standards of housing and sanitation were aggressively American. No screens, no refrigeration, no electricity, and the foreignness and primitiveness of the people dismayed us a little, but we could see that Juml was moderately green. There were fig and nut and apple trees, grapevines, and continuous terraces of cereal and vegetable cultivation among the springs. On our first visit everyone told us proudly that there were three hundred and sixty-five springs, "one for every day of the year."

That first visit was a short one, only an hour or two to find and engage a house. The place we liked best had four rooms around a courtyard overhung with grapevines and fig trees, and was painted inside and



out in pink. One of its three water taps was arranged as a flusher for the courtyard privy, and none of them was in the room we decided to use as a kitchen. Besides the taps there were walls, floors, ceilings, windows, doors — and absolutely nothing else. The owner would not budge from the figure of eighty dollars for the season, and although we knew it was high, we concluded the deal.

On a perfect day in June we returned to Juml. A big Mercedes truck with part of its bed filled with castoff furniture followed the Citroën down the narrow track from the main road to the village square. The people of Juml had seen us coming on the road above and turned out in force. The women stood veiled and staring on balconies and roof tops, the young men were carefully bored and made a great show of paying strict attention to their card games in the coffeehouses, and the old men, the sheiks, majestic in their beards and turban-wrapped tarbooshes, maintained an aloof reserve over little white coffee cups. Only chattering small boys, bold as all Mediterranean urchins seem to be, gathered around the car. The mayor broke the spell as, escorted by a couple of other graybeards, he advanced to bid us welcome.

As porters were installing our furniture in the house, we learned that the village had already named us. I was al-Mister, a pretty exalted title which ranked me with al-Mister Tsharashal (Churchill), al-Mister Eden (this was 1953), and al-Mister Ayznhoor, and my wife was "Sitt Mary," the "Sitt" for "lady" and the "Mary" because the double "d" of "Maddie" sounded like a trilled "r" to our neighbors.

For appliances we had brought kerosene lamps and one pump-up lantern for reading and a single-burner kerosene stove which was so complex that it cost three dollars. In the living room we put down two or three straw-seated Damascus chairs, a straw floor mat, and a little table to eat from and to support the pressure lamp. The bedroom had a bed and a mosquito net and nails in the wall for hanging up clothes. It sounds simple, but the people of Juml thought the place lavishly chic and would find excuses to come and view all the magnificence. We realized that most people in the world have no use for furniture and use the floor for almost every purpose — sitting, sleeping, cooking, eating, beginning babies and having them — but after the first two or three days the novelty of camping out wore off, and we realized that we were uncomfortable. The constant sociability became wearing, too. Every man in the village with the right to be called sheik, approximately 85 per cent of the adult male population, felt it his duty to make frequent courtesy calls, and until we worked up courage enough to insulate ourselves from too much company, Maddie was little more than a coffee-making machine.

A young sayid, or holy man, presented himself for employment the first day. He had served the summer before as guide-translator-companion to a Welsh anthropologist and thought he had a right to me. I asked the sayid how much the Inglizi had paid him, and with a

straight face he named a figure which would be a princely income for a holder of a chair in anthropology. I offered him sixty pounds (seventeen dollars) a month, apologizing that I was not a rich British professor but only a poor American student. All I needed was a tutor in Arabic for a couple of hours, morning and afternoon. He knew I had him, because I was the only possible source of folding money in the village, but we bargained along for an hour or so before he capitulated.

The sayid soon became a good friend and constant companion. He was remarkably broad-minded and soon came to accept Maddie as a person, not just a woman, and would walk unembarrassedly through the village with her. He was not much over thirty and had a shock of black hair and the features, build, and coloring of a Swiss. In his middle-aged green suit, the only one he had, he was a prominent participant in village social and religious life.

Down in the main square two butchers each killed a goat a day, hung both of them on hooks directly after slaughter, and cut chunks off the carcasses to order. People who were hungry for meat would congregate around the goat candidates each evening and discuss the animals' personalities, brightness of eyes, and general appearance, as a prelude to deciding upon the butcher they

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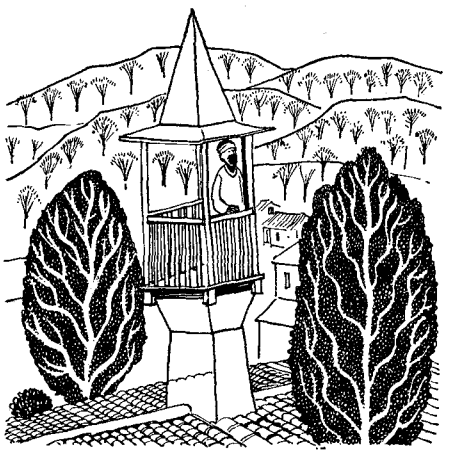
would patronize the next day. Muslims require that their meat be killed on the same day it is consumed, if possible, and that slaughtering be done by throat slitting and slow bleeding. Pork is forbidden by the religion and so is alcohol. Muslim dietary rules resemble the Jewish ones, but there are no professional priests or rabbis in Islam to kasher. On feast days, when everyone would be ordering meat, the main square in the early morning was crowded with expiring animals. Open sanitation trenches with water running through them carried away the blood, and the village dogs fattened on what little else was not salable. Our initial impression of squalor soon changed as we saw illustrations of the village's own brand of cleanliness, achieved by cold running water. They had plenty of it, and every house had a flush toilet and a washroom. The people of Juml of necessity lived closely with their animals, but cows and donkeys are not dirty to peasants. Little by little our air-conditioned chrome-plated American prejudices fell away from us as we saw every item of food carefully washed and every house scrubbed down daily.

Juml had only one baker, a commerce-hating individualist who required some propitiation before he would consent to supply the staff of life in round unleavened loaves. His

oven was used for individual cooking enterprises as well; a housewife, having put together a combination of ground and pounded meat, oil, onions, garlic, parsley, tomatoes, cinnamon, and pine nuts, all on a doughy base, would send a daughter clip-clopping on wooden clogs down to the *furn* to have it baked. Maddie once fabricated an apple pie and sent it down with instructions to bake it a half hour. The charcoal temperature of the oven was so high that the pie burned up in fifteen minutes. The spilled juices messed the oven floor and burned there, and the sayid had to buy bread clandestinely for us for some time.

Crops ripened and the summer became hot, even at our four-thousand-foot altitude. My beard, which I let grow, turned out an unbecoming red and was removed. Sitt Mary cooked and washed and read and took walks and complained far less often than she felt like doing. Our next-door neighbor, a crazed old man who ten years before had been retired from the job of village muezzin, shouted the call to prayer from his roof, right over our courtyard, every morning at first light, between three and four o'clock, and it always took us some time to get back to sleep. The sayid's knock would come at our back door every morning at exactly nine and every afternoon at exactly four, bringing us out of books and back to Juml. Our tutoring sessions were not wholly successful; for an hour or so the sayid could be kept on dictations or corrections of my halting reading of the Koran, but his attention span was short, and he would soon in spirit have left our magnificent living room and be in one of the open-air coffeehouses. His restlessness would communicate itself to me, and I would soon suggest a trip downtown, or sometimes a walk with Maddie to a particularly green spot of garden on the hillside. In the coffeehouses, under temporary sunshades rigged from tree branches, the young men would be congregated, mustachioed and double-breasted to a man and infinitely sophisticated and world weary. Arab young men (*shabab*) are a class in themselves, combining the functions of clubmen, debutants, drugstore cowboys, and anarchist cells. Sometimes we would play cards, elementary games involving huge scores kept on slates.

At about noon I would start home, past the egg seller's and the oven, and for the next four hours we would lunch, nap, and read. Between four and dusk came a repetition of the morning's schedule, terminated at evening prayer time. The outdoor praying place was under some big walnut trees only a few steps from the downtown coffeehouses. At night, after dinner, I would sometimes rejoin those natural clubmen of the coffeehouses, to whom now would be added laborers and peasants in Eastern, non-double-breasted attire (full Turkish pantaloons and embroidered shirts), and spend two or three hours under the hissing pressure lamps and over the cards. Sometimes there was tricktrack or backgammon, played at lightning speed. My tricktrack was slow and my grasp of the rules of the village variety of whist rather nebulous, but I kept up my popularity by regularly



losing vast sums, sometimes as much as a half dollar in a single evening, and by exhibiting my amazing quick shuffle of the cards. None of the Juml *bons vivants* had seen a haystack shuffle before.

Most weekends we would drive down to Beirut for some luxurious living. Lying on the beach while a maid did our laundry, we would hear some of our friends ask knowingly, "Still sticking it out?" as if we would soon be creeping defeatedly back to Beirut. Others would say, "Oh, how we envy you!" Little by little we stopped telling our cynical friends rueful anecdotes about the horrors of the village and took to agreeing with our starry-eyed ones. By the middle of August we had come around to acknowledging it to ourselves: Juml was rather fun.

The Immolation Feast, when Muslims all over the world slaughter a sheep as a gesture of solidarity with the pilgrims who do the same at Mount Arafat near Mecca, fell on my twenty-sixth birthday that year. The *first* day of the feast, that is; Muslims think holidays of only one day hardly worth while. On the fourth and last day a big party designed to raise funds for the new mosque on the square was held in the coffeehouse on the road above the village, and Christian minstrels were brought in as a sort of floor show. They did improvisations to guitar

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accompaniment and drank powerful anisette (*'araq*) out of teacups to conciliate the sensibilities of the Muslim sponsors. The minstrelsy was chiefly humorous, and it was as much over our heads as the boffolas of an American stand-up comedian would be to a Lebanese villager. After paying our subscription we left as soon as we decently could, and from our balcony watched the whipped-cream clouds roll in from the sea and pile up in the valley between the dark village and the noisy, brightly lighted coffeehouse above it. It was a beautiful moonlit night, with something of the nostalgia of autumn in the air, and we knew as we split a drink, under the silver-shining fig trees, that we would not forget Juml.

One day in late September, "that month in which," in the sayid's words, "we have more repose and delight than the other months of the year, from the bounty of the fruit and the clemency of the weather," when the figs on the tree overhanging our balcony were yellow-ripe and the sayid every day for the past two weeks had brought bags of nuts, grapes, apples, and every kind of vegetable as gifts, the Mercedes truck came again to Juml. Clouds "to cook the fruit" hung on the mountainside, as they did every afternoon by then, and the previous morning it even rained briefly, something that happens only in winter in the eastern Mediterranean lands — indeed, the Arabic word for winter is the same as the one for rain. We packed our books and furniture, shook hands with several hundred people in the village square, and headed back for Beirut.

Two months later I came back. Juml was paralyzed by cold and rain. Everyone had a bad cold and felt and looked wretched. The sayid, caught unaware, could arrange only scrambled eggs and white goat cheese for the noon meal and had to run out and borrow coffee and sugar. All the coffeehouses except a mean little indoor one were closed; the free-spending *estiveurs* had gone back down to sea level, leaving the village with less than half its population in summer.

I have not seen Juml again, but I am sure that very little there has changed — certainly not the fig trees and the olives, or the coffeehouses, or the three hundred and sixty-five springs, one for every day in the year.

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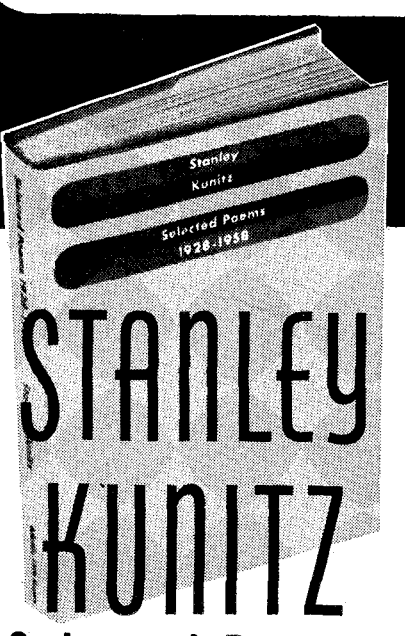

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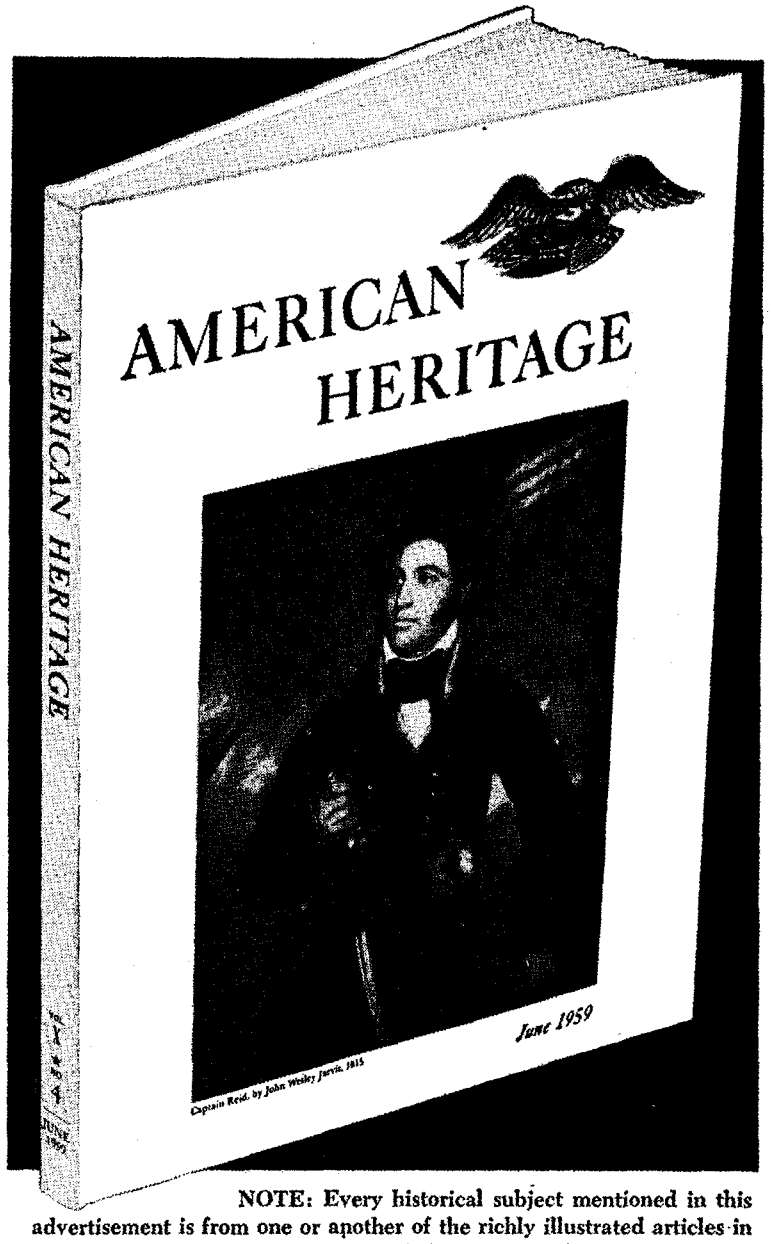

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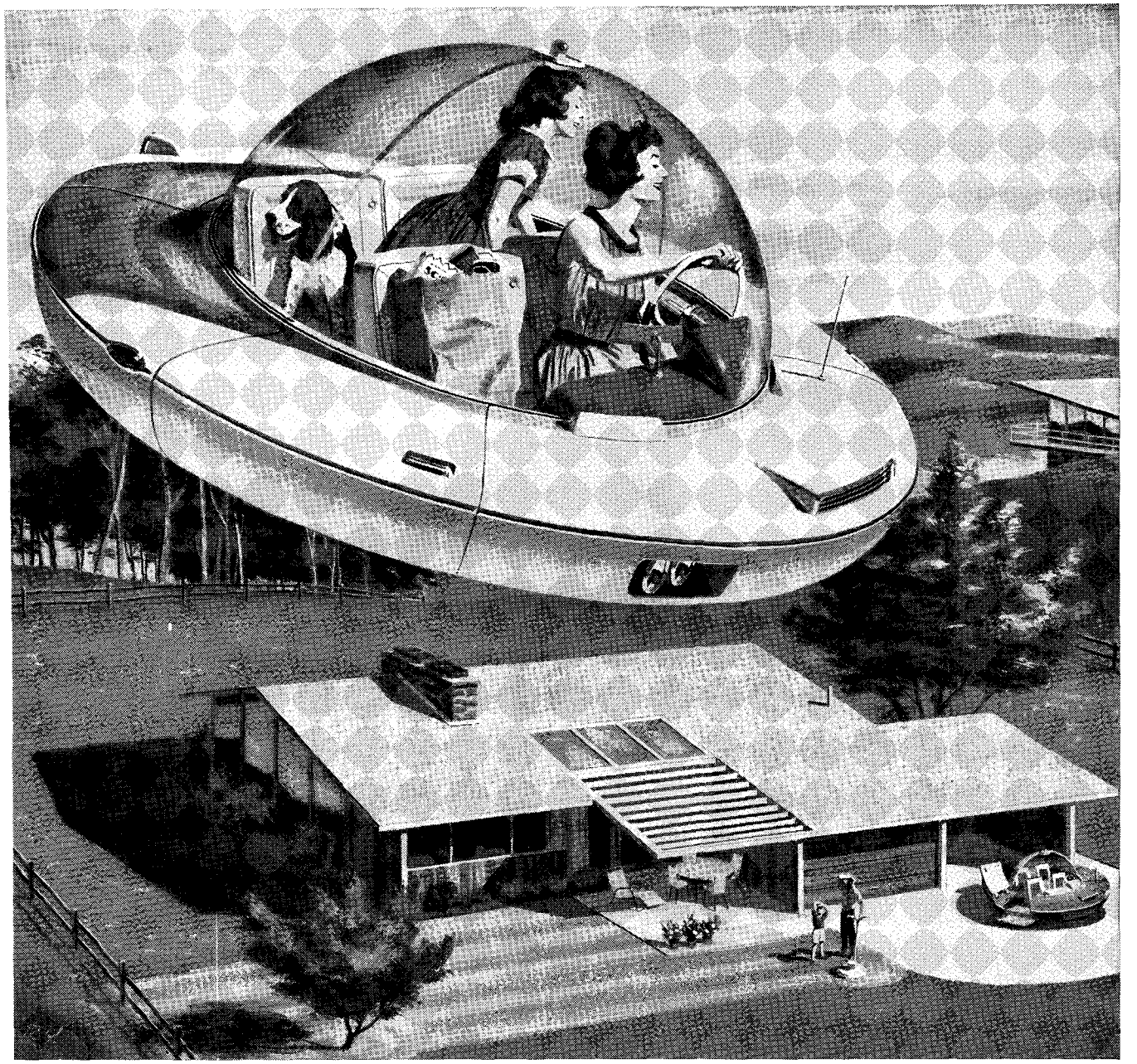

YOUR PERSONAL "FLYING CARPET" Step into it, press a button, and off you go to market, to a friend's home, or to your job. Take off and land anywhere; no parking problems. Plug in to any electric outlet for recharging. They're working on it!

MORE POWER TO YOU!

America's independent light and power companies build for your new electric living

Tomorrow's higher standard of living will put electricity to work for you in ways still unheard of!

The time isn't too far off, the experts say, when you'll wash your dishes without soap or water—ultrasonic waves will do the job. Your beds will be made at the touch of a button. The kids' homework will be made interesting and even exciting when they are able to dial a library book, a lecture or a classroom demonstration right into your home —with sound. (Some of this is happening already.)

To enjoy all this, you'll want a lot more electric power, and the independent electric companies of America are already building new plants and facilities to provide it. Right now these companies are building at the rate of $5,000,000,000 a year, and planning to double the nation's supply of electricity in less than 10 years.

America has always had the best electric power service in the world. And the independent electric companies are resolved to keep it that way.

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES

Company names on request through this magazine

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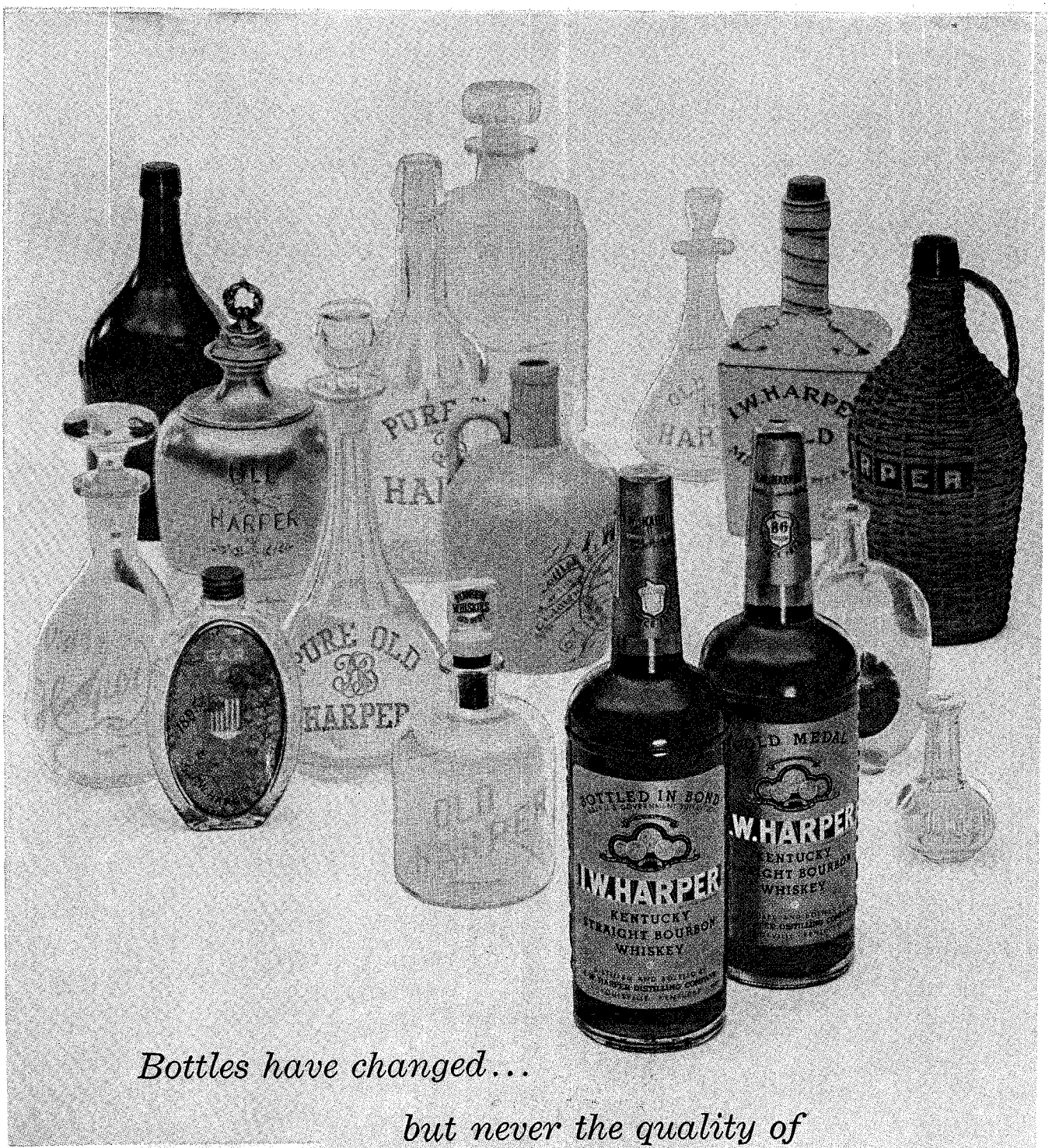

Bottles have changed...

but never the quality of

I.W. HARPER

since 1872

PRIZED KENTUCKY BOURBON

100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND OR MILD 86 PROOF

THE BOURBON INSTITUTE

From left to right: "DANDY" Pinch Bottle, 1900; "AMBER" Colorful Glass, 1880; "CANTEEN G. A. R." Reunion Souvenir, 1895; "PEWTER PITCHER" Gift Decanter, 1900; "COMPANION" Long-Necked Decanter, 1910; "BAR BOTTLE" Ornate Cut Glass, 1910; "DWARF" Round Etched Decanter, 1885; "GOLD MEDAL" Embossed Decanter, 1949; "HARPER'S OWN" Ceramic Jug, 1890; "LITTLE COMPANION" Cut Glass, 1910; "NAUTICAL" Shippers Tribute, 1890; "THE AMERICAN" Hand-Blown Flask, 1875; "CARBOY" Wicker-Covered, 1880; "CAMEO" Cut Glass Miniature, 1899.

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